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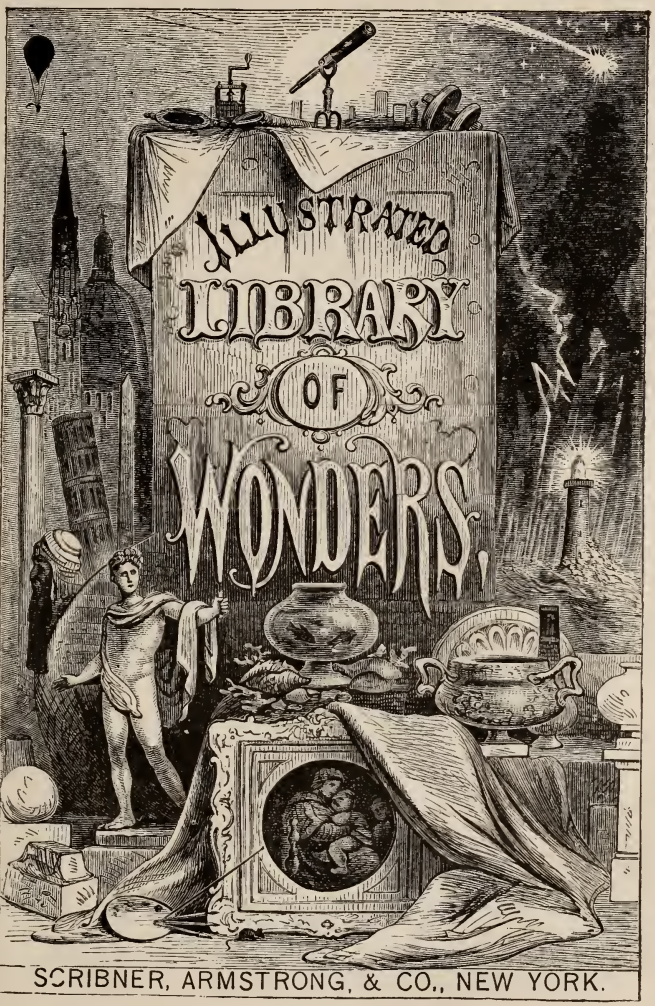
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Fig. 45.—Statue of Moses. Tomb of Julius II. (Rome.)

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WONDERS

OF

SCULPTURE.

BY

LOUIS VIARDOT

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTY-TWO ENGRAVINGS.

SECOND EDITION.

175080

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NOTE.

The present volume is a translation of "Les Merveilles de la Sculpture," by M. Viardot, published last year by Messrs. Hachette and Company.

The author is so well known as an art critic, that it is unnecessary to recommend his work; but on this account we regret the more the incompleteness and injustice of his chapter on Sculpture in England. In mourning over our short-comings, and ridiculing our public monuments, he has omitted to mention the works of Gibson, Bailey, Mac-Dowell, Foley, Bell, Marshall, Woolner, and other equally eminent sculptors.

The rest of the work, however, is full of interest. The antique schools, especially the Greek, are ably and fully reviewed, and the reader is introduced to all the masterpieces of modern sculpture in continental galleries.

In accordance with the usage of modern scholars, the original Greek names of the divinities, as Zeus, Poseidon, Pallas, have been in most cases substituted for their

Latin synonyms of Jupiter, Neptune, and Minerva; and, in the case of a well-known Venus, the proper name, Melos, of the island in which the statue was discovered, has been preferred to the generally used Anglo-French corruption, Milo.

With these exceptions, the translator has endeavoured to give a faithful reproduction of M. Viardot's work, and trusts that it may give pleasure and instruction to English readers.

N. D'ANVERS.

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THE

WONDERS OF SCULPTURE.

BOOK I.

ANCIENT SCULPTURE.

IN a former work, the "*Wonders of Painting*," we made the preliminary remark, that of the three arts of design, universally styled "The *Fine Arts*," painting was the latest in age, in historical date. For a long time it was but the handmaid, the accessory, the finisher of the other two. Sculpture, also, although it preceded painting, long remained subordinate to architecture, which, of course, was the earliest of the three. From the first appearance of our race upon the earth, man required a habitation to shelter him from the cold and heat, from the fury of the elements, and from the attacks of wild beasts. Soon arose a demand for palaces as dwellings for those whose superior strength or skill had made them chiefs of tribes and kings of nations; and temples had to be raised

in honour of the powers of nature, which man, in his wondering ignorance and awe, deified and worshipped—invoking their blessings and deprecating their wrath by presents and sacrifices.

Sculpture, which employed the same materials as architecture, wood, stone, and marble, soon stepped in and supplied the earliest ornaments; and like architecture, it was at first content to derive its ideas as well as its materials from inorganic nature. A column was a tree trunk in white marble, a capital represented the sprouting of branches and leaves. Gradually, however, architecture became perfected, embellished, transfigured; it became an art, and from the useful sprang the beautiful. At the same time, sculpture insensibly attained to importance and independence.

Relics of the first crude efforts at sculpture and drawing have been preserved to us from the *Stone Age* in the clumsy carvings on rocks or bones found in caverns, once occupied by the men of that remote period, and in the ruins of those lake cities which are almost as ancient as the caves which sheltered the first inhabitants of our planet.

Sculpture, as an art, gradually advanced as man became interested in the study of organised nature, of animals, and, finally, of himself. He was no longer content to represent things, he endeavoured

to imitate living creatures, and to reproduce his own image. "After admiring the universe," says M. Charles Blanc, "man began to contemplate himself; he realised that the human form is adapted to the spirit, that it is, so to speak, its clothing; that its proportions, its symmetry, its ease of motion, its superior beauty, render it alone, of all living forms, capable of fully manifesting thought.

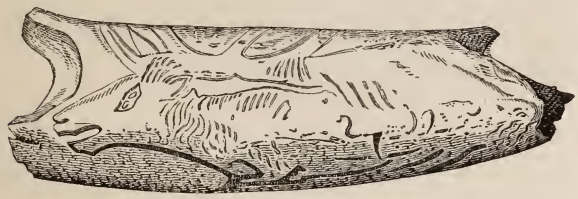

Fig. 1.—Stone Age.

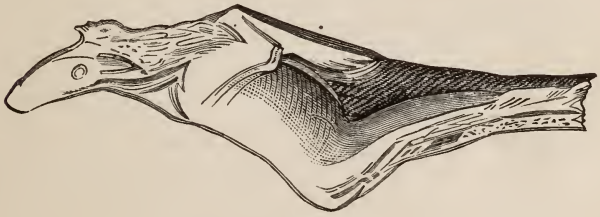

Fig. **2.**—Stone Age.

Therefore he copies the human body, and sculpture is born." We add: from this moment it may be called statuary. But as the human mind required

the gradual training of ages before painting produced what we call a picture, so a long period of actual and mature civilization was needed before sculpture, freed from its vassalage to architecture, could bring forth those independent works which we name bas-reliefs and statues.

CHAPTER I

EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE.

FAR back in that remote and primitive civilization which witnessed the birth and growth of the fertile Nile, we must look for the origin of all the arts. The Egyptians excavated the sepulchres of Samoun and the temple of Karnak from the rocks, and raised the great pyramids of Djizeh (Geezeh) on the borders of the desert; they engraved epitaphs on stelæ or tablets; they placed rows of sphinxes resting on pedestals in the avenues of the temples which contained the images of their gods and all but deified Pharaohs. Until the present day it was not unreasonably believed that Egyptian art under the influence of the priesthood, or rather, practised by the priests alone—who had arrested its progress by condemning it to the limits of an unchangeable law, and placing it under the restrictions of religion—must have been purely sacerdotal from its origin

and early development to its total extinction. Recent discoveries have distinctly proved this to be an error. It is certain, that before they were restricted by dogma, Egyptian artists were able freely and truly to represent animate and inanimate forms in all their variety. M. François Lenormant justly remarks: "Now that we are well acquainted with its various phases, art in Egypt appears to have followed a contrary direction in its development to that of any other country. Other nations began with purely sacerdotal art, and only subsequently and gradually attained to true and free imitation of nature. . . . Alone of all the world, the Egyptians began with living reality to finish with hieratic convention."

The proof of this well-founded assertion was completely seen in the last Universal Exhibition. The most indifferent visitors, ignorant alike of archæology and art, were struck dumb with admiration before a wooden statue which has come down to us from these most remote ages. "A miracle alike of preservation and art," says M. F. Lenormant, "this statue, as a study of nature, as a striking and life-like portrait, is unsurpassed by any Grecian work. . . . From the inscriptions on the tomb in which it was discovered, we know that it represents

a certain Ra-em-Ké, a man of some importance during several reigns of the fifth dynasty. . . . The sculptor has represented him on foot, calmly walking in some town under his government. . . . Parts of this figure have been much injured ; . . . it has lost the thin coating of coloured stucco which originally covered it, and on which the sculptor probably added his finishing touches. What must it not have been when intact and free from the ravages of time ? Everything is faithfully copied from living nature ; . . . it is evidently a true portrait. . . . The modelling of the body is marvellous, . . . but it is the head which most challenges admiration ; it is a prodigy of life. . . . The mouth, parted by a slight smile, seems about to speak. The expression of the eyes is almost distressing. The eyeballs are shaded by lids of bronze, and are formed of pieces of opaque white quartz, . . in the centre of which are inserted rounded bits of rock crystal to represent the pupils. Under each crystal is fixed a shining nail, which indicates the visual point and produces the astonishing and life-like expression.

As this Ra-em-Ké lived under the fifth dynasty, his iconic statue must have been executed about the year 4000 B.C. More than 5800 years have therefore passed over these fragile pieces of cedar

and mimosa wood without effacing the marks of the artist's chisel. At the same Universal Exhibition was to be seen the colossal statue in diorite

Fig. 3.—Ra-em-Ké.

Fig. 4.—Schafra.

(a substance harder than basalt) of a Pharaoh of the fourth dynasty, the celebrated Schafra (the Chephren of Herodotus), who had the second of the great pyramids built as a sepulchre for him-

self. Schafra lived more than a century before Ra-em-Ké.

At the Louvre we have two statues in calcareous stone, one of the High Priest of the White Bull, named *Sepa*, and the other of his wife *Nesa*, preserved from that early age which witnessed the elevation of the first great pyramids, under the third, or, perhaps, the second dynasty. To conclude, the Egyptian museum of Montbijou at Berlin, in addition to some bas-reliefs from the tomb of Amten of the time of Senefru I. of the third dynasty, contains the entrance gate of the pyramid of Sakkara (Sagâra), the construction of which carries us back to the still more remote age fixed by the tables of Manetho (the correctness of which has now been so completely established) as the first of the twenty-six there ascribed to Egypt. The ornaments on this gate cannot be less than seven or eight thousand years old. "Such figures are overwhelming; . . . it is a stupendous antiquity for the work of a man's hand, still more for a monument of true art. No relics from ages so near to that of the origin of our race have been found in India, China, or Assyria. But the most overwhelming thought is, that instead of savage races, we find a firmly constituted society, the formation of which must have required long centuries of

development, a civilization far advanced in science and art, and possessed of mechanical processes suitable to the construction of huge monuments of indestructible solidity."—*François Lenormant.*

The primitive period from the first to the sixth dynasty is usually called the *ancient empire*, or Memphian Egypt. As we have before remarked, its monuments show freedom, indeed, secularity of art. Not until after that confused and obscure period between the sixth and eleventh dynasties, did the *middle empire* or Theban Egypt, known to the Greeks, commence, under which Egyptian art, condemned by religion to immobility, became purely sacerdotal and hieratic.

We must here call to mind that paramount and universal idea which pervaded the religion, the politics, laws, sciences, arts, public and private customs, and, indeed, the very amusements and recreations of ancient Egypt. We allude to the belief in immutability and eternity. Nothing must change, nothing must perish. The living must lead a life of uniformity, and even the dead must last for ever. Weary of this perpetual monotony, foreign nations pronounced Egypt dull and melancholy.

It was in obedience to their national idea that the Egyptians, from the earliest ages, built up the pyramids of Djizeh on imperishable foundations,

and excavated the *gates of the kings*, the temple of Karnak, the sepulchres of Samoun and Thebes from granite rocks, and finally condemned arts of decoration, such as sculpture, never to change their subjects, their forms, or their proportions. Fearing that free imitation of nature in art might infect the human spirit with a love of independence, the priests restricted it by immutable rules, and imposed models, which it was bound to copy for ever. It is also very probable that, for greater security, they reserved to themselves the exclusive culture of the arts, as they had that of the sciences, astronomy and medicine, and of literature—public records and national chronicles—leaving only the trades to the laity. Thus limited, art could merely add to the images of the gods those of the kings, ministers, and pontiffs; it ignored the exploits of heroes and conquerors, whether in trials of mental or bodily capacity; and thus checked in its development, it could only manifest itself in purely mechanical delicacy and polish. All its phases of progress, elevation, debasement, renaissance, and decadence, were confined to the narrow limits of simple execution. So that Plato, in his day, could justly observe that painting and sculpture, practised in Egypt for so many centuries, had produced nothing better at the end than at the beginning; and

M. Denon in our own age remarks with equal truth: "The lapse of time may have led to some perfection in Egyptian art, but each temple is so exactly alike in all its parts, that it seems to have been sculptured by the same hand; nothing better, nothing worse, no negligence, no sudden flights of a superior genius." M. Denon's words apply equally to statuary, which was but the accessory of architecture. We think *excellence* would have been a more accurate term to employ than *perfection.*

We will presently endeavour to describe those works in the various collections of Egyptian relics most worthy of study and admiration. But before we turn to this world of the tomb, which seems never to have been really alive, and review its sleeping lions, pensive sphinxes, sluggish heroes, and recumbent gods, without speech, hearing, sight, or motion, and notice those strange and gross combinations intended to embody the divinity, and which, if meant to exalt, in reality debased it, it will be as well to make some preliminary remarks. In the first place, we may learn to recognise the divinities by their forms and symbols, which were as unchangeable as the creed itself; and, secondly, we may discover at about what period their images were made, and connect them with the correspond-

ing phase of Egyptian art, so as to be able to say, when before any particular figure : " This represents such a divinity, it belongs to a certain period of Egyptian art, and consequently to a corresponding era of Egyptian history."

To begin with, we give the meaning of the names of different parts of the clothing of Egyptian statues.

Pschent, a cap or crown worn by divinities or Pharaohs. It is double, composed of the *schaa* and the *teshr*.

Schaa, a conical cap, forming the upper part of the *pschent*. It is white.

Teshr, a cylindrical cap with an inclined peak behind, and a spiral ornament in front, forming the lower part of the *pschent*. It is red.

Alf (atf ?), the crown of Osiris and other divinities, composed of a conical cap resting on the horns of a goat, and flanked by two ostrich feathers. The *alf* has a disk in the centre of the frontlet.

Tesch. Royal military cap.

Het, the cap of Upper Egypt.

Claft, a head-dress with long lappets pendent on the neck and shoulders.

Oskh, a semicircular collar or tippet round the neck.

Schenti, a short tunic worn round the loins. The statues of the Pharaohs also wear the royal apron.

Gom, a kind of sceptre, terminating in the head of the animal called *Koukoupha*.

Now follow the forms and emblems of the chief divinities of Egyptian mythology. When possible, we shall add the name of the corresponding Grecian and Roman divinities, and that of the town where they were held in most honour.

A human form (male), wearing the *teshr* surmounted by two feathers ; or a human form with a ram's head. *Amen*, *Hammon*, or *Ammon*, "the hidden." The supreme God, king of the gods. Zeus, Jupiter. Thebes.

A female form (woman), wearing the *teshr*. *Mouth*, "the mother," wife of *Amen*. Hera, Juno. Thebes.

A young man with a single lock of hair upon his head, and the crescent of the moon. *Chouns* or *Chons*, "force," son of Amen and of Mouth. Heracles, Hercules. Thebes.

A human form with a goat's head. *Noum*, "water," called by the Greeks *Zeus Chnoumis*, "creator of mankind." Poseidon, Neptune. Elephantine.

A female form wearing a circular crown of feathers. *Aneka*, wife of *Noum*. Hestia, Vesta. Elephantine.

A female form wearing the *het*, with a goat's

horn on either side. *Sate*, "sun's arrow or beam." Another Juno, another wife of Jupiter Chnoumis. Elephantine.

A bandy-legged child or dwarf, with a scarabæus on its head, or a human form swathed like a mummy. *Phtah* or *Phta*, god of fire, creator of the sun and moon. Hephæstus, Vulcan. Memphis.

A female form with a lion's head. *Pash't* or *Pacht* (Bubastis), "the lioness," wife of *Phtah*. Artemis, Diana. Memphis.

A human form with the head surmounted with two high feathers and a lily. *Atum-Nefer*, called "the guardian of the nostril of the Sun," supposed to be the son of *Phtah* and of *Pash't*. Memphis.

A human form with a hawk's head, wearing two long feathers. *Mount*, personifying the solar power. Ares, Mars. Harmonthis.

A female form with a shield upon her breast, or often with two wings, trampling the serpent *Apoph* under her feet. *Neith*, goddess of wisdom and the arts. *Athena* (*Athenè*), Minerva. Sais.

A simple female form with the head of a cow. *Athor* or *Hathor*, goddess of beauty, personification of the cow which produced the sun. Aphrodite, Venus. Latopolis and Athos.

A human form, hawk-headed, wearing the solar

disk. *Ra* (Re), son of *Athor*, personification of the rising sun. Helios. Heliopolis.

A human form wearing the *pschent* on the head. *Atoum*, the personification of the setting sun.

A kneeling human form with the solar disk upon her head. *Maou*, "brilliancy," personification of the light of the sun.

A human form with a crocodile's head. *Sebak*, "the subduer." Crocodilopolis (Ombos).

A human form with a goose upon its head. *Sep* (Seb), "star," god of time. Chronos, Saturn.

A female form with a pitcher of water upon her head. *Nupte*, *Nutpe* or *Nepte*, "abyss of Heaven," wife of *Seb*. Rhea, Cybele.

A human form with the head of an ibis, sometimes wearing the lunar crescent. *Thoth*, "*Logos*, or the word," son of *Ra*, inventor of speech and writing, scribe of the gods. Hermes, Mercury. Hermopolis.

A human form with four feathers on the head. *En-pe* or *Emeph*, "leader of the heaven," son of *Ra*, another form of the god *Thoth*.

A mummy wearing the *het*. *Ousri* (Osiris), eldest son of *Seb* and *Nupte*, then called *Oun-Nefer* (Onnophris), "the manifester of good or opener of truth." Dionysius, the Bacchus of the Greeks. Busiris.

A mummy wearing the *Alf*. *Osiris*, then called *Pethempamentes*, "he who is resident in Hades." The Pluto of the Greeks. Abydos.

A female form with a throne upon her head. *Isis*, "*the seat*," the daughter of *Seb* and *Noupte*, sister and wife of Osiris. Demeter, Ceres. Abydos.

A female form wearing on her head the hieroglyphics of the words *mistress* and *palace*. Nep-t-a (Nephtys), "the mistress of the palace," another daughter of *Seb* and *Noupte*, sister and concubine of Osiris. Persephone, Proserpine. Abydos.

A human form with a hawk's head, wearing the *pschent*. Haroer (Harueris), son of Sep and Noupte. His eyes are supposed to represent the sun and the moon. The elder Horus, Apollo. Apollinopolis Magna.

(Osiris, Isis, and Horus represent the beneficent principle.)

A human form with an ass's head, or an old dwarf in a lion's skin, wearing feathers. *Seth*, "the ass," son of *Seb* and *Noupte*, the spirit of evil. Typhon. Ombos.

A hippopotamus standing erect, with a crocodile's tail and a woman's head. *Taur* or *Ta-Her* (Thoueris), wife of Seth. Ombos.

Seth (Typhon) and *Taur* represent the evil principle.)

A child with weak legs, and locks of hair on either side of its head. *Her*, "the path of the sun," son of Osiris and Isis. The younger Horus, Harpocrates. Apollinopolis Parva.

A human form with a dog's head. *Anoup* (Anubis), surnamed "the embalmer of the dead," and the "watcher of the gate of the Sun's path," son or brother of Osiris. Lycopolis.

A priest seated in a chair unrolling a volume. *I-Emp-Hept*, "coming in peace," son of *Thoth*. Asclepios, Æsculapius. Philæ (Philoe).

A pied bull with the solar disk on its head. *Hepi* (Apis), "the hidden number," the eternal son of *Phtah*. Memphis.

A gryphon with the head of an ass. *Bar*, god of the Assyrians and Phœnicians (Philistines), the *Baal* of the Bible.

A human form in Asiatic costume, with a diadem bearing an onyx cross on the frontlet. *Renpou* (Rephan), god of the Semitic races.

A human form with the head of an oryx. *Nubi* (Nubia), or *Nashi*, "the rebel," god of the black people.

A female form wearing the *het*, and carrying the shield and spear. *Anta* (Anaitis), goddess of the Armenians and Syrians.

After this long list of gods, or rather of different

manifestations of the same god, which the Egyptians worshipped under so many forms, we will pass to the second part of our preliminary remarks.

We have already stated the nature of early Egyptian art when still secular and free from the restrictions of dogma. It is, I believe, admitted that after its submission to the hierarchy the art, like the history of Egypt, may be divided into four principal epochs. The earliest, or "the archaic style," is entirely included in the *middle empire*, and extends from the 6th to the 12th dynasty (about the year 2000 B.C.) At that time architecture, simple, massive, and colossal, was content with piling up masses of stone; and sculpture, equally solid, seems to have entirely forgotten its early excellence and freedom from tutelage. In the statues of this period the face is large and common, the nose long and coarse, the forehead projecting, the hair, of scarcely varying thickness, falls in straight heavy curls, and the body is thick-set and clumsy. However the execution, and to a certain extent the style, improved steadily until the twelfth dynasty.

At the second epoch, when architecture was more refined, varied, and richer in ornaments and combinations, employing columns and triglyphs, &c.

(as seen in the sepulchres attributed to Beni Hassan); statuary was advancing to relative perfection, and growing in grace and delicacy. We now find more symmetry and proportion in the limbs of the figures, greater truth and finish in the features, the hair is better *shaded*, and falls in more graceful curls; ~~indeed~~, some statues are handled and finished with the delicacy required for cameos. Bas-relief became more and more uncommon, and disappeared entirely on the accession of Rameses II., surnamed Sesostori ("the son reared by the Creator"), who became the Sesostris of the Greeks.

The invasion of the Arab Kouschites, called shepherds (Hyksos), under the seventeenth dynasty (about 2200 B.C.), led to the immediate decline, or rather cessation and disappearance of art in Egypt, which did not reappear until the expulsion of the invaders five centuries later. After the deliverance of Egypt by Amosis (in the seventeenth century B. C.), under the famous reigns of Mœris, Sesostris, Rameses III., and Amenophis, called the *new empire*, there was a renaissance of Egyptian art. Architecture reached its highest perfection. Vast rectangular temples were raised with walls covered with sculptured ornaments, vestibules with conical domes, columns surmounted by capitals representing flowers or papyrus and lotus buds. The

renaissance of statuary was remarkable for a complete return to the archaic style, and palpable imitation of early sacerdotal sculpture. This, however, applies to the style alone, the execution was different. The limbs were freer and more rounded, the muscles more fully developed, the features sufficiently refined and varied to raise them a second time to the dignity of portraits. The details were completed with the most minute care, and the general effect is produced by the finish of every part, rather than by the breadth and harmony of the whole.

The invasion of the Ethiopians, after the 22nd dynasty (10th century B.C.), like that of the shepherds, led to an interruption of Egyptian art, which, however, again revived on the expulsion of these new interlopers in the reign of Psammetichus I., founder of the 26th dynasty (about 600 B.C.). The art of this second, or *Saite* renaissance, lasted no longer than the dynasty from which it took its name. Its chief characteristic was the appearance of a totally new style, or rather the revival of the portraiture of the *ancient empire.* At this time the Egyptians combined the study of nature and truth with that of traditional and hieratic art. The iconic figures of this epoch are numerous and excellent.

The conquest of Egypt by the Persians under

Cambyses (525 B.C.) again interfered with the principles and practice of Egyptian art, and led to its third and final decay. It is true that after Alexander's conquest, under the Ptolemies, and the Roman conquest, under Adrian and others, efforts were made to introduce Grecian civilization into Egypt, and more especially to graft Grecian upon Egyptian art. But these designs were frustrated almost immediately, and art became totally extinct in Egypt under the rule and worship of the Pharaohs.

The substances employed by Egyptian sculptors were more numerous than those in favour with the Greeks ; they required longer work, and were generally harder, denser, and more durable. Artists were not content with marble, and it may be said that every other substance suitable to sculpture is to be found in their works—black, grey, and red granite, basalt, diorite, porphyry, jasper, serpentine, cornelian, aragonite, limestone, sandstone, gold, silver, bronze, iron, cedar, pine, sycamore, ebony, mimosa or acacia, ivory, glass, porcelain, terra-cotta. The bas-reliefs were very low and depressed, and were sometimes hollowed out on the reverse side of the relief, like those of engraved stones ; they were, however, but little employed by the Egyptians, most of their sculptures being in full relief.

In statues, at least in all but those in metal or stone, the arms remain fixed to the chest, and are not separated from the body, whilst a block of the material employed connects the legs, which are no freer than the arms. At the back a plinth is inserted for the cartouche with the inscriptions. To this general arrangement, combined with the solidity of the materials, is due the strange preservation of Egyptian sculptures as compared with the terrible mutilation of more recent Grecian works. The hair falls in straight masses from the top of the head, and the beard, instead of spreading along the cheeks, is merely plaited under the chin. The eyebrows and lashes extend almost to the ears, the holes of which are on a level with the eyes, indicating to a phrenologist a limited supply of brains, and consequently of intelligence. The lips are very marked, dilated, and smiling, a peculiarity which also occurs in the marbles of Ægina, even in those which represent the dying and the dead. When the sculpture is in low or hollowed relief, the profile is, of course, chiefly employed; but even then the eyes and shoulders are seen in full, as in the Assyrian images, and those by the earliest Grecian artists.

In all Egyptian sculptures produced after the *archaic* epoch, the figures are long and thin, the

features calm and without expression, the limbs and muscles in repose. In addition to immobility, the chief characteristic of the sculpture of this age was a regularity, a proportion, a perfect symmetry, which brought it into intimate connection with architecture; and, as I have before remarked, the fine polish and the exquisite delicacy of the work in statues and bas-reliefs of the hardest materials would have been suitable to cameos and precious stones. A modern sculptor would be puzzled to carve and polish granite, porphyry, diorite, and basalt, in the manner of the Egyptians, and one of their gigantic works would require the labour of a lifetime. The statues of the gods, kings, priests, and officers of the court, were subject to immutable laws; but often, especially during the later epochs, the faces of the merely human figures were so true to nature as to become portraits. The different deities had a settled type of form and feature, by which they could be recognised as readily as by their symbols. The features of reigning kings were often given to these gods, and whilst it reflected the tone of society, this was certainly the most shameful adulation to which art has ever stooped. A man who had been exalted, not only to the despotic throne of Sesostris, but also to the pedestal of Osiris, required a pyramid for his

tomb, which was laboured at by a whole nation of slaves.

These preliminary observations may be a useful guide to the visitor to the Egyptian rooms of the museums in Paris and London, and may enable him to examine their contents with greater ease and profit.

It would not be easy to rebuild the Pantheon of Egypt; the gods were few—indeed, we are inclined to believe that, like the Hebrews, the Egyptians adored but one deity, probably the goddess Pash't, the wife of Phtah, known also by the names of Artemis and Hephæstus. In the Louvre we have but one image of a god, and no less than eleven statues of this goddess, with the head of a lioness wearing the solar disc upon her head. The breadth of the lines and the finish of the work of four of them give a high opinion of the artists of the third epoch under the 18th dynasty, yet we would willingly exchange some of these lioness' heads for those of dogs, goats, cows, or hawks.

There are more kings than divinities in the Louvre, and their images belong to various dynasties. We bitterly regret the loss of a cornelian statuette of Sesurtasen I., of the 12th dynasty, which disappeared in the July days of 1830. It was the earliest of its kind, more ancient than the

statues in pink and grey granite of Sevekhotep III. of the 13th dynasty. All three were executed long before the invasion of the shepherds, whereas the four king-sphinxes without cartouches, who have a kind of lily engraved on their basalt brows, belong to the ages of the Ptolemies, to the last relics of the national art. During the long interval included between these two extreme dates, the 12th dynasty and that of the Ptolemies, we find successively the head and feet of colossi in pink granite, which are fragments of images of Amenophis III., called Memnon by the Greeks, whose vocal statue at Thebes seemed to greet the first rays of the sun with singing. In the ornamented cartouches which encircle the base of the later colossus are decipherable the names of twenty-three conquered races, followed by the Egyptian idea borrowed by the Psalmist : " That thine enemies may be thy footstool." The colossal statue in grey and pink granite of Rameses-Meiamun (the Great), of the 19th dynasty (about 1500 B.C.), who, not content with raising the *Rameseum* of Thebes as his funeral monument, and sculpturing his victories at Aboo Simbel and Luxor (Luqsor), deified himself under the figure of the sun, appropriated to himself the beautiful images of his father, Seti I., and of his ancestors, and substituted his own history for

theirs even in the temple at Karnak. A sphinx (a lion with a man's head, symbol of wisdom and strength combined) in pink granite, a portrait of the same Pharaoh, in the double inscription on the base of which is a representation in beaten work of a gryphon with an ass's head, the type of the god Seth or Typhon, then the impersonation of courage, but later of the spirit of evil. Another magnificent sphinx in pink granite, portrait of the son of Rameses, Menephtah, who, from certain dates and events of his reign, is supposed to be the Pharaoh who was embroiled in disputes with Moses, and perished in the Red Sea when pursuing his fugitive slaves the Hebrews. A colossal statue in red sandstone of Seti II., son of Menephtah (the Sethos of Manetho and Flavius Josephus), wearing the *pschent* and holding a kind of sceptre in his left hand, bearing his royal and pompous legend. The figure of the god Seth, as a man with an ass's head, engraved several times on the base and the plinth, is also in beaten work.

In the museum of the Louvre, amongst mere images, there are some monuments which are far rarer and more valuable than the statues of gods and kings. The chief of these are those already named of the priest *Sepa* and his wife *Nesa*, contemporary with the first dynasties of the great

pyramids, and consequently belonging to primitive Egyptian art, and not less than six thousand years old. The man is naked, except for the *schenti* round his loins, and he holds a large and small sceptre in either hand; the woman wears a tunic with a triangular opening on the breast. Two other groups in calcareous stone, one of two men, the other of a man and woman, also belong to the remote antiquity of Memphian art. Another group, on the contrary, of the father and son, Teti and Pensevau, both great standard-bearers, are of the second era of portraits, that of the 18th dynasty. A statue in grey granite of Un-Nefru, *the first prophet of Osiris*, or high-priest of the temple of Abydos, belongs to the beginning of the second decadence under the 19th dynasty; whilst one in black granite of *Horus*, *chief of soldiers*, son of Psammetichus and *Novreu-Sevek*, and another in black granite of *Ensahor*, surnamed Psammetichus-*Mouneh*, or the Beneficent, are splendid specimens of the third and last, or *Saite* renaissance, which preceded the Christian era by 600 years only. They are absolute masterpieces for their style and age, and in them we see in the greatest perfection the peculiarly delicate work of Egyptian artists in substances which appear to defy human strength and patience.

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We have said that bas-reliefs are of rare occurrence in Egyptian sculpture, as their culture was abandoned long before that of statuary—indeed, from the time of Rameses the Great. Two fragments in the Louvre, representing a certain *Totnaa*, one of whose numerous titles was *Surveyor of Royal Buildings*, are attributed to the archaic period. Another fragment, a portrait of Sevekhotep IV., wearing the royal *uræus* (aspic or asp), to whom the god *Tapheru*, with the jackal's head, is presenting the sceptre, or symbol of life, with the words: "We grant a life of peace to thy nostrils, O good God," is of the 13th dynasty. But although it is more recent, an artist will value a bas-relief from the tomb of Seti I., founder of the 19th dynasty, above all others. It is of calcareous stone and is entirely painted. Seti I., who, according to his epitaph, conquered forty-eight nations in the north and south of Egypt, and had the wonderful hypostyle room (raised on columns) made at Karnak, figures in this bas-relief giving his right hand to the goddess Hathor (Venus, with a cow's head), from whom he is receiving a necklace with the left hand. The goddess wears a solar disc between her horns, and the uræus upon her forehead. The symbolic ornaments upon her robe are a long address to Pharaoh: "*Good god, lord of*

diadems, loved of the gods, son of justice and of truth;" praying him to grant her "*thousands of years of peaceful life and myriads of panegyrics.*" *

Although we have few statues of Egyptian gods in the Louvre, we have a complete series of them in statuettes. By means of these little figures in gold, silver, bronze, porphyry, basalt, stone, or wood, in many cases covered with hieroglyphics, which were household gods, we are introduced to the widespread polytheism of Egypt, and we are able to rebuild its pantheon entirely. Here we have *Ammon-Ra*, lord of the three zones of the universe (the Egyptian Jupiter), his wife, *Mouth* (Juno), his first-born, *Chôns* (Hercules); here are *Num* (Neptune), and *Aneka* (Vesta); *Phtah* (Vulcan), and *Pach't* (Diana); *Munt* (Mars) and *Hathor* (Venus); *Thoth* (Mercury), and *Neith* (Minerva); *Seb* (Saturn), and *Nupte* (Cybele); *Ra*, *Phre*, *Atum*, or the rising, midday, and setting sun; the beneficent triad of *Osiris*, *Isis*, and *Horus;* the malevolent pair, *Seth* (Typhon) and *Taur*, &c.†

We have even compound figures, which unite several gods in one; they are double-faced and

* Panegyrics were great state occasions when princes and gods were extolled.—(Tr.)

† These three Egyptian divinities,—Ammon, Mouth, and Chôns—Osiris, Isis, and Horus, which occur again in the religion of the Brahmins as Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and in that of the

shoulder to shoulder. The symbols of the divinities are as numerous as the gods. We know that, on account of true or supposed analogies and pretended resemblances of form and character, the Egyptians consecrated to each of their gods, or manifestations of the same god, worshipped under so many different forms,* one of their native animals, and those so set apart were called sacred. The ram was the emblem of *Ammon*, the ichneumon of *Chôns*, the lion of *Phtah*, the cow of *Hathor*, the ibis of *Thot*, the gazelle of *Seth*, the sow of *Taur*, &c.

Again, as certain gods personified many divinities in one, different parts of the consecrated animals stood for single divinities, and monstrous combina-

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Buddhists as Buddha, Dharmas, and Sangghas—are all, like the Christian trinity, represented by the rectangular triangle. On this fact, already noticed by Plutarch, some learned travellers (M. Trémaux amongst others) have recently relied to prove that the pyramids of Egypt, which appear triangular from every point of view, were religious monuments, in fact actual temples, the entrance to which was marked by pylons, and the interiors of which were equally suited to the sacrifice of the living as to the burial of the dead. A pyramid would be a sepulchral chapel.

* Plutarque dict que ce n'estoit pas le chat ou le bœuf (pour exemple) que les Ægyptiens adoroient, mais qu'ils adoroient en ces bêtes-là quelque image des facultés divines : en celle-ci la patience, en celle-là la vivacité, ou l'impatience de se voir enfermez ; par où ils représentoient la Liberté, qu'ils aimoient et adoroient au delà de toute autre faculté divine ; et ainsi des aultres.—(Montaigne.)

tions of their limbs were types of a complex unity. They were called symbolic animals. The sphinx, as the impersonation of united intelligence and power, could represent other gods according to the emblem on its head. The different headdresses of the uræus or asp could severally typify all the goddesses; in fact, by heterogeneous amalgamation, all the sacred animals were converted into single impersonations of many types. The beetle, or scarabæus, generally made in enamelled terra-cotta, enjoyed the privilege of being a sort of common framework on which were engraved images of the gods, hieroglyphics of their names, or the sacred, typical, and symbolic animals. This circumstance, which connects them with sculpture, explains the immense number of amulets of this form found in tombs and collected in museums.

Since our illustrious Champollion discovered the secret of the hieroglyphics, which had remained hidden for two thousand years, the *stelæ*, or tablets with historical and funereal inscriptions, have become the true annals of Egypt. The *stelæ* consist of a mixture of figures and symbols, some merely written, and some engraved in relief, hollowed out, or produced by a combination of the two processes, so that they serve to unite sculpture and painting to writing properly so called; and for

these reasons they may be considered works of art, and claim a place in museums. The historical tablets, like the Roman Capitoline tables, were destined to preserve the memory of great public events. Although the epitaphs were only written in memory of the dead, they form a collection of useful documents relating to religious, domestic, and even national history.

The Christians, the Mahommedans, and the Egyptians alike begin most of their epitaphs with an invocation of the Supreme Being. The first call "on the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" the second, on that of "Allah, the forgiving, the merciful;" the third, on "*Hat*, great god, lord of heaven," whom they represent by the solar disc between two outspread wings. Like the Ferouher of the Assyrians, the cardinal points are indicated in this figure either by one of the mystical eyes of *Horus* of the North and *Horus* of the South, or by the two sacred jackals, which typify the utmost limits of the north and south. Then follows the prayer addressed to Osiris, as the supreme deity of the infernal regions, called *Pethempamentes*, because he is the dispenser of all the blessings which the human soul can enjoy in its pilgrimage across the unknown world. As there was no fixed formula for this prayer, and the

words could be varied if the sense were retained, Egyptian poets could sing the praises of the deceased and the hymn to the god of *Amenti* (hell)—which was sometimes addressed to other protecting deities as well—in oriental style.

The beauty of the figures and emblems, and the delicacy of the execution of the *stelæ* passed through the same phases of progress—interruption, renaissance, and decadence—as did the arts of architecture and statuary. They, too, had their four epochs of relative excellence in the archaic ages and under the 12th, 18th, and *Saite* dynasties; and these historical phases can only be traced in the Louvre with any exactness in the *stelæ*, which are far more numerous than the statues and bas-reliefs.*

What we have said of the *stelæ* applies equally to the *sarcophagi*, a name which has been given without due consideration to boxes or tubs of granite, basalt, or calcareous stone, intended to contain mummies. In very early times, up to the age of the Shepherds, these tubs, even those appropriated to royalty, were entirely without ornament. Grand decorations were not used for them until the 18th dynasty, and then, during the second

* See the chapter on the *Egyptian Museum* in the "*Museums of Paris*," pp. 414-418.

renaissance under the *Saite* kings, long funereal pictures and countless groups were engraved upon them. The *sarcophagi* superseded the *stelæ* in hieroglyphic art. Champollion commenced the study of them, and had at last grasped their meaning before his premature death. "As the earthly life was regulated by the diurnal course of the sun, so the life of the soul in its wanderings after death was guided by the course of the god of the lower world, who was supposed to revolve during the night."

Champollion himself brought home the chief of the sarcophagi of the Louvre, the one which contains the body of a *basilico-grammates* called *Taho*, priest of *Imhotep* (the Egyptian Æsculapius), under the 26th dynasty. Every part of it, inside and out, is covered with inscriptions, written in groups on the retrograde system. It is considered the masterpiece of engraved sculpture of the *Saite* epoch—indeed, artists are never weary of admiring these thousands of figures, all of which are cut with as much precision and good taste as if they were on precious stones.

To complete our account of the sculptured relics found in sepulchres of important personages, we must notice those funereal vases, improperly called *canopi* by the Romans, because they thought they

recognised in their sculptured lid and rounded base an image of the fabulous god *Canopus*. The *canopi*, the use of which can be traced from the earliest times and is lost sight of under the Ptolemies, have been found in great numbers in the sepulchres of Memphis, Thebes, and Abydos. They were the vases in which the priests called *cholchytes*, whose office it was to embalm the dead, placed the brains, heart, and all the intestines, which they separated from the rest of the mummy. They are invariably found in series of four in each tomb; their lids consist of the heads of the *four assessors of Amenti*, who were charged to bring the dead before the forty-two judges of *Amenti*, which were as numerous as the different kinds of sin, and presided over by the goddess *Rhmei* (Truth or Justice). These four genii of the dead are *Amset*, son of Osiris, with a man's head; *Hapi*, son of *Phtah*, with a baboon's head; *Siumutf* (or *Tuautmutf*), with a jackal's head; and *Kebhsnuf* (or *Kebsnif*), with a hawk's head. Each one of these sepulchral vases has an inscription, occasionally coloured, cut into its outer surface. Sometimes it is an address from one of the spirits or genii to the *Osirien* (the dweller in the abode of Osiris), or it is the speech of some other divinity. On the vase *Amset* we find one from the goddess Isis; on the vase *Hapi* the

goddess *Nephthys* speaks ; on that called *Siutmutf* the goddess *Neith ;* on that of *Kebsnif,* the goddess *Selk.* The four *canopi* on the chimney-piece of the room which contains those belonging to the Louvre are admirable specimens of these monuments.

There, too, are to be found numerous relics of the religious, civil, and domestic life of ancient Egypt, which cannot fail to interest those who care to recall the life of an extinct people, and, as the geologist builds up the antediluvian world with fossils, to reconstruct a bygone civilization from the ruins it has left. The astonishing preservation of so many objects is easily explained. They are all from tombs which were, so to speak, built for eternity. In a country where it was believed that the dead would return to reassume and reanimate their bodies ; in a country where the chief occupation of life was to prepare for death ; the very corpses, embalmed in their swaddling wrappings and bandages, must have an endless duration ; and to bear the dead company in their long and unknown wanderings, the objects they best loved when living were shut in with them. But these things belong rather to archæology than to art, and we must linger over them no longer.*

It seems unnecessary to pass from the Louvre to

* See the chapter already quoted, pp. 420–429.

the British Museum, to describe the statues, statuettes, tablets, sarcophagi, &c., that are London's share of the spoils of Egypt.* I will only name one small figure of the goddess *Taur*, wife of *Seth* (Typhon, the evil principle). She is represented as a hippopotamus, standing on its hind legs, with pendent arms, a lion's head, a woman's breasts, and a crocodile's tail. This strange figure, which recalls the *Chimæra* of the Greeks, and certain demons of the middle ages, is a very ancient proof of the eternal truth that man can invent nothing beyond what his senses have realised; and that in the creation of any thing or being, his only idea of progress is a monstrous combination of different parts of creation.

We cannot, however, leave the British Museum without saying a word of the celebrated monument known as the Rosetta stone. It was found during the French occupation of 1799, near the town from which it takes its name (the ancient Bolbitinum, called Rachid by the Arabs), in the ruins of a temple dedicated to the god *Atum-Nefer* by the Pharaoh Nechao. The inscriptions on this stone, written by order of the high priests, assembled at Memphis to invest Ptolemy V. (Ptolemy Epiphanes)

* See the chapter *British Museum*, in the "*Museums of England.*" Pp. 82-88.

with royal prerogatives in 193 B.C., commemorate the services rendered to the country by this prince. But it is not this which makes the Rosetta stone so valuable and famous. By a fortunate coincidence these inscriptions are engraved in three languages and three characters: 1. hieroglyphics or hieratic writing; 2. demotic or enchorial writing; 3. Greek writing. The last was easily read and interpreted, and a comparison instituted between it and the hitherto unknown hieroglyphics, which repeated the same thing, so that the Rosetta stone became the first key to hieroglyphic writing. To Champollion the elder, the learned and regretted author of *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, belongs the honour of this important discovery. But although Frenchmen were the interpreters of this precious historical monument, on which they carried out their first researches, the English have obtained it as a trophy of war. We think, however, that science, not arms, should have decided to whom it rightly belonged. We were supposed to be compensated for its loss by the too famous *Zodiac of Denderah*, which will never lead to anything but great and complete mystification. It was supposed to be of fabulous antiquity, to have come down from the most remote ages; and it is in reality, perhaps, no older than the later Ptolemies or the

first Cæsars. It was to throw a vivid light upon the astronomical science concealed by the priests in the mysteries of their temples; and behold we discover that it is but a simple astrological figure, a mere horoscope! What a downfall! Alas, how can this useless and ridiculous Zodiac console us for the loss of the Rosetta stone.

Berlin, too, has its Egyptian museum. It contains some colossal statues in black and green granite, some sarcophagi with mummies, and even a complete collection of sacred animals. But after the bas-reliefs of *Amten*, and the gate of the pyramid of *Sakkara*, already mentioned, the most important object is a *sepulchral chamber*, discovered in 1823, in the necropolis of Thebes, and removed entire. A long quadrangular tomb rises in the centre, covered with hieroglyphical paintings, around which are grouped—two statuettes in painted cedar wood—two boats exactly like those now in use on the Nile, containing figures representing the mummy's escort—the four amphoræ of the genii of Amenti—four earthenware dishes covered with sycamore branches—two priests' rods—an ox's head, and a wooden pillow. This sepulchre, belonging to a high priest called *Mentichetes*, who lived under the 12th dynasty, more than four thousand years ago, is one of the most complete

and valuable of all the antiquities of Upper Egypt. It relates at the same time to history, religion, and art.

But thanks to the untiring efforts and fortunate discoveries of M. Mariette, aided by the patronage and liberality of the viceroy, Egypt itself will soon possess the richest Egyptian museum.

The marvellous wooden statue of *Ra-em-Ké*, who lived under the 5th dynasty ; that in calcareous stone of *Ra-Nefer*, priest of *Phtah* at Memphis, at the same time ; and, finally, the earliest of all, that of the Pharaoh *Schafra* IV. of the 4th dynasty, which was found at the bottom of a well in the temple near the great Sphinx were all lent to the Universal Exhibition of 1867 by M. Mariette. These invaluable monuments of primitive Egyptian art belong now to the rising museum at Boulak, near Cairo.

CHAPTER II.

ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE.

WE now come to consider the no less valuable monuments of that other ancient civilization, this time Asiatic, which arose on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, and is said to have been founded by Assur and Nimroud, with the empires of Nineveh and Babylon, forty-five centuries before our own age (about 2680 B.C.). By the union of the two empires under the great Semiramis, this civilization spread even to the Indus, and rising like a phœnix from the pyre of Sardanapalus, it lived on through the second empire under Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar, until the conquest of Nineveh by Cyaxeres, and of Babylon by Cyrus (600 and 538 B.C.).

Assyrian civilization rivalled that of Egypt in antiquity and duration, and it certainly influenced that of the Greeks and Etruscans, and consequently of all Europe, more than the Egyptian. The most

ancient relics of Grecian and Etruscan art bear palpable marks of imitation of the early Assyrian style. We find this in the buildings of the islands of Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, and Sicily; in the metopes of the temple of Selinuntium; in the lions and the frieze of the Treasure of Atreus, at Mycenæ; in the bas-reliefs collected at Marathon; in some of the figures of the Greek zodiac; in the painted vases (called Etruscan) of Cervetri, Vulci, Canino, and Nola; in the terra-cottas, the silver chalices, and the jewels brought from Cyprus, Cœre (the ancient Agylla), Melos, Delos, Athens, Corinth, and finally from Kertch in the Crimea, which could once boast of the palace and tomb of the great Mithridates; we find it even in the ornaments of Grecian architecture at the zenith of its perfection, in its triglyphs, palm-leaves, egg-mouldings, rosettes, and mæanders. In fact, we can no longer agree with the antiquaries of the last century, who attributed the works of art in every material, at Persepolis, to captive Greeks. We must, on the contrary, conclude that the productions of the ancient Hellenes were largely borrowed from the Assyrians, the predecessors of the Persians on the borders of the Euphrates and Tigris, if indeed the latter were not their real authors.

It is no less evident that the civilization of the

Phœnicians, like that of all Asia Minor, at the epoch preceding that of the Greek colonies, was purely Assyrian. The Hebrews, too, were brought into close contact with Phœnicia and Assyria ; they had the same origin and institutions, and we may almost say the same language as the Assyrians ; they often fell into their idolatries ; they were constantly in subjection to them, and were in captivity at Babylon for many years after the division of Judah and Israel—in short, they borrowed their civilization entirely from their powerful neighbours and conquerors, the Assyrians.

The proof of this assertion, which would have appeared very bold and audacious a few years ago, is to be found in a thousand passages of Scripture, many of which, formerly unintelligible, may now be explained by the aid of objects exhibited in the museums of London and Paris. I will borrow a few instances from the clear and learned review of M. Adrien de Longpérier : " What were these lions, these bulls, these winged cherubims, which the Phœnician sculptors sent by Hiram to King Solomon, placed in the temple of Jerusalem ? Mere copies of symbolic Assyrian figures.* Who

* The Law of Moses, like that of Abraham in former days, and subsequently that of Mahomet, was iconoclast. " Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that

was the personage described by the prophet Daniel (who was educated at the court of Nebuchadnezzar), when he said: 'His garment was as white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool.' The answer is seen in the tunic painted with white Assyrian figures with their hair in small ringlets. How could this same prophet Daniel add ten horns to the fourth typical animal which he saw in his dream? and why did Samuel's mother say in her song: *Et exaltatum est cornu meum in Deo meo?* In the great winged bulls which are the representations of the Assyrian kings as the sphinx (man-lion) was of the Pharaohs of Egypt, we see that ten horns could be placed below the tiara, and that the horn was the sign of power and glory. Why does Daniel say again: 'His throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire?' It is a vivid metaphor suggested by the chair on wheels which was the throne of the

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is in Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or in the water that is under the earth: thou shalt not bow down to them or serve them. If thou shalt make me an altar of stones, thou shalt not make it of hewn stone . . . thou shalt build an altar unto the Lord thy God with whole stones: thou shalt not lift up any iron tool upon them." (Exodus xx. 4, 5; Deut. xxvii. 5.) The Jews must therefore necessarily have borrowed the sculptured ornaments of their temple from the art of their neighbours and masters, the Assyrians.

Assyrian kings. What do the allusions in the book of Kings, and that of Isaiah to Nisroch, the god-bird, signify? It is the Assyrian divinity with an eagle's head and a man's body, holding a fir cone in the right hand and a basket or pail in the left? What is the symbol of the old Hebrew shekels called the *budding rod of Aaron?* It is the stem of the poppy with three capsules which so many divinities, kings, and priests carry in the Assyrian bas-reliefs, &c. I must add that in *Nineveh and Babylon* Mr. Layard mentions as many as fifty-five names of persons and places taken from the Bible which also occur in the Assyrian annals recently deciphered; and since the publication of this beautiful book, which followed *Nineveh and its Remains*, others have been discovered proving how great was the resemblance and how constant the communication between Nineveh and Jerusalem."

This visible influence of Assyrian civilization on that of the Greeks on the one hand, and on that of the Hebrews on the other, was so great that it may be said to connect Homer with the Bible, whilst it necessitates the study of Assyrian monuments by any artist anxious faithfully to represent biblical scenes, and largely increases the importance, the charm, and the utility of recent discoveries. It

promises to open a large field for the investigations of science, at the same time that it adds an entirely new chapter to the history of art.

Thirty years ago the name of the Assyrians was only to be found in books; it had never appeared in the catalogue of a museum. It was in 1842 that M. P. E. Botta, French consul at Mosul, guided by hints given by M. Rich as early as 1820, and by local traditions, conceived the idea, which will be his glory, of searching the ruins of the ancient capital of the Assyrian kings. He began his operations under the hillock Koyunjik, at the north of the village of *Niniouah*, the name of which still bears witness to the site of Nineveh, on the eastern bank of the Tigris, of that Nineveh said by the prophet Jonas to be "three days' journey" in circumference. Not disheartened by the paltry results of his first efforts, he set to work again near the village of Khorsabad, about sixteen kilometres to the north-east of Mosul, on the left bank of a stream which flows into the Tigris, after passing over the walls of ancient Nineveh. There his well-directed efforts were crowned with complete success; he discovered an entire palace, with its walls, doors, rooms, and decorations perfect. They were laid bare and dug from the depths of the earth, and the principal objects which could be

removed were taken to France by way of the Tigris and Bagdad, and arrived at Paris in February, 1847. This palace of Khorsabad, the spoils of which have enriched the Louvre, was probably a pleasure château, a Versailles of the princes of Nineveh. From the royal inscription repeated several times on fragments brought to Paris—*Sargon, great king, powerful king, king of the kings of the country of Assur*—we may reasonably suppose that the palace of Khorsabad was built by Sargon, son or father of Sennacherib. As Sargon, according to the calculations of chronologists, reigned between the years 720 and 668 B.C., the building of Khorsabad must have preceded the reign of Cyrus, the destroyer of the Assyrian empire, by a century and a half; it must have been contemporary with the sons of Codrus, archons of Athens, and with the foundation of Rome at the epoch assigned to the king or myth, Numa Pompilius.

Begun by M. Botta, these fortunate excavations were continued with the same success by M. Victor Place, whilst MM. Jules Oppert and Thomas (after Fulgence Fresnel, who fell a victim to the climate) made others on the site of Babylon and that of Borsippa, the *Tower of languages*, the Tower of Babel.*

* In 1860, M. Place discovered a large room in the Palace of

But these excavations were made so near British territory that the English were anxious to find similar treasures for themselves. In 1845 Mr. Layard discovered, in a desert place called Nimrod, where the little river Zab-Ala flows into the Tigris, four palaces, the most ancient of which was founded by one of the predecessors of Sargon, whose name read thus, *Assur Akh-Bal*, indicates the Sardanapalus of the Greeks ; besides two little temples, one dedicated to the Assyrian Hercules, and the other to the *Fish-god*, probably the *Oannes* of the Babylonians and the *Dagon* of the Philistines, whose image fell before the ark, and whose temple was destroyed by Samson. In 1849 Mr. Layard extended his researches to Koyunjik, even

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Khorsabad, which he called the *magazine of jars*, probably the cellar of the Assyrian kings. It contained an immense number of clay jars, like the πιθος of the Greeks, and the *Tinajas*, used for keeping wine and oil, introduced into Spain by the Arabs. He also discovered long colonnades of columns in moulded clay, the external ornaments of the palace, besides the eight doors of the old *villa* let into the walls and opening on to paved alleys, amongst which was one true monument of art, a triumphal arch. The gynecæa of the palace ; the buttresses entirely cased in painted and enamelled bricks ; and some statues in gypsum marble, which were probably mere caryatids, were also found by M. Place ; and he it was who had the immense bulls, of which we shall presently speak, brought to the Louvre, which weigh no less than 35,000 kilogrammes each, and had to be brought from Khorsabad to the Tigris, on enormous chariots drawn by a team of six hundred men.

to the site of Nineveh, where he found a palace, supposed to be that of Sennacherib himself, far larger and richer in art objects than that of Khorsabad.* He then proceeded to Karamlès and to Kalab-Shergat, so that the British Museum in its turn received many precious relics of Assyrian civilization. Since then excavations have been carried on simultaneously by France and England, and the interesting results are divided between London and Paris. We must own that the British Museum may justly pride itself on possessing a larger, more varied, and more choice collection than the Louvre—a collection which offers a wide field for archæological discovery and study, and must challenge the surprise and admiration of every artist; but at the same time, the inferiority in number, variety, and excellence of workmanship of the relics in the Louvre, is in a manner atoned for by the paramount importance of some of the single monuments in the French museum.

In the first rank are the four immense colossi from Khorsabad, the height of which exceeds four

* In the subterranean palace of Koyunjik, Mr. Layard explored *sixty-one* rooms, all covered with sculptured slabs, which form a series of sculptures about two English miles long; and Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who succeeded him as director of these excavations, discovered other rooms, better preserved and elegantly furnished with alabaster tables, which were destined for the British Museum.

metres. Of equal size and symmetrical with each other on opposite sides, pairs of them formed the front pilasters or frames of one of the doors of the palace. In front they have a man's head, with

Fig. 5.

long hair, and a beard curled and arranged in a marvellous manner, and wearing a double row of horns, and a dotted mitre or *tiara* surmounted

by feathers,—placed on the chest and legs of a bull. On the inner side, the right of one, the left of the other, these colossi have bulls' bodies with the hair on the flanks and of the tail curled like the beard; and, as in the Chimæra of Lycia, bearing long wings upon the shoulders. Two other winged bulls with human faces, exactly like those just described, only rather shorter, were placed at a right angle, head to head, to form the external decoration of the door. As other doors opening in the façade of the building had similar ornaments, the backs and wings of the bulls almost touched each other. Between them, and consequently at an equal distance from each door, there was a high and deep niche cut out of the wall, which supported one of the two other colossi brought to the Louvre, those gigantic men holding a sort of rounded club in the right hand, and strangling a lion, which is defending itself with its claws, under the left arm. This lion, instead of the ordinary length of five metres, is no larger than a small dog. All the colossi, men and bulls, are of alabaster. The symbolical meaning of the giant with the club is not yet entirely made out, but it is, no doubt, a personification of strength, perhaps the Assyrian Hercules. The man-bull was evidently the Assyrian symbolic image of the king, whose name occurs in

the legend inscribed between the animal's legs; and it signified intelligence combined with force, just as the sphinx, or man-lion, a type of the same things, was to the Egyptians the image of the Pharaoh whose name is decided by the inscriptions on the body and at the base.*

At London, as in Paris, relics of Assyrian art consist almost entirely of bas-reliefs sculptured on tablets or grey alabaster slabs, which were used to cover the walls of clay bricks. These reliefs are very low and flat, in fact, scarcely raised at all; they are finely carved and carefully polished, and the design would be truly beautiful, pure, and severe, if the eyes and shoulders were not almost always both seen in profile figures, and if the shape of the hands and legs were not merely conventional.†

But we must own that the features and muscles are often so well brought out as to express cha-

* At Nimroud and Koyunjik, lions with a human head have been found, which exactly resemble the sphinxes of Egypt; only they have the Assyrian tiara on the head, instead of the Egyptian *claft*.

† It has been conjectured that these two eyes in a profile have a typical meaning, and may signify that the god or king could see on every side at once; but is it not more reasonable to ascribe them to convention and the inexperience of the artist? We must also bear in mind the undeniable physical fact, that in the eastern races, whose faces are far rounder than those of Europeans, the eye is never seen in profile in the same clear and marked manner as with us.

racter, and that the compositions on these Assyrian tablets are more varied and fuller of movement and life than the hieratic sculptures of Egypt. Some are of opinion, we ourselves amongst others, that the exaggeration of physical activity and of expressive gestures marks a very advanced state of art, or rather a decadence from a superior style like that of the 19th dynasty in Egypt. New discoveries are foretold which will prove this theory, and bring to light earlier and more crude specimens of Assyrian art. Let us become prophets also, and hope that it may be so.

The Assyrian tablets must have been pictorial annals, stone chapters of history commemorating the chief events of the history of the Assyrian people, or, rather, of their kings. The king (what king none know with any certitude)* appears again and again in all these sculptured pictures. He is easily recognised because he is always followed by an umbrella-bearer, a fly-flapper, or by musicians; and because he wears the tiara, and the Ferouher, or winged image of divinity, hovers above his head. In one of these representations of the king wearing

* It is however agreed that this figure represents one of the Assyrian monarchs alluded to in the Scriptures (the book of Kings, Isaiah, Ezra, &c.), such as Sargon, Sennacherib, Assur-Akh-Bal, Nebuchadnezzar (or rather *Naboucoudourroussour*, "The god Nabou protect my family!").

the tiara, the figure is entirely painted on alabaster in different colours. The soles of the king's sandals were red. The wearers of the *red heels* of Versailles did not guess how very old was this *new* fashion.

The subjects of these bas-reliefs are very varied, very complicated, uniting in one frame, men, animals, plants, and buildings; in fact, forming true historical pictures. Of course, battles and sieges abound. In the first we generally see the king on his war chariot, charges of cavalry, archers launching their arrows, prisoners led along with their hands bound, corpses devoured by eagles and vultures. In the second, the besieged town is generally surrounded by water, and has a double or triple tier of walls with battlements; and it is attacked by rolling towers or battering rams, the besieged pouring fire upon their enemies, and endeavouring to avert the blows of the engines by entangling them in chains. When a town is taken, we see women flying in chariots drawn by young oxen, or a man escaping on a camel. These representations of battles and sieges give us a clear and complete idea of the mode of warfare in this remote age; and bearing in mind that these alabaster slabs are about three thousand years old, it is surprising how little the art of war changed until the intro-

duction of gunpowder. Almost everywhere, and in almost every age we find the same weapons, the same operations of attack and defence. Amongst the bas-reliefs of London, the best for study, as being fuller of movement and variety, are the *Siege of a town* by a king, supposed to be Assur-Akh-Bal I.; a battle of Assur-Akh-Bal III. against the Susians; the triumph of this king after victory; and the *Erection of a colossal bull* by a gang of slaves under the orders of Sennacherib.

The chase of the lion or the wild bull, which were hunted with spears and arrows, is also often the subject of bas-reliefs. The king is always present in his chariot, receiving the victims slain; indeed, the king is everywhere. Sometimes we have only his full-sized or half-length portrait; sometimes he is directing the march of troops across the mountains or through the woods; sometimes he is receiving ambassadors and offering them peace, holding two arrows in his hand; or he is celebrating some religious rite before the sacred tree; or he is crossing a river, still in his chariot, on a boat with a helm, manned by four rowers and a pilot, around which swim horses and fishes. This boat is guided through the water by a man who swims before it, kept afloat by an inflated leather bottle. Even now the rafts used on the Tigris and

Euphrates are balanced by leather bottles filled with air. We have already remarked that the canoes used on the Nile at the present time exactly resemble those found in the sepulchral chambers; probably the gondolas of the lagoons of Venice will be retained for centuries. One of the tablets in the Louvre is, without doubt, the account and memorial of an expedition by river or by sea. In water without perspective, we see amongst the fishes several boats one above the other, with prows in the shape of horses' heads, and half-open sides, showing the rowers bending over their oars. Some of these vessels are loaded with the trunks of trees, which explains the answer of Hiram, king of Tyre, to Solomon, when he was asked for some cedar wood for the building of the temple: "My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea, and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shall appoint me" (1 Kings v. 6-9). Another, more true to life and better executed, represents several led horses. We are told by Xenophon (Cyropædia iii. ch. 5) that their horses were so wild and spirited that the Assyrians were obliged always to keep them bound. Faithfully copied from nature, these bas-reliefs have all the delicacy of limb and graceful vigour of the Arab horses; and, combined with the testimony of the

book of Job, these monuments incontestably prove that this race has been perpetuated to our own day, without alteration or the admixture of alien blood, as the primitive and perfect type of that beautiful and useful servant, justly called by Buffon, "man's noblest conquest." From another slab we learn that horses, oxen, and dromedaries were not the only animals employed in war, or as beasts of burden by the Assyrians. We see a team of men, prisoners, serfs, or subjects, yoked in pairs to the pole of a car. It was these human teams which drew the alabaster from the quarry, and took the colossal images of the kings and gods to the gates of the palace.

In some of the Assyrian marbles the kings are exchanged for divinities. The latter generally wear a conical cap adorned with two or three horns, and in their hands they hold different symbols : an ear of bearded wheat, a fir-cone, a reed basket, or a flowering tree. At the Louvre we have a curious personification of the god (probably Baal or Nesroch) with four large outspread wings, like the Egyptian Neith or Minerva, the cherubims of the temple of Solomon, the Proserpine (Persephone) of paganism and the divinities of ancient Etruria, *Aplu* (Apollo), *Hercla* (Hercules), *Tinia* (Bacchus), *Thalna* (Juno).

We see that in giving this emblem to the messengers of the Most High, the old legends of the first Christian era introduced no more of a novelty than the marquises of the Œil-de-Bœuf when they put red heels to their shoes.

At the British Museum there are but two Assyrian objects which are neither in the form of tablets nor of slabs. One is a statue found at Kalah-Shergat, the only one as yet discovered in the excavations of Assyrian towns. It is headless and much damaged ; it represented a king on a throne, but it is of no interest to the artist or archæologist except from its own insignificance. The other, which is far more important, is a small obelisk of blackish marble, of about two metres high, cut into four sides, and decreasing in size towards the top. In addition to ten lines of cuneiform writing, it has twenty bas-reliefs, with a great many figures of animals, lions, rhinoceroses, monkeys, horses, &c., led by men carrying presents. It must have been a trophy of victory and conquest, representing offerings brought to the king by the subject people. And as the intention is so very clear, the little obelisk of Kalah-Shergat may, in the hands of a future Champollion, become a guide to the deciphering of the hieroglyphics of the cuneiform character.*

* Dr. Hincks already asserts that the two hundred and ten lines of

The English and French museums contain many tiles or bricks with inscriptions in this *cuneiform* writing (the letters of which are shaped like the heads of nails), called *Keilschrift* by the Germans, and *arrow-headed character* by the English.

Through the efforts which have been made since the time of the traveller Chardin, by Niebuhr the Dane, Grotefend, Rask, Lassen, E. Burnouf, by Colonel Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks in England, and by MM. Jules Oppert and Joachim Ménant at the same time in France, modern science will, perhaps, at last discover the meaning of this writing, and learn to decipher it as it has the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

We will conclude by noticing the clear proofs in the Louvre that Assyrian civilization had a great and direct influence upon that of the Greeks. These proofs are, so to speak, written on two silver gilt cups, one of which is ornamented with a sunken frieze, and the other by subjects in relief. These cups were found in the ruins of the ancient Citium, a town of the island of Cyprus. Their Assyrian

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the Assyrian writing contain the royal annals during a period of thirty-one years, and that amongst the tributaries of the king of Assyria are enumerated successively : Jehu, king of Samaria (called by Racine in *Athalie* the *proud Jehu*), and Hazael, who was made king of the same country by the prophet Elisha, about 885 B.C.

origin is quite evident. They are of the same shape as those held by the king of Assyria in the bas-reliefs of Khorsabad and Nimrod, as well as of the bronze cups found in those palaces; besides which, the subjects of the friezes of the cups and those of the bas-reliefs are identical, the symbols and the details are the same. When we look at these Asiatic cups, we can fancy what that vase of engraved silver was like, which Achilles proposed as a prize at the race at the funeral of Patroclus, the vase brought by sea by the Phœnicians to Troas, and which was of exceeding beauty. (Iliad, Book xxiii.)

We understand also how merchants of Tyre and Sidon brought similar vases and other products of Assyrian art, not only to the Archipelago and the continent of Greece, but even as far as Sicily and Central Italy, where flourished the art of the Etruscans, who were as renowned for their works in bronze as for those in keramic art.

CHAPTER III.

ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE.

WE must now say a few words on Etruscan sculpture before passing to Greece.

Etruria, a near neighbour of our own, situated at the gate of Gaul, can also pride itself on a primitive civilization, which although at first purely national, except for a slight Asiatic element, subsequently fell under Greek influence, and was finally absorbed into that of Rome, after giving to it its creed and superstitions, together with the rudiments of every art and industry. Pliny asserts this in twenty passages. The most important national art of Etruria, was every kind of metal work, the chasing of jewels of gold and silver, the casting of bronze statues, the manufacture of armour, altars, tripods, and all articles made with the hammer. There are three of great value in the *Uffizi* at Florence; the little statue called *Idolino*, which is probably a Mercury; the

Chimæra, with a lion's head on the shoulders, a goat's head on the back, and a dragon's head at the end of the tail; and lastly, the beautiful and celebrated statue of a magistrate haranguing the people,

Fig. 6.—Statue of the Infant Apollo with a Duck.
(Museum of Antiquities, Paris.)

which is called the *Orator*. We find many other relics of this great industry in most of the museums, the Louvre amongst others, but they are gene-

rally mixed with the Grecian and Roman bronzes. The Campana collection, recently obtained, has, however, supplied us with interesting specimens of this hitherto little known Etruscan art. The greater number are mere terra-cottas, yet they are much better preserved than the marbles and bronzes, and give a very fair notion of what the sculpture of ancient Etruria was before the Roman conquest and subjugation. There are a great many busts, most of them of divinities wearing crowns and diadems. But of all these monuments of plastic art, the one which throws most light on the confused and mysterious history of the Etruscan people, is certainly the ornamented sepulchre called the *Lydian tomb*. On a funeral couch repose two half-recumbent figures, one of a man, the other of a woman, in Asiatic costume, which circumstance must have given the name to the tomb, as it is evidently Etruscan. It is agreed that this precious monument is earlier than the ruin of Cœre (the more ancient Agylla, the modern Cervetri), that is to say, that it belongs to the fourth century before the Christian era.

But the term Etruscan art will probably remind very many readers of those carved and painted vases which it has long been the fashion to call Etruscan. It is, however, a mistake to apply this

term to the greater number of objects indicated by it. It is true that the twelve patriarchal states of the ancient Etruscan league extended from the Magra to the Vulturnus, from Verona to Capua. But they formed a mere confederacy of cities; Etruria, properly so called, did not exceed the limits of Tuscany itself. Now it was to the south of Rome, in that part of Magna Græcia called Apulia (the modern Puglia), that the numerous and beautiful so-called Etruscan vases were manufactured, which are really all of Hellenic origin. We only allude to them here on account of their name.

It is also easy to class these valuable products of early Italian industry according to their dates and places of manufacture. Such are their striking peculiarities, that their age and source may be decided at a glance. The earliest, those from Etruria proper, chiefly found at Cervetri (Cære, Agylla), are all black, and either without ornaments or with clumsy figures in relief of the same colour. Others, also Etruscan, although called Egyptian and Phœnician — eastern would be a better term — have nearly white grounds, with figures of men and animals painted in dark red. The next in date in the history of keramic art are those vases called primitive, with pale grounds and

no ornaments, but zones or horizontal divisions crossed by concentric semicircles. Vases of a date posterior to that of the latest already enumerated have been found in a more southern neighbourhood: round Rome, at Vulci, Canino, and in the Basilicata. They have red or orange grounds, with figures of men only, painted black. All the subjects of these reliefs and paintings are mythological, and are chiefly borrowed from the worship of Bacchus, the polymorphous and polynomial god (of many forms and many names).

To this age and country belong the *rhytons*, or drinking cups shaped in imitation of the heads of different animals; and, lastly, later still and farther south in ancient Apulia, were fabricated the celebrated vases of Nola, so called because they were found in large numbers in the neighbourhood of that city of the Campagna, which was defended by Marcellus against Hannibal, in which Augustus died, and St. Paulinus is said to have invented bells (*campanæ*). Unlike those of the *agro romano*, the vases of Nola have the figures in brick or *antique* red (*rosso antico*), on a clear and shining jet black ground. They surpass all others in elegance and variety of form, in choiceness of subject, beauty of design, in taste, spirit, grace, and ease; in fact, they fulfil the true requirements of

art. Their perfection was so great that they soon ceased to be regarded as mere domestic utensils, and became decorative luxuries like statues and pictures. It is remarkable that at first the ancients made all their vessels for household use in clay; the jars or *amphoræ*, called χεραμος or πιθος by the Greeks, for instance, in which they kept wine, oil, honey, drinking water, &c.; even the tub of Diogenes was only a large earthenware pot.

These domestic vases were improved upon until their form and the ornaments on them attained to such surpassing beauty as to be true art-objects. In them we can mark the unconscious development of that ingenious theory which required the same harmony in the proportions of a vase or building as is the rule in the human limbs; the symmetry of the height and breadth of the designs was regulated by one of nature's laws; it was thought that this symmetry produced beauty of form, and that an elegant vase might be compared to a young girl rising with her arms raised to her head.

It is their form alone which connects these vases with our subject, their ornaments belong to painting. It will suffice to state that there are large and choice collections of them in the chief museums in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Naples, which last contains no less than three thousand.

For the same reason, on account of their form, we may notice the *vetri antichi*, glass objects preserved from antiquity. If there were still (for there have been) scholars who denied that glass was known to the ancients—although it is spoken of by Job and in the Proverbs, and Pliny has alluded to its fortunate discovery by the Phœnicians, and to the skill of the Egyptians in its fabrication—they could not but own their mistake before the glazed cabinets of the Etruscan museum of the Louvre. St. Thomas could no longer doubt, and subterfuges would fail even Escobar. They would be compelled to acknowledge that the moderns fall short of the ancients in their facility in this industry. From these *vetri antichi* we can learn the early forms and the use of ancient glass objects. On the one hand, we have vases of every kind, small amphoræ, flagons, foot-goblets, and goblets with handles, lacrymatories, &c.; on the other, white, tinted, coloured, chased, and enamelled glasses. Most of them having been buried in the ground for centuries, are still stained with the thin coating or film produced by mineral decomposition, called *patina* by the Italians, which is also found on marbles which have been long underground. On glass it produces beautiful golden and silver tints, or colours which change and blend like those of a

rainbow. But it tarnishes enamels: they require to be cleaned by a very delicate process. Many ancient statues were damaged by being merely scraped before the art of washing them was discovered.

We must, however, acknowledge that the ancients did not turn this most useful discovery to such practical advantage as we do. In windows glass admits external light whilst retaining the internal heat of our dwellings; in mirrors it reflects our own images; in spectacles it lengthens the range of vision of the short-sighted, and makes that of the far-sighted clear; and in the microscopes of the physiologists, and the telescopes of the astronomer, it opens to us the marvels of infinite littleness and of infinite grandeur.

CHAPTER IV.

GRECIAN SCULPTURE.

WHAT Pliny says of painting—*De picturæ initiis incerta*—is equally true of sculpture. In the history of Assyrian and Egyptian art we cannot go back to the beginning; we have only found monuments of a settled, in fact, of an advanced civilization, of which they are alike the visible proofs and the sacred relics. We have equally decisive evidence that the art of the east exercised great influence over the early civilization of Greece; indeed, although the ancient Greeks claimed, and were too long believed, to have invented everything, there is no doubt that Grecian art began with imitation. But, at the same time, the Greeks earned eternal glory, and became worthy of our unchanging admiration and gratitude, by at once freeing themselves from the spirit of convention and routine; they soon burst the chains of dogmatic and sacerdotal laws, and inaugurated

a free, original, and individual art. "Unlike the other nations of antiquity," says M. Beulé, with equal truth and elegance, "they took lessons only to react upon their masters, they adopted their models, surpassed, rejected them, to conceive others of incomparable beauty. They did not invent art, they invented beauty. The artists of Egypt and Assyria could produce deep, religious, and striking impressions; they never attained to those superior principles which exalt human ideas into divine types, and enable man to contemplate beauty face to face.

No doubt art in Greece, as elsewhere, was connected with the faith of the country; religion aided its birth and its development; it was alike its support and its controller. Fortunately the religion of the Greeks was never narrow, jealous, or bigoted. It had no colleges of priests, no theology fixed by a symbol of faith, no immutable and prescribed creed. Daughter of imagination and mother of poetry, religion from the first imbued art, her other child, with the spirit of independence and with her own liberty of genius. "Mythology," adds M. Beulé, "that immense and magnificent tissue of fiction which pervades the entire universe, like a net-work of gold and light, . . . is the most brilliant creation of the human intellect. Who made it? Every one and no one: it is the work of a people."

It was the same with art. Grecian art only borrowed what was technical and mechanical; and when free to wing its flight towards the lofty regions of the sublime and beautiful, it was unchecked by any religious or political barrier. Dædalus was able to shake off Egyptian traditions with impunity; he could free the legs and arms of statues from their bodies; he could impart movement and life to them, without incurring the censure of a priest or the anger of a king. Instead of this, his bold and happy innovations excited the admiration of all Greece and the envy of every rival. With the Greeks enthusiasm was piety. "It was the longing for clearness," says M. Taine, "the perception of proportion, the hatred of the clumsy and outrageous, the taste for marked and distinct outlines, which led the Greeks to embody their conceptions in a form easily understood by the senses and the imagination, and to produce works intelligible to every race in every age—works which, being human, may be eternal."

However, free as it subsequently became, even Grecian art "was for a long time debased; poetry was already at its zenith when it scarcely existed. In fact, poetry is but a flight of fancy with language ready to express it. Art had to struggle with and subdue materials, and this process often

required centuries. At first, then, sculpture was humble, embarrassed, and timid; it dared not leave the certain to attempt the unknown; it could take no step in advance without first looking back; but as it grew, it left behind it an indestructible chain, the chain of tradition, . . . which finds strength for the future in respect for the past. Grecian sculpture advanced slowly, because it sought not novelty but progress. The aim of each school was to copy the master, to excel him if possible. . . . . To obtain certainty by repeated trials, to pause rather than to err, to soften by shading without abrupt transition. . . . On art itself, not on religion, rests the blame, . . . if it remained stationary long; but condemnation is misplaced; in this slow but lofty education we must recognise the source of the grandeur and admirable principles of Grecian art. Thus," continues M. Beulé, "we find the true theory of liberty applied to the arts. In the name of Grecian art we claim not only that outward liberty which depends on the weakness of men and the freaks of fortune, but the true freedom which fears no attacks, which is more than liberty —independence. Independence was the soul of Grecian art."

It would be impossible now to write the history of the schools of Greece from the time when Cupid

was represented by a stone at Thespiæ ; Juno by a column at Argos ; Castor and Pollux at Sparta, by two beams joined by a cross-bar in token of fraternity—to the age of Pericles. A very brief summary will suffice. The first statues, made of wood, are attributed to Dædalus, whom the Greeks claim as a fellow-citizen, but who was probably a native of Crete, and a contemporary of Minos. Dædalus, whose name means industrious, is said to have invented the saw and the plane, and to have introduced his art into Sicily and Apulia. Who is this all but fabulous person? Probably a myth, to whom all early inventions are attributed, as all the great national poems to Homer. We only know, that even in the time of the traveller Pausanius, there existed very old wooden statues, called Dædali, in which movement and life were imitated, the legs being separated from each other and the arms from the body. In the Isle of Samos, on the coast of Asia, between the years 570 and 525 B.C., a family of artists arose to whom the Greeks gave the name of *stone scrapers*, because they substituted harder and more durable materials, such as stone and marble, for wood. Their names were Rhœcus, his son, Telecles, and his grandson, Theodorus. To them is also attributed the invention of the plastic art, or that of modelling

clay, of engraving on metals and precious stones, and even of the casting of bronze statues. The last-named invention, which the Samians may have borrowed from Egypt, was also practised by the Etruscans and known in Sicily, where at the same epoch the sculptor Perillus made the celebrated brazen bull for the tyrant Phalaris, in which he burnt his enemies alive. Tradition says that Theodorus engraved the famous ring which Polycrates threw into the sea, to change his too constant ill fortune ; that he recast the silver krater given by Crœsus to the temple of Delphi ; and chased the golden vine with grapes of precious stones, found at Sardis, by Cyrus, on the throne of the kings of Persia.

Glaucus also, to whom is attributed the invention of the art of smelting and soldering iron, was perhaps an inhabitant of Samos or of Chios. And we know, on the authority of Pliny, that these islands can boast of another family of sculptors. First, Melas, then his son Miciades, his grandson Anthermus, who made a winged Victory for Delos, and the sons of Anthermus, Bupalus and Athenæus, who worked together. Bupalus is the most celebrated of this generation of artists. In the time of Augustus, many of his works were collected at Rome ; the unaffected simplicity of his archaic

style found favour with the Romans. The school of Chios took root in an island of the Ægean Sea, near Paros, and, laying aside the wood with which Dædalus was content, and the bronze of Theodorus, it adopted white marble. This was decided progress in statuary—a great step towards perfection! In carving Parian marble the Chiote sculptors were able to give full scope to the vivacious, pliant, elegant, and delicate genius of Ionia, which, subsequently combining with the more sober, vigorous, and austere talent of the strong Dorian race, produced that dualism from which sprang true Grecian art.

In those Ionian islands where the first Greek artists appeared, the first poets also arose. There were born the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, from which sculptors took their inspiration. One word of Homer or of Hesiod—Jupiter with the powerful locks, Venus with the sweet smile, Juno with the beautiful arms, Diana, the fair-limbed goddess—was enough to fix a type, and make it traditional, without interfering with the independence of the artist, for a symbol is not a dogma. When fleeing before the conquests of Cyrus and the domination of the Persians, the Ionian artists spread over the continent of Greece, they introduced, if not an absolutely new art—Corinth had already produced

the ancient colossal statue of Jupiter Olympius, and the celebrated carved chest of Kypselus, two important works in cast metal—but new elements of art, a new style and new materials. Cretan artists founded the school of Sicyonia. A neighbour of Corinth, and far inferior to that town in population and commercial wealth, Sicyonia excelled her in the arts. There the Dorian was first blended with the Ionian genius. "The schools of Sicyonia," says M. Beulé, "united the principles and the stability of the one, with the liberty and grace of the other." Sicyonia, like Corinth, had long had her metal-founders and carvers. The Cretans, Dipœnus and Skyllis, introduced, with the employment of marble, the true art of statuary. It was about the fifteenth Olympiad, in Sicyonia itself, that Dipœnus and Skyllis produced, at the cost of the state, the four statues of Apollo, Artemis, Herakles, and Athene, besides other gods, for Ambrosia, Cleonæ, Argos, and Tirynthus.

Their school spread throughout Greece, and even to the Italian Magna Græcia, for the sea, instead of separating, united the Hellenic races.

Dameas, of Crotona, who made for the temple of Olympia that celebrated bronze statue of the athlete Milo, which the latter carried on his shoulders, was the pupil of Dipœnus and Skyllis. Their

lessons also formed the talents of Laphaes of Phlius (untis); Eucheir of Corinth, Eutelidas, Chysothemis, and Aristomedon, of Argos, who afterwards educated Ageladas, the master of Phidias, of Polycletus, and of Myron. It is probable that the two Cretan sculptors were afterwards summoned to Athens; and it is certain that, after being under the direction of the bronze-founder, Theodorus, the Spartan school was developed by the instructions of disciples of Dipœnus and Skyllis — Doryklidas, Dontas, Theokles, Medon — who taught them to carve Parian marble. Sparta, which cherished the old Dorian genius in all its early austerity, and rejected painting as too effeminate an art, admitted sculpture, whilst strictly confining it within the limits of morality and utility. She retained the archaic style, "which did not transfer the attractions of living nature to inert material" (Beulé), and never attempted the ideal expression of beauty. Her school of sculpture was prolific and celebrated in the age of Pisistratus; but in the time of Pericles it was supplanted by that of Athens, and the rugged Dorian genius disappeared, buried beneath the innumerable and surpassing works of her conqueror, the charming genius of Ionia.

Before this period of Athenian supremacy, how-

ever, we find the old Doric style, though already tempered by the Ionic, in the works left by Kanachus of Sikyonia, Ageladas of Argos, and by the whole school of Ægina; to Kanachus, who flourished about 500 B.C., and did not die until after the invasion of the Persians, is ascribed a statue of Apollo, made for the sanctuary of Didymæ, near Miletus, in Asia Minor. This Didymæan Apollo was carried away by Xerxes in his flight, and returned to the Milesii two centuries afterwards, by Seleucus-Nicator. Cicero's words: "The statues by Kanachus are too stiff to be true to nature," prove that the Sicyonian sculptor remained faithful to the archaic style, so much admired by the Romans.

The Argian Ageladas was a contemporary of Kanachus, for we know that, aided by a third sculptor, Aristokles, they produced a group of the three Graces. That by Kanachus held the flute of Pan; that by Aristokles the lyre of tortoise-shell; that by Ageladas the *Barbiton*, or great lyre of Apollo. We know little of the life of Ageladas, but tradition has preserved the remembrance of some of his most celebrated works. He was probably the first of Grecian sculptors; he made statues of different athletes—Anochus of Tarentum, Timosithæ of Delphi, and Kleosthenes of

Epidamnus, whom he represented on a chariot drawn by four horses, guided by a driver. The beauty and entirely novel grandeur of this rich offering excited the admiration of all Greece. But Ageladas gained more renown by his disciples than by his works. We have already stated that he was the master of the three great sculptors of the age of Perikles—Pheidias, Polykletus, and Myron.* It was in the school of Ægina that the fusion of the Doric and Ionic styles was most apparent, and in that of Athens that the victory of the Ionic over the Doric was consummated.

The constant rival of Athens, until her final decay and absorption into the great republic, "The island of Ægina," says M. Beulé, "situated in front of Attica, was like the advanced sentinel of the Peloponnesus, the protector of the Dorians from

* It is unfortunate that no authentic work of Myron has been preserved to the time of our modern collections. We know that he was admired by all Greece, because he expressed life better than any other artist. His *Cow suckling her calf*, of Eleutheris, was as celebrated as the Venus of Knidus. It has suggested numerous epigrams: "Shepherd, take thy cows further away, lest thou also take that of Myron." "No, Myron did not model this cow: time changed it into bronze, and he passed it off as his work." "O Myron! when thou didst model this cow; which the shepherd mistakes for his own, and the heifer for her mother, thou didst more than the immortal gods; for they are gods and thou art but a man. It would have been easier for them to create thy model, than for thee to imitate it."

the Ionians." Over Ægina reigned Æacus, the Numa of the Greeks, whom public veneration made one of the judges of hell, and from whom descended a long line of heroes, called Æacides, amongst whom were Peleus, Telamon, Achilles, Ajax, Patrocles, and later, Miltiades and his son Cimon. Rich and powerful before the rise of the city of Minerva, Ægina dates the origin of her school far back in history. According to Pausanius, Smilis of Ægina was the contemporary of Dædalus. This is to make him also a fabulous myth. Then follows Callo, the sculptor, whose works Quintilian compared to those of the Etruscans; Synnoos and his son Ptolycus; Glaucius, who was ordered by Gelon of Syracuse to make an extra quadriga for the temple of Olympia; and, lastly, Onatas, the most celebrated of the Æginetan School. He lived after the Median wars, made a number of images of gods for different sanctuaries of Greece, and took part in the ornamentation of the great temple of his country, of which we shall presently give a few details. The Æginetan marbles rival even those of the Parthenon, and are the most valuable treasure of the Glyptothek of Munich; in fact, none of the sacred relics of ancient art in Northern Europe are at all to be compared to them.

Whilst travelling in Greece in the year 1811.

Messrs. Haller, Cockerell, Forster, and Linkh, when measuring the height of an old temple of Ægina, found a number of sculptured fragments, seventeen nearly perfect statues amongst others, almost at the surface of the soil. They were bought at Rome by the prince royal of Bavaria, afterwards Ludwig I., taken to Munich, and successfully restored by the celebrated Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen; they excited great and general interest. German erudition rejoiced in this fortunate windfall: the learned archæologist Ottfried Müller, the philosopher Schelling, Messrs Wagner, Hirt, Thiersch, Schorn, &c., built up vast historical and æsthetic systems on these fragile ruins. We see in them nothing more than works of art.

The seventeen statues of Munich are the most precious relics of Æginetan art; they were ornaments of the chief building of Ægina, thought by some to be the temple of Minerva, alluded to by Herodotus and others, the Panhellenion, or temple of Zeus Panhellenios. To give an idea of the use and position of these figures, an imitation pediment in relief has been placed in the tympanum of the vault of the room in which they are; and they are arranged at its base on stylobates in the same relative position, only further apart than they occupied in the original temple. This contrivance

gives a good idea at a glance of the general appearance and detail of the groups. By this means the front and back pediments of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius have been reconstituted with the seventeen statues. Five figures form the eastern, and ten the western pediment: at the apex of the angle of the latter two little figures were probably placed as external ornaments. This opinion is borne out by the appearance of the objects, and is so well founded that it may be adopted without fear or hesitation.

But when thus arranged, what do these seventeen statues represent? This question leads to a boundless field of conjectures and opinions, to a trial without a judge; but they are evidently memorials of combats and victories dear to the pride of the small race of Ægina. No one denies this—but are they victories gained by the Greeks over the Persians at Marathon, at Platæa, at Salamina? or must we go back to heroic times, and seek their explanation in the wars of the Greeks against the Trojans? They would still celebrate the triumph of Europe over Asia, and by recalling past victories, symbolically represent the actual success of the age. The latter opinion is most widely entertained, and also the most probable. We will suppose then that the five figures of the

back or eastern pediment describe the struggle of Hercules and Telamon with Laomedon, the king of Troy. The kneeling sagittarius, or archer, letting fly an arrow, and wearing a leather cuirass and a lion's head as a helmet, would be Hercules. The naked warrior on foot, acting on the offensive, and wearing a helmet and shield, would be Telamon, and the falling hero, Laomedon. The king is still supported by his shield, he is naked, and wears a metal helmet with straps to cover the cheeks, and an iron point extended to the tip of the nose as a protection. This is the Homeric helmet. No historical names have been given to the warrior bending forwards, as if aiding a wounded man; or to the other soldier, lying on his back in the hollow of his shield, who appears to be still fighting with his hands. The last is the most beautiful of this group, and that of Laomedon, and it was only by accident that its singular attitude was discovered.

As we have seen, the explanation of the eastern pediment is very arbitrary. That of the western is more plausible. The ten figures of the principal group are supposed to represent one of the most celebrated episodes of the Iliad, the struggle of the Greeks and Trojans round the body of Patroclus. A full-face figure of Minerva stands in the centre, and from the position of her feet and the

direction of her javelin, she appears to be siding with the Greeks against the Trojans. She wears the *peplum* or *peplus*, and the *tunic* (χιτων), the borders of which are painted red; the helmet is blue, the shield Argolic, and on the breastplate there was probably a Medusa's head in bronze. Patroclus is on the ground, supporting himself on his right hand; Ajax, the son of Telamon, is protecting him whilst lancing his javelin; and is followed by Teucer, wearing the short cuirass of an archer, and Ajax, the son of Oileus, who is lifting the shield and javelin with both hands. The figure of a wounded warrior trying to tear the steel from his breast, completes the Greek group to the right of Minerva. On the left are placed Hector, with closed vizor; Paris as a kneeling archer, wearing a high Phrygian cap and a tight-fitting coat of mail, reaching to the feet, and painted in lozenges; Æneas, also kneeling, but holding a sword in his hand; and lastly, a Trojan wounded in the thigh, who has fallen to the ground. A fifth figure, not recovered, must have completed the Trojan part of the group, with the erect Minerva in the centre of the triangular pediment, and the recumbent warriors in the extreme angles.

The little figures placed on the outside of the pediment are of two small goddesses, exactly alike,

except that the long folds of their robes, which they raise with one hand, are so arranged as to fall towards each other. They are called Damia and Auxesia, as they are supposed to be statues of the goddesses of Epidaurus, which the Æginetans carried away from that town, and the Athenians tried in vain to recover. The entirely legendary history of these goddesses is related by Herodotus and Pausanius. Lastly, two gryphons with outspread painted wings ought to be seated face to face on the corners of the pediment. The only one recovered has been placed near the capital of a column of the temple, and the two largest fragments are surrounded by twenty-four smaller pieces of statues, the greater number of which properly belong to the eastern pediment.

The fifteen statues preserved, the arrangement and attitudes of which we have indicated, are of various sizes, but except that of Minerva, they are none of them of the medium height of a man. They are all of Parian marble, and so great is the care and delicacy of the execution, that the very wrinkles of the naked parts are rendered, and this without any aid from polish, as the statues were entirely finished with the chisel. Two salient points at once attract notice: the delicately moulded limbs have great energy of action, a kind of convulsive agitation; the attitudes are forcible and

expressive, the outlines striking angles. These are the characteristics of the first grand style, which Pausanius declares to have been begun by Dædalus, and which was adopted by the two celebrated Æginetans, Kallon and Onatas; of that style called the sublime by Winckelmann, and the square or angular by Pliny, which preceded that of calm and tranquil beauty followed by Praxiteles and Pheidias. The heads, on the contrary, long ovals ending in a pointed beard, like those of the earliest Etruscan figures, are but rough casts, like the terra-cotta masks, which were finished off with colouring. The oblique eyes, the slightly retroussé nose, the sharp chin, do not in the least resemble the type which has been called Grecian since the time of Pheidias. The unfinished features are devoid of expression, except for an idiotic smile, which distorts the faces of the dying and victors alike. Placed on such beautiful and perfect bodies, we cannot believe that the heads were left in a crude state from the sculptor's inability to complete them. The contrast marks design on his part, and what we want is an explanation of this design, which we can only obtain by determining, in the first place, the epoch at which these complex statues, and the temple which contained them, were produced.

So different are the answers returned to this

question that some, looking upon the temple of Ægina as Doric—for were not the Æginetans of the Dorian race?—ascribe its construction to the fabulous times of Acachus, and others count it a sign of the progress of the arts under Pericles. These extremes are equally improbable: it is more likely that the temple of Ægina was built at an intermediate period, directly after the second Median war and the victory of Salamina, the spoils of which were shared by this town. The name of *Panhellenion* clearly indicates the alliance of the Greeks for the moment against the common enemy, and the oblivion of their civil discords before a great danger. The presence of Minerva on the pediments is a no less decisive proof. It was only at this exceptional time of fellowship that the Æginetans—hitherto jealous rivals of the Athenians and leagued with Sparta against them, subsequently driven by them from their native isle—could have set up the Athenian goddess in their temple. The acceptance of this date dispels the notion that these two groups represent battles against the Persians, for the Greeks never depicted contemporary events in their temples, and it will add new weight to the generally received opinion.

It appears proved then that the Panhellenion

preceded the Parthenon by forty or fifty years, and that the marbles of Ægina are half a century older than the masterpieces of Pheidias; so that their double character is easily explained, especially if we adopt Winckelmann's opinion that "the artists of this island retained the early style longer than any others." As long as the first sculptors were content to make images of the gods for the altars, they remained under hieratic influence and employed conventional types, as did the Egyptians and Assyrians. It was when they moulded statues of heroes and athletes for the public squares, that they gave life to the limbs and tried to express power and beauty. There was of necessity a sort of conflict, a compromise, an inevitable blending of the two styles; as at the beginning of the Renaissance there was a combination of the Byzantine types with a growing refinement of action and expression. The statues of Ægina belonged to a transition period between the age of dogma and the age of art. The immobility of the features belongs to the former, the freedom of the limbs to the latter. The heroes of Greece and Troy had the heads of gods and the bodies of athletes. Such is the explanation of the famous and remarkable marbles of Ægina, which to me appears to be the most simple, complete, and satisfactory.

Whilst the Æginetans were adorning their Panhellenium with these hybrid statues, the school of Attica was gradually freeing itself more and more from dogma, and advancing towards pure art. No doubt, in spite of their just pride, the Athenians ought to have owned that their city, of Ionian origin, received the first rudiments of the arts from the islands of Ionia, and that their very literature was founded on the Homeric forms which also sprung from the shores of Asia Minor. However, aided by the neighbourhood of Pentelicus and Hymettus, which supplied them with marble in abundance, they soon had a national school. They boast of their sculptor Endœus, who, rather later than the 54th Olympiad, made a seated Minerva for the Acropolis, and who was probably the author of the Diana of Ephesus. They also claim Simmias, Antenor, who sculptured the group of Harmodius and Aristogiton, which Xerxes carried into Asia, and the place of which was afterwards filled by a group of the murderers of Hipparchus from the chisel of Praxiteles; Amphicrates, who immortalized, under the form of a lioness, that Leæna, the friend of Harmodius, who bit out her tongue that she might never betray her accomplices; Hegias, or Hegisias, who taught Pheidias before he took lessons from the more

learned Ageladas of Argos. But according to Quintilian and Lucian, the statues by these old masters were still stiff, cold, and coarse, without ease, grace, or suppleness. They had what M. Beulé called the *ideal lower than nature*—that of those Egyptians who endeavoured to produce a moral effect by means of conventional types. Soon, however, after the Median wars, came the great age of Pericles, when the Athenian artists strove after the *ideal higher than nature*—beauty and grandeur combined with truth and life. Pheidias took his first lessons from an Athenian, but it was at Argos that he completed his education. "So that," says M. Beulé, "he united the characteristics of the Dorian with the Ionian genius; the severe simplicity, the practical knowledge, the masculine grandeur of the first, with the rich elegance, the movement, the grace, of the second. In him the two principles were blended, producing an incomparable whole. . . . He it was who at Athens created the unity of Grecian sculpture."

Now that we have come to the age of the final development of Grecian art, to the time of great works, of grand masterpieces, we can treat our subject differently, resume the travels we began at Munich, and examine the marvellous relics of

Grecian sculpture collected in modern museums. We will visit our national collection in the Louvre first.

After ascending the stairs of the peristyle and advancing a step along the gallery, we see at the end of a long vista, standing out against red drapery, a female figure, alone on its pedestal like a god in his *cella*, grand, severe, a flowing robe about the loins. It is much mutilated, very incomplete; both arms are gone, and one foot, which was evidently stretched forward. This damaged statue is the most precious relic of ancient art which Paris possesses. It is the *Venus of Melos*, so called, partly because a greater number of antiquaries consider it to be a *Venus Victrix* (or a Venus triumphing over Minerva and Juno, and proudly holding the apple, the award of Paris, in her hand), and partly because it was found near the little town of Melos in an island of that name, one of the Cyclades, famous for its catacombs, amphitheatre, and the cyclopean ramparts of its vast harbour. Many very different names have been given to it.* It was accidentally

* Some think it a sea nymph, the protecting nereid of its isle; others a Nemesis, and they have considered the forty-three surnames of the ancient Venus, to see which would best suit this attitude and gesture. But a bronze statuette discovered later at Pompeii, which must be a small copy of our *Venus of Melos*, seems to settle the question, by showing what our statue originally was. She must have

Fig. 7.—The Venus of Melos. (Paris. Museum of the Louvre.)

discovered in February, 1820; and bought by M. de Rivière, then French ambassador at Constantinople, who generously presented it to the museum of the Louvre.

Although we must regret the damage done by time and by the hand of man, we have reason to rejoice that the *Venus of Melos* has not shared the fate of her sister the *Venus of Medici*, which has been ruined by useless and unskilful restoration. Imagination can readily supply what is missing, and Michael Angelo himself might well have refused—as in the case of the *Farnese Hercules*—to attempt the impossible task of reconstruction. The *Venus of Melos* is certainly the most magnificent specimen of Grecian art of which Paris can boast: produced in that great period of artistic excellence between Pheidias and Praxiteles, it was probably moulded by the great sculptor who supplied the gods of all the temples of Greece, or by the bold artist who

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held a mirror in her left hand, and "this" says M. H. Lavoix, "would be Venus smiling at her unrivalled beauty." The explanation is ingenious, and bears the impress of probability, almost of certainty; and yet I can scarcely think that this majestic *Venus of Melos* is no more than a coquette. But if we do not know what her action, her gesture, was, it matters little. The Greeks cared nothing for action or its absence. Has she beauty? Has she life? It is enough.

first attempted a nude Venus with Phryne for his model.

This statue is remarkable not only for the dignity of bearing, the undulations of the torso, the delicacy of the skin, and the ampleness of the drapery ; but also for its unaffected simplicity, and the perfect agreement between the subject and the style. Indeed it is worthy to rank above all the achievements of Greece, whether in literature or art, and from its first arrival in Paris it has met with such unanimous admiration, that it has even eclipsed *Diana Huntress*, or *Diana with the Stag*, the worthy sister of the *Pythian Apollo*, the pride of the Vatican. The latter, however, long reigned supreme. It is supposed that it was brought from Italy for Francis I. by Primaticcio, and at first placed in the palace of Fontainebleau, which Vasari called "a new Rome." Perhaps in the fall of the "Diana" we may trace the influence of the love of novelty and the necessity of a change of idols so common in every class. Certainly *Diana with the Stag* may contest the palm even with the *Venus of Melos*. Slender but vigorous, masculine but chaste, she better represents the austere goddess of the Ephesians; in that there is none of the softness of love in her form or attitude, and she seems more ready to punish Actæon than to awaken the beau-

tiful sleeper of Mount Latmos. *Diana Huntress* is also much less affected and theatrical than the *Apollo of the Belvedere*, which has perhaps been too much praised on the authority of Winckelmann. As the stag which bounds by the side of the goddess has horns on its head, M. de Clarac has surmised that it may be the stag of Cerinia, with golden antlers and brazen feet, which Hercules was ordered to bring alive to Eurystheus, and which he caught in Arcadia after a long pursuit, and retained, although Diana at first wished to take it from him, and threatened him with her arrows. This episode in Diana's history may have been the subject of the statue, which is considered the most admirable representation of the *fair-limbed goddess* left to us by antiquity.

In any case these two illustrious rivals, the *Venus of Melos* and the *Diana with the Stag*, together with the other gods and goddesses which we are able to admire in Paris and elsewhere, are a striking testimony to the useful influence exercised over the arts by mythology. In the belief that men were made in the likeness of the gods, and that the gods shared all human emotions, that is to say, conceiving gods in their own image, the Greeks had to strive to combine all that was most beautiful in human forms, in order adequately to represent

divinity—the model, the prototype, the apotheosis of humanity.* In addition to this, there was a perpetual rivalry between the temples of the different states and the various colleges of priests, which did not then, as they do now, form one single corporation ; a burning and ceaseless rivalry, which led to an endeavour to obtain for the gods, altars, tripods, vases, and all the accessories of worship, the most beautiful, elegant, and perfect forms which art could produce. We must not lose sight of the fact that the old Grecian idols were not only painted, but dressed, and that their toilette was attended to by priests and women. "They were washed," says Otfried Müller, "waxed, rubbed, dressed, brushed, decked with crowns, diadems, necklaces, earrings." This was the act both of religion and ignorance, and we find equivalents of the Grecian idols in the Madonnas of Italy, Spain, and other countries. A crude faith ; a crude art. In order to attract offerings, and if we may so express ourselves, to obtain custom, it was necessary,

* "The gods," said Epicurus, quoted by Cicero (*de Natura Deor*), being perfect creations, could only choose from the most admirable of the forms of the human body; nor could they take any other shape than that proper to man. In our endeavour to discover nature's most perfect work, what can we conceive superior to the proportions and grace of the human body ? Is there any one who, in a dream or awake, could fancy gods under any other form ?" Epicurus justified Christian artists beforehand.

in this rivalry of temples and priests amongst a people of excellent taste, to endow a new god with supreme beauty, without which he could not successfully contend with the old fetiches which had long enjoyed the adoration of the people. Hence sprung the Minervas of Athens, the Jupiter of Olympus, the Juno of Argos, the Venus of Cnidus, and also the Venus of Melos and the Huntress Diana. They might easily seduce from their allegiance the adorers of the horrible bearded Venus of Amathus and the old Diana of Ephesus, which was a triformis monster with numerous breasts.*

This is not the only debt of gratitude which art owes to the religion of the Greeks. It was polytheism which invested each divinity with a suitable peculiar and easily recognised symbol, and not only assigned to it a particular attribute of moral power, as majesty to Jupiter, grace to Venus, force to Hercules; but also certain tangible types, such as the thunderbolt, the quiver, the caduceus, the thyrsus, the *corymbos* (the knot or bunch on Apollo's head), etc. These fixed symbols, these dogmas, so to speak, which, however, differed materially from those of Egypt, left the artist free

* The primitive Athena—Poliadis, which was replaced by the three Minervas of Pheidias, was a mere puppet without arms wrapped in a peplum. It was to them much what the Madonna of Loretto of the present day is to a work of Michael Angelo or Canova.

in the treatment of forms and action, whilst they protected beauty by making it in a manner unchangeable either by caprice of fashion or frivolity of judgment. "The benefit was reciprocal," adds Emeric David (*Recherches sur l'art statuaire*); "religion, by combining with good taste, assured its preservation, and aided her own cause so effectually that she seems to live again in the masterpieces she has bequeathed to us."

Venus and Diana respectively reign supreme over two rooms of antiquities. The masterpieces of two other apartments are statues of quite a different order, not gods but men, the *Achilles* and the *Fighting Gladiator*. The first is supposed to be an antique copy of the bronze *Achilles*, the celebrated work of Alcamenes, the beloved pupil and rival of Pheidias. It is evident that it belongs to the age of that simple and calm beauty which Winckelmann called "the sublime style." The regularity of the shape, the symmetry of the limbs, is such that, like the celebrated *Doryphoræ* (standard-bearer), called the *rule* of Polycletes, it might serve for a metrical model of the beautiful proportions of the human body. The hero of the Iliad has no garment but the elegant Grecian helmet, covering the long hair which he cut off in his despair over the corpse of Patroclus. The *episphyrion* ring, or

that worn above the ankle on the right leg, was, according to a tradition not adopted by Homer, a protection for the only vulnerable portion of the body of the son of Thetis. It may, however, merely typify the chief excellence of the *swift-*

Fig. 8.—Achilles. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.)

footed Achilles, as he is called by the poet ; no light praise, as the prize in the races was always the most honourable trophy of the public games of Greece. It was Visconti who gave the name of Achilles to this statue. Winckelmann is disposed

to consider it a Mars, and then the *episphyrion* ring would indicate the ancient custom of some of the Grecian races, of the Spartans amongst others, of chaining up this god of battles in their cities, "that he might never leave them" (Pausanias, chap. xv.).

The *Fighting Gladiator*, which was found in the ruins of the Palace of the Emperors at Antium, is of later date than the Achilles. It belongs to the more vigorous and energetic style introduced by Lysippus, less than a century after Pheidias. At this second epoch, artists had acquired a habit of signing their works, and the age of the *Fighting Gladiator* is proved, beyond a doubt, by the name of its author, Agasias of Ephesus, son of Dositheos,* which is legible on the trunk which supports the figure. In any case, this statue is Greek, and it is misnamed, because it does not represent a gladiator of the Roman circus, but an athlete of the games of Hellas. Bernini was right to carve gymnastic exercises as bas-reliefs on the pedestal. But does it represent a dancer of the Pyrrhic, or war-dance, in which attack, defence, and all the gestures of a struggle are imitated? Is it an athlete contending

* In reference to this title, we must remark that the affection between master and pupil, and the gratitude of the latter, were often so great that the teacher was called father. "So that," says Pliny, "it is doubtful, when we find the father's added to the artist's name, whether that of the true or adopted parent be intended."

for the boxing prize in the Olympian games? Is it a warrior in a real battle, who seems to be contending on foot with a mounted foe? The choice of these three explanations remains open. The form and attitude are very beautiful, the execution is delicate and bold, and the energy of strength in action, as seen in this dancer, athlete, or warrior, reminds us of two celebrated groups at Florence and Rome, which belong to the same epoch, at the beginning of the decadence: we allude to the *Wrestlers* and the *Laocoon.*

In our notice of the *Venus of Melos* and the *Huntress Diana*, we alluded to the services rendered to art by polytheism. In speaking of the *Achilles* and the *Gladiator*, we may remark that national education and customs aided to complete the superiority of Grecian art. From their infancy men practised gymnastics naked; athletes wrestled naked on the stage and race-course; and the victors were represented naked in the statues raised to their honour by the pride of their native cities. This spread a general knowledge of plastic anatomy, of the play of the muscles, and the fitness of the limbs, according to the laws of their construction, for the various functions of the body. It was by the examination of his naked figure in the race, the dance, the throwing of the quoit, in wrestling

and boxing, that the master of the gymnasium decided for what a youth was fit. The exceptional man, whose proportions were perfect, and whose powers were well balanced, was declared *pentathlon* (five, or perfect-powered), fitted for the five exercises; his was perfect beauty. Hence arose the common taste, the universal rage for physical *beauty*, called by Socrates "the result of the good and useful." In the solemn games of Olympia, of Nemæa, or of Corinth, it was not only the citizens who wrestled before assembled Greece; the States themselves contended for the prizes, in the persons of the choicest of their sons; and to these public contests, as to the processions which bore their offerings to the great divinities, they sent their most beautiful young men; "in order," says Plato, "to give a good impression of their republic." Zeno calls beauty the "*Flower of Virtue;*" and Socrates said, "My eyes turn towards the beautiful Autolycus, as to a torch burning at midnight." From this double current of ideas tending to the same end, which led to the public games and the religious creeds, sprung a unique law—the law of beauty—by which the sculptors of the statues of athletes and gods were entirely bound. They had a hundred living models before their eyes, in the schools where dancing and wrestling were taught,

and in the beautiful women of Ionia, from whom love was learnt. What is beauty? A "blind man's question," replies Aristotle.

We must not, however, imagine that physical beauty was sought after in Greece to the exclusion of moral excellence. On the contrary, as remarked by Aristotle, the Greeks required indications of intelligence and goodness, in addition to those of health, power, and skill; they knew that without them mere bodily gifts were of little worth, and might lead to prejudicial results. They wished to know of a virtuous soul in an agile and powerful body—*mens sana in corpore sano;* and, according to Plato, he alone was beautiful whose mental corresponded with his bodily perfection. "As a natural consequence of this philosophy," says M. Louis Ménard, "we find, in the effective works of Grecian sculpture, that man is always represented as above passion, and stronger than suffering. In leading minds along the enchanted path of beauty to the conception of the true and just, Greece so blended the laws of art and conscience as to translate them, in her plastic art, by one and the same expression." Honours and rewards were not then awarded only to victorious athletes and heroic warriors, but to all who obtained sufficiently brilliant success of any kind—in literature and art,

as well as in games and war—to become the pride of their country.*

We will now continue our review of Grecian works of art in the Louvre.

Aphrodite, the type of supreme beauty, had so great a charm for the artists of Greece, and they were able to vary her statue in so many different ways without radically altering the form, that the number of images of Venus is greater than that of all the other divinities put together. The Louvre contains eighteen statues and three busts of this goddess. After the *Venus of Melos*, we come to another *Venus Victrix*, not now victorious on Mount Ida, but vanquishing Mars by her charms. She holds his sword with the timid awkwardness of a woman, and by her side Cupid, like an inquisi-

* The Greeks loaded their great citizens, and amongst them their great artists, with more honours and rewards than did any other ancient or modern people: their gratitude and liberality were alike excessive. "There was a theory in the act of recompense," says Emeric David, "and the honours accorded by the Athenians were graduated in such a manner that there was ceaseless emulation. Proclamation in the theatre of the name of the man they desired to honour; proclamation at the public games; a crown conferred by the senate; a crown conferred by the people; a crown given at the fêtes of the Panathenæa; a portrait placed in a national palace; a portrait in a temple; support in the Prytaneum; support granted to the father, the children, to the descendants of the hero for ever; a statue in some public place; a statue in the Prytaneum; a statue in the temple of Delphis; a tomb; public games and periodical celebrations at the tomb."

tive child, is trying on the helmet of the God of War. A *Venus Genitrix*, a beautiful statue of the best era of art, which combines all the usual characteristics of the mother of the Graces: the apple of Paris in her hand, one breast bare, the ears pierced to receive the valuable rings, and the tunic fitting to the limbs so as to show their graceful outlines. A *draped Venus*, with the name of Praxiteles written on the plinth, supposed to be an imitation of the clothed Venus which the inhabitants of Cos demanded of the illustrious statuary, to rival the nude Venus of Gnidus (Cnidus). A *libertine Venus*, which, as restored, is crushing under foot a human fœtus, typifying the destructive effect of vice upon mankind. The *Venus of Arles*, found in that town in 1651. This was another *Venus Victrix*, remarkable for the beauty of the head, decked with graceful ribbons. In restoring the arms, Girardon put a mirror in the left hand, instead of the helmet of Mars or Æneas. The *Venus of Troas*, an imitation of a celebrated statue from the temple of this Phrygian town: at her feet is a pyxis, or jewel-case. Two *Marine Venuses*, one rising from the waves at her birth, the other called Euplæa, or goddess of fortunate voyages, etc.

If Venus represents physical beauty, Minerva is the type of moral perfection. On this account, and

as protectress of Athens, she was as great a favourite with the Greeks as the sea-goddess. Her statues are plentiful everywhere ; there are nine in the Louvre, amongst which we will notice the

Fig. 9.—Pallas of Velletri. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.)

Pallas of Velletri, semi-colossal, wearing a helmet, with a *métopon* (closed visor), a lance in her hand, the ægis on her breast, modestly confining the

tunic, and an ample *peplum* falling to the feet. The severe and noble attitude of this fine statue, the flowing folds of the long draperies, the calm and sweet expression of the majestic countenance in the martial head-dress, are as characteristic as her symbols of the goddess of armed peace, of the arts, of letters, and of wisdom. The *Minerva with the Necklace*, another Pallas in armour, of the exalted style peculiar to the age of Pheidias, supposed to be a copy in marble of the Athena in bronze by the great sculptor, also called *the beautiful*, because she is adorned with the pearl necklace usually reserved for Venus. A *Minerva Hellotis* (whose helmet is decked with myrtles), which is probably a copy of some old wooden idol, draped with heavy stuffs, plaited in perpendicular flutings on the body.

Apollo, the usual type of manly beauty, afforded as much scope as Venus for the skill of Grecian sculptors. The French museum also contains nine statues of this god, including that of the *Sun*, with rays about the head, which is not, strictly speaking, an Apollo, but Helios, the son of Hyperion and Thyia, who was only worshipped at Rhodes and Corinth. Although four of the nine are *Pythian Apollos*, the best in the Louvre is one of the two called *Lycian*, because the attitude, that of repose, with the arms folded above the head, and the serpent crawling at

the feet, are suggestive of the *Lycian Apollo*, to whom Athens raised a celebrated temple. We must also admire the young *Apollo Sauroctonos*, or

Fig. 10.—Bacchus. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.

Lizard slayer, the head of which, although only restored, is antique, supposed to be a good copy of the bronze *Sauroctonos* of Praxiteles.

Agile, and scantily clothed, as Fontaine would express it, a Diana may always be recognised by the tunic raised above the knees, which has gained her

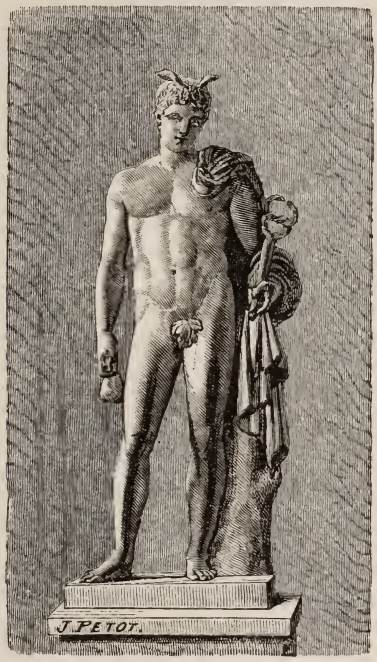

Fig. 11.—Mercury. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.)

the name of the *Fair-limbed goddess.* Of the six sisters of the *Huntress Diana* in the collection of the Louvre, the *Diana of Gabii* is the most celebrated.

With a graceful movement she appears to be fastening her chlamys (χλαμυς, a linen mantle caught together on the shoulder). Of the three statues of Bacchus in our museum, one is the Indian or bearded (πωγον) Bacchus, and the two others are Grecian; one in repose, the other drunken, both wearing the *Credemnon*, or diadem with ivy, and no garment but a fawn's skin. Three *Hercules*, amongst others a semi-colossal group, in which the god of strength holds his delicate child Telephus in his powerful arms, with the hind which suckles it close beside him. Three *Mercuries*, one with Vulcan, in which group the gods of the mechanical arts are in a manner united. As Vulcan is not here deformed, the two figures were long taken for Castor and Pollux, or for Orestes and Pylades; but the Greeks hated ugliness, and gave beauty even to the Parcæ, the Eumenides, to Nemesis and to the Gorgon. Three *Cupids*, all charming. The one trying his bow, with a graceful body and a bright arch face, is, perhaps, a copy of the bronze statue made by Lysippus for the town of Thespiæ. Another still younger, full of tender grace, is considered a type of infant beauty by Winckelmann, and may be a copy of the one which Parium prides itself on having received from Praxiteles. The third is a sphærist kicking a ball as he springs along.

Butterflies, the emblems of the soul, were, however, the usual toys of the god of the affections. A *Nemesis*, interesting from the position of the right arm, which is so bent as to represents a cubit, the common measure of the Greeks. The allegorical proportion of merit and reward, this metre was the type of the goddess of distributive justice. A solitary *Jupiter*, coarse, short, heavy, and of clumsy execution. The small number of statues of the king of the gods found anywhere, would seem to imply that Grecian artists despaired of representing him in all his serene and majestic beauty, after the Olympian Jupiter which Pheidias translated from a verse of Homer: "He bent his brows, the hair shook upon his immortal head, all Olympus trembled"—that Jupiter, the chief of masterpieces, which should have been as eternal as art itself, but was destroyed at the taking of Byzantium by the crusaders of Baldwin.

In the Louvre there are but five of the nine Muses which form the family of Apollo and Mnemosyne. First the colossal statue of *Melpomene*, from the theatre of Pompey at Rome. It is four metres high, and none of the entire statues bequeathed to us by antiquity are of greater dimensions. Fragments alone suggest the idea of larger colossi, such as the *Hippomachi* of Lysippus, or the

gigantic brazen *Apollo* raised over the port of Rhodes by his pupil Chares. In spite of her massive size, this Muse in the tragic buskin is as graceful and elegant as the *Farnese Flora*, the giantess of Naples. A *Urania* holding up the skirt of her tunic with her left hand, which really rather resembles

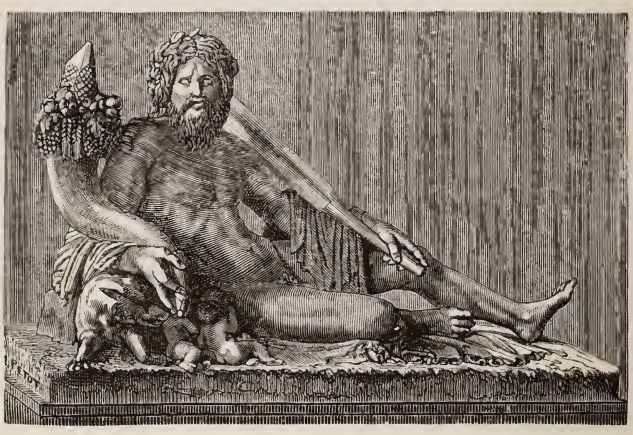

Fig. 12.—The Tiber. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.)

a personification of Fate, but has become the Muse of astronomy, because Girardon has chosen to put a sidereal crown upon her head. A *Polyhymnia*, also called *Study* and *Reflection*, the head and upper part of the body of which are modern, but which is nevertheless admirable on account of the

Fig. 13.—The Nile. (Rome. Museum of the Vatican.)

wonderful arrangement of the draperies by which the figure is completely covered.

A few local divinities complete the collection of gods. The *Tiber*, another giant, near to whom the she-wolf of Mars suckles the two founders of Rome. This colossal *Tiber* was discovered about the beginning of the fifteenth century, amongst the ruins of the Rome of the Cæsars. It remained at the Vatican, with the group of the *Nile*, and was one of the very few ancient statues which the papal city possessed in those days. These two old men with long beards, carelessly resting on the urns from which their waters flow, are characterised by symbols and emblems. The *Tiber*, crowned with laurels, to suggest the glory of Rome, holds an oar as a sign that his bed is navigable; whilst the *Nile*, leaning on a sphinx and holding the cornucopia or horn of plenty, is surrounded by sixteen little sprites, which typify the sixteen cubits of inundation necessary to produce a good harvest. A *Genius of Eternal Repose*, supposed to be a type of the endless rest conferred by death; a charming youthful figure, calmly beautiful, leaning against a pine, from which tree resin was obtained for funeral purposes—the legs crossed, the arms resting above the head, which were the three emblems of repose. "Grecian art," justly remarks M. Ménard, "always

avoided expressing the idea of death by repulsive representations ; it was never alluded to but with a severe decorum which bordered on affectation." The *Borghese Hermaphroditus*, said to be the most beautiful of the many copies in marble of the celebrated bronze Hermaphroditus of Polycles, who must not be confounded with the great Polycletus of Sicyon. Of the age of Polycles, more than three centuries after Pheidias, when Roman influence was already felt, it is evident that this statue of the son of Hermes and Aphrodite, who had become androgynous by his union with the nymph Salmacis, belongs to that age of disordered imagination, when, as Vitruvius remarks, "caprices of fancy were more sought after in works of art than imitation of nature." *Chastity*, almost entirely enveloped in her veil and long robes. Two *Dancing Fauns*, one with a beautiful body from the shoulders to the middle of the thighs, and the rest a mere restoration, plays with little *crotali*, or small Grecian cymbals ; the other with the *scabilium* or *scabellum*, a small instrument which was pressed with the foot. Both are full of the vivacity, the impetuosity, and the infectious gaiety always characteristic of these singular beings. Finally, the group called the *Faun with the Child*, the same as *Silenus with the young Bacchus*. The elegance and beauty of

form and expression, and the delicacy of the execution in this group, entitle it to rank amongst the chief sculptures in the French museum of anti-

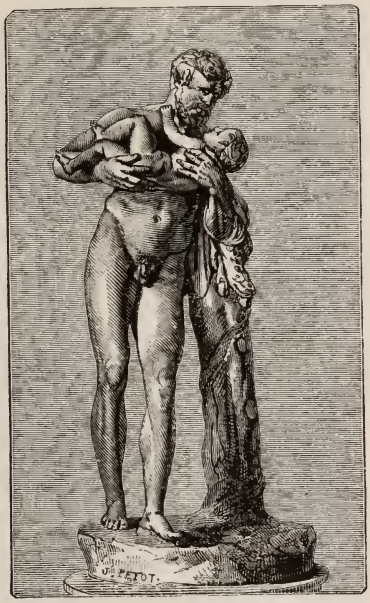

Fig. 14.—Faun with a Child. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.)

quities. It was found in the sixteenth century, in the gardens of Sallustius near the Quirinal.

Besides the divinities, there are many important and excellent statues of human heroes and athletes

in the Louvre. Amongst others, a very beautiful, youthful figure, which might have disputed the palm with the *Achilles*, had not the head been restored and made too small for the body. For a long time

Fig. 15.—The pretended Germanicus. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.)

it was called *Cincinnatus*, on account of the ploughshare at the feet. It cannot, however, represent the Roman senator, as the style is Grecian and the figure too youthful. Winckelmann, after studying

it, decided that it must be Jason, because the youth fastens his sandal on to his right foot, leaving the left bare. In fact, according to the account of Pherecydes, Jason assumed the character of a labourer, in order to allay the suspicions of his uncle Pelias; and when the messenger of the king of Iolchus came to bid him to a solemn sacrifice, the hero set out half-shod, in order to appear before Pelias as *the man with a single sandal*, whom the oracle had designated as his future murderer. This scientific explanation appears incontrovertible, and the statue is called *Jason:* it appears to be from the skilful hand of the author of the *Fighting Gladiator*. A *Centaur*, supposed to be a repetition of one of those by Aristæus and Papias of Casius. The little victorious genius on the crupper, who is fastening his victim's hands behind his back, is not love but intoxication, as proved by the wreath of ivy on his brow. By a strange whim, the nose of this centaur is distorted and wrinkled like that of a neighing horse. A *Marsyas*, hanging by the arms to the branches of a pine, and about to suffer the martyrdom he has provoked by his challenge on the flute of the God of the Lyre, the pitiless god of the *genus irritabile vatum*. This beautiful figure, remarkable for the profound knowledge of muscular anatomy displayed in it, is thought to be one of

the numerous copies in sculpture in full or bas-relief of the celebrated picture by Zeuxis, called the *Bound Marsyas*, which was to be seen at Rome in the time of Pliny, in the temple of Concordia. A *Discobolus*, or athlete, throwing the quoit, a happy imitation of the celebrated *Discobolus* of Naucydes.

We now come to that class of statues called

Fig. 16.—A Discobolus. (Museum of the Louvre, Paris.)

statuæ iconicæ by the Romans, *i. e.*, statue-portraits (from εἰκών, image). They became fashionable when Grecian sculptors were commissioned to immortalise the athletes who were victorious in the public games. In them all notion of the ideal beauty given to the gods was laid aside ; all flattery, all deception, was forbidden ; and nature was faith-

Fig. 17.—The Faun of Praxiteles. (Rome.)

fully copied ; actual proportions were retained, and even faults were not disguised. There are but few of these Grecian iconic statues in the Louvre. A seated philosopher meditating is called *Demosthenes*, because the features, which are restored, resemble those of the great Athenian orator. The *volume* he is unrolling upon his knees may be the *History of the Peloponnesian War*, by Thucydides, which Demosthenes admired so much that he copied it ten times. It would be well to write that beautiful inscription on the pedestal which was, according to Plutarch, engraved on the statue raised to the orator by his fellow-citizens : "If thy powers, oh, Demosthenes, had been equal to thy genius, the Macedonian armies would never have triumphed over Greece." We recognise *Alexander the Great* in a hero on foot wearing a helmet, with effeminate features and an arrogant expression. This statue, which is of the heroic style, is probably a copy of an *Alexander* by Lysippus, who, like Apelles in painting, had the exclusive right of sculpturing the conqueror of Darius. This Alexander of haughty mien seems to be saying to Jupiter, as in the epigram of Archelaus : "Our division is made, oh, king of the gods ! To thee, heaven, to me, the earth !"

The large number of *Hermes* make up for the

scarcity of Grecian statue-portraits. The name of *hermes* (which is not that of Mercury, but comes from ἕρμα, stone) is given to short busts, cut off at the elbow, without arms or body. Amongst them there is a *Homer*, or at least the figure said by tradition to represent the poet of Achilles and Ulysses. He is crowned with the sacred fillet, he is the divine Homer. A *Miltiades*, distinguished by the bull of Marathon, engraved on his helmet. A *Socrates*, the face of which is a true portrait, because being the son of a sculptor, and himself a sculptor in his early years, the wise Grecian was the friend and councillor of the artists of his time;* and because after his death the remorseful Athenians made Lysippus raise a bronze statue of the great man they had unjustly condemned, by means of which his features, since so often repeated, were preserved. An unfinished *Alcibiades*, very interesting, because the head still retains the *projecting points* employed by Grecian sculptors to assure the correctness of their measurements. *A Hermabicippus* (or a terminal hermes with two heads back

* Socrates was the author of a group of *The Three Graces*, which was still in a public position at Athens when Pausanias visited that city, in the second century of our era. In Xenophon (Famous Sayings of Socrates) we may find the excellent advice which he gave to artists as to the best mode of expressing the passions of the soul as well as the forms of the body.

to back) of *Epicurus* and his friend *Metrodorus*. In the fêtes called *Icades*, because they were held on the 20th of each month, the Epicureans carried the bust of the philosopher, crowned with flowers, through their houses.

Amongst the bas-reliefs which may be called religious, because they have reference to the various creeds, we will select for notice the *Muses*, a large design which covered the three principal sides of a sarcophagus. In it we see the nine daughters of Genius and Memory. *Clio*, holding a *volume* in which to write history; *Thalia*, wearing a comic mask, pastoral buskins, and with bare legs, to typify the license of comedy; *Erato* is merely noticeable on account of the fillet (*cecryphalus*) which binds her hair, and is all that marks her for the presiding spirit of erotic poetry, of wit, and of philosophic converse; *Euterpe* holds her two flutes (*tibiæ*), and in addition to the laurel of Apollo she wears the robe of the lyric singers (*orthostadus*); *Polymnia*, wrapt in her vast mantle, meditates on poetry and elegance; *Calliope*, a *stylus* in one hand, a tablet in the other, is preparing to write epic verses; *Terpsichore* plays on the lyre to incite to a choral dance; *Urania* with her *radius* traces the movements of the stars upon a globe; and lastly, *Melpomene*, wearing the *cothurnus* and the regal

tunic, raises the tragic mask from her thoughtful and gloomy brow. The *Nereides*, another sepulchral ornament of excellent workmanship, in which are seen four sea-nymphs, escorting the same number of little spirits, typifying happy human souls, to the fortunate isles. The *Birth of Venus*, the same subject as the *Venus Anadyomene* of Apelles. In this group we see the beautiful Aphrodite emerging from the spray of the waves (ἀφρός), surrounded by an escort of *Nereides* and *Tritons*, who joyfully celebrate the arrival of the Mother of the Loves in our world.

Amongst the bas-reliefs the subjects of which are rather historical than mythological, we will name—the *Obsequies of Hector*, a vast composition, which includes the greater number of the personages immortalised by the Homeric poems. The ancient Priam is at the knees of Achilles, of whose statue there remains unfortunately only a fragment. In default of the hero of the *Iliad*, however, the hero of the *Odyssey* is recognisable by his cap (πιλιδίων), of the shape of half an egg. *Agamemnon*, between his herald *Talthybius* and *Epeus*, who built the famous Trojan horse. This bas-relief is of the very ancient style, earlier than that of the second or choragic style.* The *Presiding Spirits of the Games*, a work

* This name was appropriated to the monuments of art raised at

full of grace and spirit, where children instead of men show all the exercises of the gymnasium. Under the superintendence of a president, they compete at races, games of quoits, and wrestling-matches; and the victors proudly display their palms and crowns.

Amongst the many objects employed in the worship of the gods and of the dead, we will only notice the grand and celebrated *Altar of the Twelve Gods.* It is of triangular form, and on each side in the upper division are four of the twelve great gods, beginning with the five children of Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Ceres, Vesta—and ending with the seven children of Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Apollo, Diana, Vulcan, and Minerva. In the lower division, the figures being larger, are only nine in number, three on each face; on one side a dancing group of Graces; on the other the *Hours or Seasons*, Eunomia, Dice, and Irene, who, as they typify spring, summer, and autumn, carry leaves, flowers, and fruit. On the other side are three goddesses, with the sceptre in the right hand, sup-

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their own expense by the *choragi* (from χορός, choir, and ἄγειν, to conduct), or directors chosen by each of the ten parties or classes of Athens, to preside at religious ceremonies and the games in the theatre. The office of choragus was a high public post, and rich citizens in accepting it pledged their honour to deserve the prizes which were kept in the temples and preserved their names.

posed to be the Eilythiæ, who presided over the birth of mortals, in opposition to the *Parcæ*, or *Moiræ*. These figures of different archaic characters have been thought to be of the Æginetan style, or at least of that of the choragic monuments. This would account for Mercury's long beard, and for the modest clothing of Venus and the Graces. But, on the other hand, the calm repose of the attitudes, the fulness of the draperies, the refinement of the drawing, and the delicacy of the carving, which does not bring the figures into greater prominence than the very depressed bas-reliefs of the frieze of the Parthenon, connect this altar with that later age when Grecian sculpture was at the zenith of its glory. To reconcile the conflicting characters of form and execution, the ingenious suggest that it may be an imitation of the choragic style produced after the age of Pheidias.

From France we pass to Italy, and according to the usual custom of travellers, we go to Florence before Rome and Naples.

The series of antique marbles begins in the second hall of the museum *degl' Uffizi*. We will merely name the two immense wolf-hounds with gaping mouths and fiery eyes, which seem to guard the entrance to the galleries ; and the celebrated marble boar called the *Boar of Florence*, of which

so many copies have been made; and pass on to the *room of Niobe*, set apart for the valuable series of Greek statues called *Niobe*, and those of her children, and the pedagogue. They were all

Fig. 18.—Niobe. (Florence.)

discovered together in 1583, at Rome, near the gate of St. Paul. The Medicis, who obtained possession of them, took them to Florence. Every one is well acquainted with the mythological

history of Niobe, told by Ovid and Apollodorus, of that Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus and wife of Amphion, who as the mother of a numerous family despised her sister Latona, because she had but two children. Apollo and Diana cruelly avenged their mother by slaying the sons and daughters of whom Niobe was so proud, before her eyes. The scene of the massacre is not quite agreed upon. Ovid says it took place on the Hippodrome of Athens, other at Thebes, others again on Sibylus, a mountain of Lesbos or Lesbus. The number of children is equally disputed, different authors state there were three, five, ten, fourteen, and even twenty. Homer has fixed it at twelve. The group of Florence consists of sixteen statues, and includes the mother and the pedagogue. But two of them certainly do not properly belong to it, and it is therefore reduced to twelve statues of children, the number chosen by Homer.

If we refer to a passage in Pliny, which may apply to them, as well as to an old Greek epigram, the group of Niobe would seem to be the work of Praxiteles, but some antiquaries attribute it to Scopas. It is certain that Niobe herself, the young girl on her left, the dying boy and the two children placed on either side of the pedagogue, are of such sublime beauty that they are worthy of the greatest

Grecian sculptors. Winckelmann, who as a rule is equally reserved and enlightened in his criticism, is lavish in his praise of them. He justly remarks that the daughters of Niobe, at whom Diana is aiming her murderous arrows, are represented in the unutterable anxiety, the stupefaction of the senses engendered by the inevitable approach of death; and, to quote Montaigne, "in the gloomy, deaf and dumb stupidity which paralyzes us." Niobe herself, so well known from casts and drawings, expresses suffering even better than the *Laocoon*. That of the latter is physical suffering, which he shares with his sons, who like himself are in the coils of the serpent; that of the *Niobe* is nobler, an entirely moral agony; in no danger of being struck herself, she suffers only in the pain of her children. She does but gaze up to Heaven with eyes full of reproach. The four or five best statues of this fine group will always be models of true beauty as understood by the ancients.

It remains to be seen how this group of *Niobe* was originally arrayed, and what purpose was served by the statues thus united in one conception and one scene. According to Pliny, there was a group of Niobe and her children at Rome, taken from the Temple of the Sosian Apollo, and a skilful English architect, Mr. Cokerell, has argued

from this that the fourteen statues found together in one excavation once decorated the pediment of a temple. Indeed, in a drawing made to support his opinion, he reconstructed the pediment as it

Fig. 19.—The Venus of Medici. (Florence.)

would have existed before the Romans despoiled the temples of Greece. In the centre *Niobe* holds a dying maiden in her arms, and on either side six

figures arranged to suit the triangular tympanum, complete the group.

In the *Tribuna*, that room of masterpieces, that sanctuary of art, where the most precious relics of ancient statuary and the best modern paintings meet face to face, is preserved the most celebrated piece of sculpture in the possession of the rich museum *degl' Uffizi*, the *Venus of Medici*.

It was found in the middle of the fifteenth century, broken in thirteen places—at the shoulder, the middle of the body, at the thighs, the knees, and the ankles. The fractures being regular, however, it was easily put together, and it would have been a thousand times better if, instead of feeling bound to restore the arms, which were missing, the owners had left it mutilated, like our *Venus of Melos*, leaving the spectator's own imagination to supply what was wanting. Although the restorations are very clever, Bernini says that they are noticeable, more especially in the hands, in which there is now a kind of awkward affectation, a prudery in fact, which could not have existed in the antique work.

This Venus was brought to Venice during the reign of Cosmo III., and the name it still retains was then given to it.

Although so small and delicate, for it is no higher

than four feet, or eight inches old French measurement, the *Venus of Medici* is considered the model of the proportions of a woman, as the *Apollo Belvedere* is of the proportions of a man. The work is so perfect, the head so beautiful, the body so graceful, all the details so delicate, and the whole so full of charm, that it would doubtless have been attributed to one of the great ancient sculptors; Pheidias, Praxiteles, or Scopas, for instance, if an inscription on the base copied from the original, did not prove it to be from the chisel of Cleomenes, the son of Apollodorus, an Athenian. Perhaps instead of the name Cleomenes we ought to read Alcamenes, also an Athenian, and the greatest Grecian sculptor between Pheidias and Praxiteles, author of a famous Venus alluded to by Pliny, which was at Rome in his time. Otherwise this is the only work we have of an unknown artist, not once mentioned by Pausanias. In any case it must be placed in the highest rank, for if copies had not multiplied it to profusion, it would be worth while to go to Florence to admire the Venus of Cleomenes, as the temple of Gnidus (Cnidus) was visited from all parts of Greece by admirers of the Venus of Praxiteles, of which it was said, that it was to the statues of Venus what Venus herself was amongst the goddesses; indeed it appeared so instinct with life,

that Ovid said, "If she remained motionless, it was because her divine majesty enjoined immobility."

A little *Apollo* of four feet high, called the *Apollino*, is also attributed to Cleomenes, but for no

Fig. 20.—Apollino. (Florence.)

other reason than a certain resemblance to the *Venus* in style and execution. It has an advantage over the latter in being entirely antique. If the *Apollo Belvedere* may be called the model of the

sublime, the *Apollino* certainly deserves to be considered the model of the graceful. This observation, made by the discerning Raphael Mengs, is also the first to occur to the observer. The careless

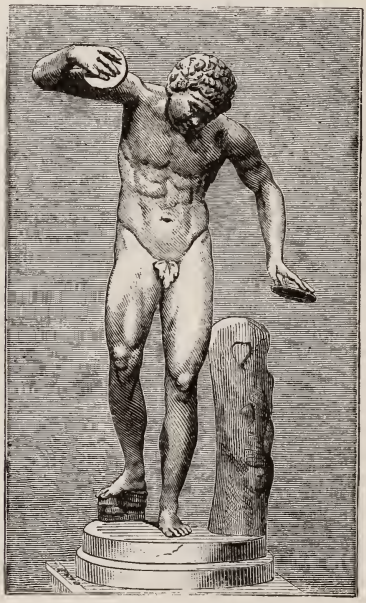

Fig. 21.—The Musical Faun. (Florence.)

attitude, the free and supple action, the finely moulded limbs, the pose of the head, with the almost ironical smile and expression, all combine to make the *Apollino* the most graceful form which

ever arose before the creative imagination of the sculptor. The work of the chisel is no less perfect the details of the flesh are rendered with a delicacy, a *morbidezza* which is actually deceptive. Canova seems to have imitated this style in his most elaborate works.

The *Apollino* was preceded at the gallery of Florence by the *Faun*, a relic of the best age of Grecian sculpture, which was admirably retouched and finished by Michael Angelo. This *Faun*, entirely naked and full of gaiety, life, and impetuosity, is generally attributed to Praxiteles, for no other reason than the perfection of the shape and of the execution. Near to it we find the famous group of the *Wrestlers* (La Lotta), attributed to Cephissodotus. Its chief merit is that it gives a most accurate representation, not of a human body in repose, but of one in motion, showing the tension of the muscles, the swelling of the veins, in fact, all the phenomena of active power in the excitement of a struggle. In this respect the group of the *Wrestlers* may challenge the examination of the strictest anatomist, and the precision of the drawing, and grace of the lines in the entangled limbs of these two prize-fighters, may invite the criticism of the most exacting judge. The expression, too, is equally faithful to anatomy. The head of the

vanquished is purely antique, and the gloomy and distorted features express impotent fury, whilst those of the conqueror, although finished by modern retouches, are full of the pride of victory.

Fig. 22.—The Wrestlers. (Florence.)

There remains a figure difficult to name, of which we have a bronze copy in the garden of the Tuileries. It is a man with a coarse and common face, a low forehead and short rough hair, in a constrained position, neither seated nor kneeling;

he is crouching before a stone on which he is sharpening his knife. The Italians call him the *Arrotino*, and we have given him various names —the *Knife-grinder*, the *Rotator*, and the *Spy*, be-

Fig. 23.—The Arrotino. (Florence.)

cause, his head being on one side, and his eyes raised, he would appear to be interested in something beyond his mechanical occupation. Some have supposed it to be the slave who discovered the conspiracy of the sons of the first Brutus for

restoring the Tarquins; others, that it was the slave who revealed the Catiline plot. None of these conjectures could be true of a Grecian work, and they have been proved to be false by conclusive evidence. Amongst the engraved stones in the collection of the King of Prussia, there is one described by Winckelmann, which represents the torture of Marsyas. Before the condemned, who is already bound to the tree, is the figure, exactly resembling the *Arrotino*, of the Scythian ordered by Apollo to flay his unfortunate rival. The same personage, in the same attitude, occurs in many bas-reliefs and on the reverse side of numbers of antique medals. There is no doubt that the *Grinder*, the *Rotator*, the *Spy*, the *Cincinnatus*, the slave revealing secret conspiracies, are all none other than the Scythian who put Marsyas to death.

At Rome there are two chief collections of antiquities, in the Vatican and in the Capitol. We will say a few words of the latter, in which a few beautiful Grecian works are mixed with an immense number of Roman. First we must notice a charming statue of *Venus leaving the Bath*, the subject of which allows of freer action than was usual in the goddess whose beauty was all sufficient; next comes a colossal *Mars*, who is perhaps a Pyrrhus; then the celebrated *Dying Gladiator;*

Fig. 24.—The Dying Gladiator. (Rome.)

then a majestic *Juno*, called the *Juno of the Capitol;* then a finely-draped *Diana;* an Egyptian *Minerva* (Neith); a *Harpocrates*, distinguished by his lotus crown; a *Disconsolate Hecuba*, and two *Amazons;* one of them, with a short tunic which does not cover the legs, who is grasping her bow in an energetic manner, might be called a *Huntress Diana*, if she had the symbol of the Goddess of Night on her brow.

From the Capitol we pass to the Vatican.

Although very modern, almost recent, the museum of the popes is extremely rich in antiquities. The various vestibules, halls, and galleries, especially the portico called *della Corte*, contain an immense number of bas-reliefs, columns, capitals, sarcophagi, vases, candelabra, animals, busts, statues, and fragments of every kind, selected from those which have been dug from the ground of that Rome which Pliny said contained more statues than inhabitants, and from the soil of which, according to the Abbé Barthélemy, no less than seventy thousand have really been exhumed. To realise these figures, we must remember that Pausanias asserts that Nero took five hundred bronze statues from the temple of Apollo at Delphis alone. How many of marble? I can but select the best specimens for notice in so vast

a field, and mention such masterpieces as might be collected in another *Tribuna.**

The most celebrated statue of the Vatican, and

Fig. 25.—Venus leaving the Bath. (Rome.)

so to speak, the most popular, is certainly the *Pythian Apollo*, better known under the name of the Apollo Belvedere, because it was at first placed

* We refer the reader to the *Itinéraire en Italie*, by M. Du Pays, which mentions the different parts of the Museum of Antiquities, and their most interesting contents.

in that room by Michael Angelo. This statue was found at the beginning of the 16th century, in the baths of Nero, at Porto d'Anzo, the ancient Antium. Every one knows that Apollo is represented in

Fig. 26.—The Amazon of the Capitol. (Rome.)

the act of discharging a mortal arrow at the Python, from which his statue acquired the name given it by the Athenians and preserved by Pausanias. This explains the somewhat theatrical attitude of

the body, and the proud and triumphant expression of the face. Winckelmann, Mengs, and a hundred others have pronounced this Apollo the most beautiful of antique statues, the perfect model of the sublime. "To realise the merit of this masterpiece of art," says Winckelmann, "the mind must soar to the realm of incorporeal beauty, and strive to imagine a celestial nature, for there is nothing mortal here. . . ." But other enlightened judges have contested its exclusive right to the first place. Canova and Visconti think it is a copy, more delicately executed, of the ancient bronze Apollo by the sculptor Calamis, erected in Caria by the Athenians after the great plague; and Chateaubriand declares it to be "too much vaunted." Is there then no medium term? It appears to me that, although it does deserve most of the praise of its enthusiastic admirers, the *Pythian Apollo* ought not to hold the first rank alone, but that it should share it with such works as the *Venus*, the *Diana*, and the *Gladiator*, of Paris; the *Venus*, the *Niobe*, the *Faun* of Florence; the *Laocoon* and the *Mercury* of Rome, etc. Perhaps it would appear more superior if it were less celebrated. As it is, every traveller on his first visit to the deep and illuminated niche, in which a kind of altar has been raised, when he hears from the lips of the guide the

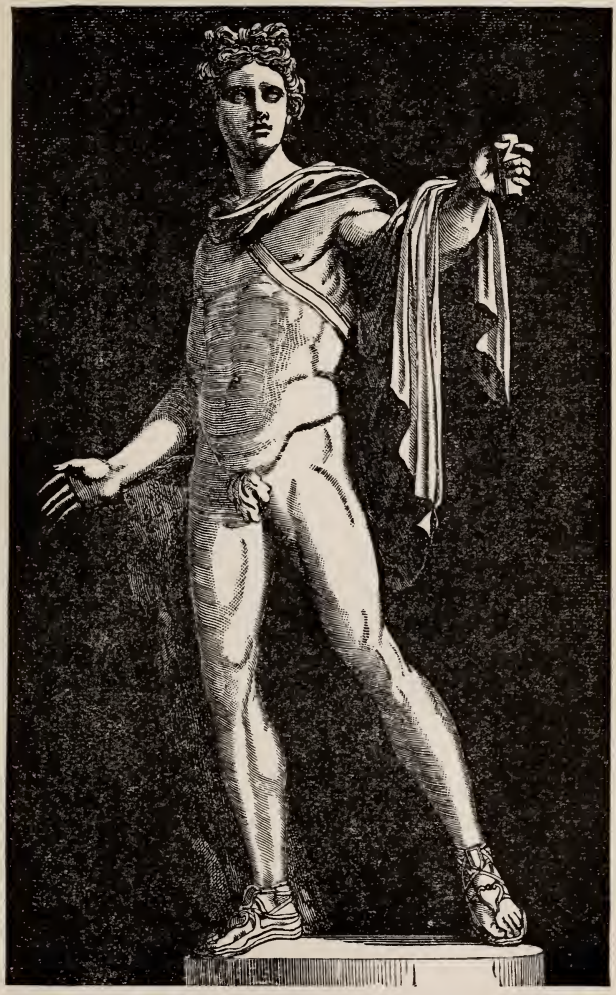

Fig. 27.—The Apollo of the Belvedere. (Rome. Vatican.)

Fig. 28.—The Laocoon. (Rome.)

solemn words "*Apollo Belvedere*," anticipates such surpassing beauty, such passionate emotion, that disappointed in his expectations, he either mutters or exclaims aloud the dictum of Chateaubriand. It is the same with the ocean, the Alps, and all great things which have been much eulogised; the first view does not do them justice. A little time, a little patience is needed before appreciation comes.

The *Laocoon* can better undergo the terrible ordeal of the first sight. All imitations and copies, even that of which Bandinelli was so proud, are so inferior to the original that the first introduction to its real beauty is almost an unexpected surprise. We understand why first Pliny,* and later Michael Angelo, Lessing, and Diderot, awarded the palm to this famous group; we comprehend the fête held by the Romans on the 1st of June, 1506, under Julius II., in honour of its discovery. The *Laocoon* expresses physical agony, and a will stronger than agony, better than any other piece of sculpture. Not even the family of *Niobe*, or that embodiment of active resisting force, the *Wrestlers*, the chiselling of which has seldom been excelled, can be said to surpass it. It is the work of Agesander, of Rhodes, aided by his two sons,

* Opus omnibus et picturæ et statuariæ artis præponendum.

Polydorus and Athenodorus. According to Pliny, this whole group was wrought out of one block of marble. As the subject is from the second canto of the *Æneid*, in which Virgil tells the fate of the high priest of Neptune, we may conclude that it is of the age of the first emperors, when even Greek statuary had left the calm simplicity of the time of Pericles far behind. The *Mercury* (or *Meleager*) is a fine statue, in perfect preservation, replete at once with grace and vigour, of which it is enough to state that it is justly classed with the most valuable works which have come down to us from antiquity. But in the opinion of connoisseurs, they are all inferior to a mere broken fragment, a *Torso*, also called *The Belvedere*. It is in white marble, the remains of a statue of Hercules in repose, by Apollonius, son of Miston or Nestor of Athens, as stated in the Greek inscription on the base, so that it must belong to the great age of Greece. (See Fig. 30, p. 144.) It is remarkable for every beauty possible in a single form, and combines the most opposite excellencies, such as energy and grace, strength and elasticity. Michael Angelo called himself the pupil of the *Torso*. He copied the details and the general effect in his figure of St. Bartholomew in the *Last Judgment;* and it is related that in his extreme

Fig. 29.—The Torso of the Belvedere. (Rome. Vatican.)

old age, when he was almost blind, he still liked to trace those outlines with his trembling fingers at which he had so often gazed with admiration. True or false, this anecdote shows the spirit of the

Fig. 29.—The Dancing Faun. (Naples.)

age, and the enthusiasm of great artists for antiquity; and it paints the portrait of the man who, from his birth to his death, loved art and art alone,

In the museum *degli Studj* at Naples, there are

some bronze antiquities obtained in excavations at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ. They are very rare, as numbers of the same kind were destroyed in barbarous times, for the sake of the valuable material. Of about a hundred of these figures, the best are—the little *Dancing Faun*, a perfect gem, a very marvel of grace, ease, and vivacity; the *Sleeping Faun;* the *Drunken Faun*, leaning over his bottle and snapping his fingers; the *Seated Mercury*, which evidently belongs to the best age of Grecian art; the figure called *Sappho*, also the bust of *Plato*, the hair of which is most delicately chiselled; a horse, sole remnant of the *quadriga*, of which it formed part.

Amongst the marbles of the *Studj*, the *Venus of Capua* and the *Venus Callipygos* take first rank. The first, grouped with Cupid, represents the goddess victorious over her rivals in the meeting on Mount Ida. Although the amphitheatre of Capua, where it was found, was built under Hadrian in the best age of Roman art, this *Venus* is so beautiful, that it is supposed to belong to the grand era of Greece, and to be from the chisel of Alcamenes or Praxiteles. The graceful attitude of the *Venus Callipygos* explains the Greek name, which is untranslatable. Casts have made this fine, delicate, and bewitching statue familiar to every one, and it

is justly called the rival of the *Venus de Medici.* The *Apollo with the Swan* should be classed with these celebrated statues of Venus. Winckelmann, forgetting that of the Belvedere, pronounced it to be the finest of the statues of Apollo, and that the head is the perfection of human beauty. The name of *Farnese* has been given to three very valuable antiquities of great renown, which were found in 1540, in the thermal baths of Caracalla, during the pontificate of Paul III. (of the House of Farnese). The *Flora,* although a colossal statue, like the Melpomene of the Louvre, is light, animated, and full of grace. Greek characters inscribed on the base of the *Farnese Hercules* prove it to be the work of the Athenian, Glycon. At first only the torso was discovered, and Paul III. ordered Michael Angelo to supply the missing legs. But the Florentine had scarcely finished his clay model, when he broke it to pieces with a hammer, declaring he would not add a finger to such a statue. It was a less celebrated, and less scrupulous artist, Giacomo della Porta, who restored the work of Glycon. A little later, the legs were found in a well, three miles from the baths, and the Borghesi presented them to the king of Naples, who was thus enabled to complete the antique statue almost entirely, the left hand alone being still wanting. The history

of this colossus sufficiently proves its beauty and value. It is a marvellous representation of power in repose—of the calm, self-sufficient strength described by Aristotle (*de Physiognomia*)

Fig. 31.—The Farnese Bull. (Naples.)

The enormous group to which the name of the *Toro Farnese* has been given, was found with the *Flora* and the *Hercules*. According to Pliny, it was Asinius Pollio who brought it from Rhodes to

Rome. A whole family of artists, father and sons, worked together at the *Laocoon*, and in the same manner two sculptors, Apollonius and Tauriscus, combined to produce the *Toro*. In fact, it is th most extensive work which has been preserved to us from ancient statuary; it is more than a group, it is a complete scene. It is the history of Dirce. Antiope, the wife of Licius, king of Thebes, being divorced on account of Dirce, ordered her sons, Zethus and Amphion, to bind her rival to the horns of a wild bull; but just as the savage beast was starting forward, Antiope was softened, and pardoned her. Such is the subject; the four human figures and the bull are all larger than life, and on the base, or rather theatre of the scene, there are plants, a Bacchus, a dog, and other animals. According to Pliny, this immense work was chiselled from a single block of marble, fourteen hands long and sixteen high. Its size alone, which is quite exceptional for a sculpture, would suffice to make this composition in marble important, but although restored in several parts, it is also worthy of attention and admiration on account of the vigour and delicacy of the workmanship. Although not equal in this respect to the marvellous *Laocoon*, the *Toro Farnese* may be classed amongst the most beautiful Grecian statues which have come down to us.

The following statues must also take high rank: —*Ganymede and the Eagle;* a semi-colossal sitting statue of the *Apollo Citharœdus*, playing the lyre, finely draped, in spite of the hardness of the material, which is all of porphyry, except the head, hands, and feet of white marble; an *Atlas sustaining a Celestial Globe*, a fine and powerful figure, which admirably renders the exertions of a man bending under his burden; and, lastly, the admirable Greek statue, by an unknown author, of *Aristides*. As there is no acknowledged portrait of the wise Athenian, it is evident that the statue has been named from a supposed resemblance to his character. It is, in fact, an unpretending, calm, honest face, with the serenity of virtue on the brow, and is well named *the Just*. Canova, who had a great affection, almost a reverence, for this statue, has marked on the floor of the room in which it is placed the three best points of view for thorough appreciation of its beauties.

We might mention other important relics of Grecian art scattered over Europe. The Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, for instance, which long possessed a beautiful *Chaste Venus*, given to Peter the Great by Pope Clement XI., a *Jupiter Serapis*, a small statue of *Hygeia*, the draperies of which are excellent, &c.; has lately

acquired, from the Campana Museum, a valuable series of Nine Muses, all Greek, and of about the same size, which make the Russian an entirely unique collection. But we must hasten to London, and reverently admire those most marvellous relics of the genius of the Greeks, exhibited in the British Museum.

The *Lycian* room contains the remains of the ancient city of Xanthus, on the river Xanthus or Scamander, in Lycia, which was immortalised by Homer. They belong to the epochs included between the year 545 B.C. and the Byzantine Empire. The most ancient are bas-reliefs from the *Harpy Tomb*, which stood on the Acropolis, on the origin and meaning of which various conjectures, founded on mythology, have been hazarded. With these bas-reliefs there is a figure of the *Chimæra*, that fire-breathing monster whose body was a combination of that of a lion, of a dragon, and of a goat. A native of Lycia, the offspring of Typhon and Echidna, and slain by Bellerophon, this fearful creature was in reality nothing more than an impersonation of a small volcano on the summit of Mount Cragus. The more recent bas-reliefs are Roman works, with which we have nothing to do at present, and which merely illustrate the different conquests of Lycia and her changing creeds. The principal are of an

intermediate age. They come from what is simply styled the *Monument* of Xanthus. Sir C. Fellows, who collected them, made a little model of the original block in painted wood, which gives the form, size, and site, and by means of which an entire lateral wall has been rebuilt with the ruins. We see that it was an Iconic peristyle building, with fourteen columns, running round a solid *cella*, and the statues in the intercolumniations placed on a base, and supporting a light attic. Two sculptured friezes decorated the upper and lower part of the base. Although much mutilated, the best preserved, the finest, and the most interesting parts of this ruined temple, are some of the female statues, which alternate with the columns of the circular gallery. The heads, hands, and feet are wanting, but the bodies, the arms, and the legs are admirably proportioned, the action is full of grace, and the execution very superior. Robed in a transparent stuff which the Romans called *togæ vitreæ*, *nebula linea*, *ventus textilis* (robes of glass, clouds of linen, wind tissue), they are, so to speak, chastely nude. Agile and slender, they seem to cleave the air, in running or dancing. Some have at their feet marine emblems, such as dolphins, crabs, or sea-bird halcyons, and they are therefore supposed to form the escort of Latona, on her

arrival at Xanthus, with her children, Artemis and Apollo. If this *monument* of Xanthus be the trophy of a Persian victory, it is a Grecian work of art of the great age between Pheidias and Lysippus. As a proof of this assertion we may refer to the Greek inscriptions, in which occur some verses by the poet Simonides, the flatterer of tyrants and princes; and also to the style and the perfection of the remains, especially of the statues, which are such that no other people and no other age could have produced them.

The *Phigaleian Saloon* is so called because it contains two friezes, in bas-relief, which adorned the interior of the *cella*, or sanctuary, of the celebrated temple of Apollo Epicurius (or the deliverer), built on Mount Cotylion, at a little distance from the city of Phigaleia, in Arcadia. One of these friezes occupies eleven slabs of marble, and the other twelve. The first represents the *Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ*, the latter that of the *Greeks and Amazons*, two subjects treated again and again by the artists of heathen antiquity, because they combined beauty of form, variety, and action. To justify the interest taken in these Phigaleian sculptures, it is enough to remember that they belong to the age of Pericles, which is to say that they are contemporary with the sculptures of the Parthenon.

But the interest of the Phigaleian saloon really centres in some other antique remains, which would have been better placed in the Lycian room with the marbles of Xanthus. It is well known how the second queen, Artemisia, widow of her brother Mausolus, King of Caria, had a celebrated tomb raised in honour of her brother-husband, in the town of Halicarnassus, about 353 years B.C. This monument was at first called *Pteron*, but subsequently *Mausoleum*, and from it all future tombs took their name. It was considered one of the seven wonders of the world, and was built by Phiteus and Satyrus, and adorned by five sculptors, viz., Pythis, who made a quadriga for the top; Briaxis, who sculptured the bas-reliefs for the northern side; Timotheus, those for the southern; Leochares, those for the western; and the celebrated Scopas, or Praxiteles, those for the eastern side. The date of the monument and their names prove that all these artists belonged to the latter days of the great Athenian school. But they neither copied Pheidias nor his style. Working for Asia, they assumed a different manner to their fellow countrymen and contemporaries. As M. Viollet-le-Duc remarks, they might have been called *romantic* at that early date. In the conquests of the Romans and Parthians, the *Mausoleum* shared

the fate of all buildings raised by Grecian genius. We know positively that in 1322 the knights of Rhodes employed its walls and fragments in the construction of the castle of Halicarnassus, which, under the victorious Turks, soon became the fortress of Boudroum. In 1846 they were presented by the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid to Sir Stratford Canning, and by him to the British Museum. Since then Mr. Charles Newton has joined together the fragments of one of the horses of the colossal quadriga by Pythis, and of a statue supposed to be *Iconic*, or a portrait of Mausolus.

In passing to the Athenian room, the Elgin Saloon, which may be called the true sanctuary of the British Museum, we must briefly name certain objects which are classed with the marbles of the Parthenon. They are worthy of notice, not only because they are all Grecian, and mostly Athenian, but because of their great value as monuments of the architecture and sculpture of the ancients. Amongst various remains of temples, altars, and tombs, we must name a capital and a piece of the shaft of a Doric column of the Parthenon. These two fragments give a just idea, without measurement, of the proportions of the temple of the Acropolis of Athens.* A capital and some frag-

* To explain how a single fragment of the ruins of a Grecian

ments of the shaft and base of an Ionic column of the portico of The Erectheum, which surrounded

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temple can give an idea of the whole, we must remember that certain constant principles were followed in the religious architecture of Greece. We will give a brief summary of an explanation of this fact from the *Course of Architecture* by M. Beulé.

"At first, when Hellenic society was still in its infancy, the temple was but a shelter for the god, and as clumsy as himself. Upright trunks of trees were stuck into the ground in such a manner as to form a long square, then a beam was transversely laid along the two elongated sides, to support the sloping rafters of the roof. The trunks being liable to decay, both at the end in the earth and that under the beam, cubes of stone were inserted at either extremity. Little by little columns in stone or marble supplanted the frail and rough trunk, the stone dice at the top and bottom became respectively the capital and the base of the column. The lateral beam changed into the architrave, frieze, and entablature. The points or projections of the rafters of the roof became the triglyphs, and the hollow spaces between them the metopes. By sloping to the right and left in obtuse angles, the roof formed the triangular pediment on either façade, and, finally, the ornaments of detail, such as *bucrania*, (heads of victims,) *egg-mouldings*, *palm-leaves*, *rosettes*, *meænders*, *etc.*, had all been employed by nature before they were borrowed by art.

"The orders then developed themselves historically by natural combinations. First came the Doric order, or that of the rough and vigorous Dorian race, which, like them, was strong, austere, and masculine. Then the Ionic order, that of the soft and voluptuous race of Ionia, was pleasing, elegant, and feminine. The flutings of the small columns may be likened to the plaits of dresses, and the festoons of the capitals to wreathed head-dresses. Finally the Corinthian order, that of refined civilization, combined the characteristics of the two sexes and the two races in its complex beauty.

"This primitive type became fixed, and it was in accordance with it that all the temples of Greece were erected, differing from each other merely in size and amount of decoration. But the parts always

the double temple, dedicated to Minerva Polias, and to Pandrosus (the daughter of Cecrops who kept the secret of the birth of Erechtheus). These are precious relics of Grecian architecture, very finely finished, which prove the exquisite manner in which every part of this temple by Pheidias was worked up. It contained one of his three Pallases, the Polias, which was no less celebrated than the *Lemnian* and the *Warrior Pallas;* some fragments of Propylæa from the temple of *Nike Apteros* (or victory without wings), from the temple of Theseus, from the tomb of Agamemnon, at Mycenæ, etc.

Amongst various inscriptions of laws and annals, there is one styled the *Sigean.* It relates to the presentation of three vessels, a cup, a saucer, and a strainer, for the *Prytaneum* or hall of justice at Sigæum, a little town of the Troad, in which was the tomb of Achilles and Patrocles. This insignificant inscription is valuable on account of its being written in the most ancient Greek characters, in the style called *boustrophedon*, because the lines follow

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remained in accordance with the whole, both in their proportions and in their style. As a fossil fragment of an antediluvian animal gives a geologist a measure of the whole, so any portion of a Grecian temple gives the size of the edifice, the architectural order adopted, and even the amount of general decoration employed."

each other in the same direction as furrows made by an ox in ploughing, that is to say, one line goes from left to right, and the next back from right to left; "like those," says Pausanias, "who run the double stadium," and so on to the end of the page or tablet. Inscriptions in this primitive form of Grecian writing are very rare.

Amongst the sculptures which do not belong to the Parthenon, we must single out for admiration and study a much mutilated colossal statue of Bacchus, which was on the top of the choragic monument raised to the memory of Thrasyllus, by the remorseful Athenians, who had put him to death after the naval victory of Arginusæ; and still more must we admire a well-preserved architectural statue which all may gaze upon in its primitive perfection. It is one of the four caryatides which supported the little roof under which the olive-tree of Minerva was sheltered in the temple of Pandrosus. It has been placed on the capital of a Doric column of the Propylæa. It is on foot, upright and immovable, but beneath the heavy falling folds of the long tunic, one knee moves slightly, and by suggesting life and animation, breaks and gives a kind of undulation to the general outline of the body. This trifling action marks the great difference between Egyptian art,

servilely submissive to an inflexible creed, and that of Greece, which was as free from dogmas and as independent as the democracy of Athens.

An emblem of calm power, this admirable caryatid might be taken for a *Kanephora*, for she seems to bear the capital which crowns her, and the entablature supported by this capital, with as much ease and grace as if it were a mere amphora. This statue is of the same age and style, and perhaps from the same hand, as the Pallas Polias ; in any case it is worthy of the author of the latter, the divine Pheidias.

We now come to the marbles of the Parthenon.

In the centre of the Acropolis (upper town) or fortress of Athens, stood the temple of the guardian goddess, Athena, from whom the city took its name. Dedicated to the Virgin Minerva (Parthenos), it was called the Parthenon (or Virgin's Chamber). The Persians under Xerxes, who were iconoclasts like the Jews, utterly demolished it, when, before the battle of Salamis, Themistocles withdrew the Athenian troops to their ships. After the glorious victories of the *Median* war, when Athens, her democracy restored, occupied the first rank amongst the towns and states of Greece, Pericles had the Parthenon rebuilt (about 440 B.C.). The site and proportions of the ancient temple, which was called *Hecatompedon*,

because the façade measured a hundred Greek feet, were retained, but the form and decorations of the later building were entirely new. Ictinus and Callicrates were charged with its construction, and Pheidias, who had been elected president of public works by the popular voice, was commissioned to supply the ornaments. He cannot have executed this great work alone. When we remember how many statues he made for the temples of Greece, we cannot doubt that he received help from his colleagues and pupils. But Pheidias in the Parthenon, like Raphael in the *Stanze* and *Loggie* of the Vatican, had supreme control over the works: he chose the subjects, drew the plans, the pediments, the metopes, the friezes; corrected, touched up, and finished the works of his helpers, and himself chiselled the chief figures of the large compositions.

The colossal *Pallas Promachos*, or *Warrior*, which occupied the most prominent part of the Acropolis on a high pedestal, and which rivalled that great *Zeus Olympius* which was accepted as his image by the king of the gods himself,* was evidently from the hand of Pheidias; because on the

* Jupiter himself approved this work; for when it was finished, Pheidias entreated the god to give him some token if he were satisfied; and it is related that a thunderbolt immediately struck the pavement of the temple on the spot where a bronze urn is still to be seen. Pausanias, *Eliac*, chap. xi.)

ægis of the goddess who sprung, not from the brain of Jupiter, but from his own genius, he has inscribed his own portrait by way of signature.*

Some Anytus (artists are no less intolerant of each other than theologians) charged him with impiety, as the son of the sculptor Sophroniscus was afterwards accused. Pheidias had to flee his ungrateful country, and thirty years before Socrates drank the hemlock he died in exile. But his work was finished, and when the few last fragments have crumbled into dust in the course of ages, Pheidias will still be immortal. As long as the traditions of the human race are preserved upon our earth, he will retain the name bestowed upon him by the admiration of the Greeks—he will be the "Homer of Sculpture."

Unfortunately the natural ravages of twenty-three centuries have not alone wrought havoc in the works of Pheidias which adorned the Parthenon. Man has too much aided the destructive action of time. No corner of the earth was richer than Attica in monuments of art; no corner of the earth was oftener or more cruelly devastated by all the enemies of art, by war, conquest, and the fanaticism

* At the foot of his *Jupiter Olympius*, which, like the *Warrior Minerva*, was a chryselephantine statue, that is, one formed of gold and ivory, was inscribed: "Pheidias, Athenian, son of Charmides, made me."

of religious sects. The destruction of the buildings of Athens must have begun with the conquest of the Romans under Mummius, Metellus, and Sylla who laid a desecrating hand on all the temples of Greece, that they might accumulate a promiscuous collection of spoils in those of Rome. Under the Romans again, when the double throne of the empire was under Christian sway, the monuments of Greece, especially the temples, fell a prey to the rage of the first converts, who, in their blind fanaticism, broke all the idols and other objects of heathen worship. A third and terrible devastation took place during the heresy of the iconoclasts, which was rampant in the Byzantine empire from the fifth to the eighth century. Then came the crusades, and the conquest of Greece, and taking of Constantinople under Baldwin of Flanders (1204). These barbarians of the West, who broke in pieces the *Zeus Olympius* and the *Hera of Samos*, until then preserved in the city of Constantine, did not of course spare the Pallas of Athens. And, lastly, when Roger de Flor and his Aragonese adventurers took Attica from the Grecian empire (1312), when the Venetians took it from the Aragonese (1370), and when Mahomet II. wrested it from the Venetians, we can imagine that no class of pillage or devastation was spared. But the conquest of the

zealous Turkish iconoclasts was not the last calamity which fell upon the city and temple of Pallas. The Venetians reconquered Greece in 1687, and were not expelled from it by the Turks until 1715, after many bloody battles, and when in 1821 all Greece rose against her Egyptian and Turkish masters, and during the nine years that the war of independence lasted, until the French expediton in 1828, there was not a town which did not have to resist assaults, not a building which was not converted into a fortress. Situated as it was, in the Acropolis, the Parthenon could not escape the common doom, and the bullets of Islam destroyed all that had been spared by the Turks of Selim and Mahomet, the Venetians, the Aragonese, the crusaders, the Byzantine iconoclasts, the bigoted Christians, and the barbarous Romans. France, the disinterested liberator of Greece, might justly have claimed the privilege of reverently collecting the remains of the Parthenon she had freed ; but the English were before her, not in the service rendered, but in carrying off the prize. We know that during his embassy to Constantinople, from 1799 to 1807, Lord Elgin, profiting by the weakness of Selim III., whose policy and actions he guided, pillaged the temples of Greece without ceremony, although not without excuse, and took

possession of all the sculptured decorations which still remained in the Parthenon. Though satirized by the personal enmity of Byron, Lord Elgin brought to England the produce of his successful pillage, and the marbles of the Parthenon were then placed in the room in the British Museum which is named after their ravisher.

To illustrate what these precious spoils were before they were torn from the building they decorated, two small models of the temple of Minerva have been placed in the same room. One represents the Parthenon as a whole, as it was in the age of Pericles; the other, what it has been reduced to by time and the hand of man; a melancholy heap of ruins and rubbish. With these models before our eyes, it requires but little attention and consideration to restore everything to its place in our imagination, and from these scattered fragments entirely to rebuild the work of Pheidias.

It consists of three principal parts—the frieze, the metopes, and the pediments. The exterior frieze of the *cella*, or sanctuary, inside the colonnade or *peristyle*, which entirely surrounded the *cella*, was simply called *the frieze*. It consists of a long series of marble slabs, succeeding each other without interruption, of equal proportions, all sculptured in bas-relief, and all relating to one subject,

so that it is easy to see what place each one occupied in the original plan. The subject is the general procession of the grand Panathenaic (Panathenæa) fêtes, instituted in honour of Minerva, by the old King Erichthonius (1500 B.C.), when the goddess of Athens was proclaimed goddess of *all* Attica. They were celebrated once every four

Fig. 32.—Gods.

Fig. 33.—Young Man.

(Frieze of the Parthenon.)

years, and the lesser Panathenææ appointed by Theseus were annual. In the grand fêtes a rich *peplos*, embroidered by the maidens of Athens, was presented to the goddess. It was borne in pomp to the temple, on a ship moved by hidden machinery. Some of these marble slabs are wanting in the British Museum Collection (we have one in the

Louvre), and their places have been supplied by plaster casts to complete the series, which is arranged in the Elgin Saloon in the same order as it was on the outside of the *cella* of the temple of Minerva.

The subjects of the bas-reliefs of many of the first of the slabs are gods and goddesses or deified heroes,

Fig. 34.—Cavalier.

Fig. 35.—Cavaliers.
(Frieze of the Parthenon.)

all seated in pairs: Jupiter and Juno, Ceres and Triptolemus, Æsculapius and Hygeia, Castor and Pollux. Trains of females follow, with their faces directed to the gods to whom they are carrying gifts. Certain of the directors or regulators of the procession receive the presents offered to the gods. After the females come the victims destined for

sacrifice, the chariots and charioteers, the *metœci*, or strangers resident in Athens, bearing on their shoulders a tray filled with fruits, cakes, and other offerings; lastly came the horsemen, young men of high rank from the towns of Attica, unarmed and wearing the *chlamys* only. The groups of horsemen and women, the former especially, are certainly the best part of the frieze of the Parthenon. Nothing can exceed the variety and boldness of the attitudes of horses and men. The elegance of the forms, the accuracy of the proportions, the powerful modelling, the delicacy and finish of the chiselling, combine to make them the masterpiece, the unattainable ideal of the art of bas-relief.

The sculptures of the great external frieze were called metopes, because they occupied the spaces between the architectural ornaments, called triglyphs, which surmounted the entablature of the colonnade. The metopes were square niches, which formed a kind of frame for the subject represented. They were painted in antique red (rosso antico), and the intervening triglyphs were blue. As these niches were, on the one hand, not deep enough for statues, and on the other, too high up and far back for bas-reliefs to be visible, they were supplied with ornaments in high relief which were of a medium

character between full and low relief. These metopes, of which there are sixteen, all represent episodes of the conflict between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, or rather between the Centaurs and Athenians who, under Theseus, joined the Lapithæ,

Fig. 36.—Metope of the Parthenon.

a people of Thessaly then governed by King Pirithous the friend of Theseus, for the destruction of the Centaurs, a race of the valleys of Ossa and Pelion, the licentious robber sons of Ixion and the Phantom or cloud, who were supposed to be

half men and half horses, because like the *gauchos* and *pampas* of South America, they passed their lives on their steeds. In the greater number of the metopes, in which the struggle is between one Centaur and one Athenian, the Athenians are victorious, in accordance with the traditions of the heroic ages of Athens. In some few the Centaurs have the victory, and in others again it is still doubtful.

It is believed that the whole series of the metopes is the work of Alcamenes, the beloved disciple of Pheidias, because, according to Pausanias, he placed Centaurs in the pediment of the temple of Olympus. As they were more exposed to destruction, on account of their form, than the frieze, the metopes of the Parthenon are much more mutilated and disfigured ; and it should be borne in mind, in looking at them, that they were not, like the frieze, placed opposite to and within easy range of the spectator, but along the top of the temple, to be looked at from below.

Having two entrances, the Parthenon had two façades, and therefore two pediments in the triangular tympanums. The façades turning towards the east and west, as was customary in Grecian temples, have been named after the cardinal points opposite to them. The eastern pediment represents the *Birth of Pallas*, when she sprung

fully armed from the brain of Zeus, under the hatchet of Vulcan. The western pediment represented the *Dispute of Poseidon and Pallas* for the honour of giving name to the native city of Cecrops.* They agreed that the producer of the most useful invention should be the victor. Poseidon formed a horse, and Pallas caused an olive-tree to spring up; the latter, being the emblem of peace, Athene won the prize. Both subjects stood out from a red ground like the metopes, and the artist so arranged them that each statue had its due share of light and shade every hour of the day. I say the pediments *represented*, not repre-

* "You then come to the temple called the Parthenon. The history of the birth of Minerva fills one pediment, and her dispute with Neptune about Attica, the other." (Pausanias, Attica, chap. xxiv.) With the exception of a few details apropos of the fable of the Griffins and Arimaspi, this is all that the artist rhetorician of the second century of Rome tells us of the Parthenon. Neither Pheidias, Ictinus, nor Callicrates, are even mentioned. Such coldness and indifference is astonishing. A few lines further on, Pausanias adds: "Near the temple is a bronze statue of Apollo Parnopos (from *παρνοψ*, a locust), said to be the work of Pheidias. It is surnamed Parnopos, because Apollo promised to deliver the country from the locusts which were wasting it. We know that he kept his word, but we do not know by what means. I have seen the locusts destroyed on Mount Sipylus three times, and each time in a different manner. The first were carried away by a violent wind, the second were destroyed by heavy rain, and the third perished from cold. All this happened in my day." This is the way in which the celebrated traveller of Cæsarea, the great critic of ancient times, judged works of art and spoke of a statue by Pheidias!

sent, for alas! we only know from history and conjectures what were the subjects and who were the personages who figured in them. The most masterly scholarship would fail to construct one distinct scene from the ruins which were collected from the temple and are exhibited in London. Not only are the remaining figures mere fragments, but many, and those the chief, have entirely disappeared in the battles, the assaults, the ravages, of which the city of Pallas was so often the theatre and the victim. We will try and give some idea of the magnitude of these irreparable losses.

I do not know the exact difference between the old Athenian and the modern English foot measure; but it is supposed that the façade of the old *Hecatompedon*, or at least of the tympanum of the pediments, being exactly one hundred English feet long, might have been so called before the age of Pericles. Well, then, to confine myself to the eastern pediment (*the Birth of Pallas*), there remain, out of all the figures which composed it, but five fragments of the left angle, in length thirty-three feet, and four fragments of the right angle, in length twenty-seven feet. A most careful search has been made, but not a vestige has been discovered of all that filled the forty feet in the middle; that is to say, the principal scene. Zeus, surrounded by

the great gods, is altogether broken, destroyed, annihilated! Art, like Rachel in the Scriptures, must weep for ever, for she too has lost her beloved children, her noblest productions; she too can never be comforted. *Et noluit consolari.** Let us now return to the fragments which remain to us, mere fragments of almost shapeless stone, yet more precious in spite of their terribly mutilated condition than the richest diamonds of Golconda. According to Otfried Müller, who was followed by M. M. Beulé and Menard, the subject of the eastern pediment is taken from a hymn of Homer, in which the

* When the Marquis of Nointel was sent as ambassador to Constantinople, in 1674, he had good drawings made by Carrey, the pupil of Lebrun, of the frieze, the metopes, and the two pediments, and sent them to Paris to be carefully engraved. The building was already much injured but still complete. It was at the attack of the Venetians, under Morosini, in 1687, that the Parthenon suffered most. Having heard that the Turks concealed their war material in the temple of Minerva, the Venetian general had bombs thrown into it, and on the night of the 26th of September, a terrible explosion burst open the *cella*, and cut the Parthenon in two. When, rather later, Morosini was compelled to abandon his enterprise, he wished to carry off the richest trophies to Venice. But the removal of the principal statues was so hastily and awkwardly effected, that they were thrown to the earth and broken to pieces. (M. Leon de Laborde, "Athens in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.")

It was then at the end of the learned and polished seventeenth century, in the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., fourteen years after the death of Molière, and seven years before the birth of Voltaire, that this supreme deed of barbarism was perpetrated, the destruction of the central figures of both pediments of the Parthenon!

sovereign of gods and men is introduced presenting his daughter to the other divinities. "All the immortals were struck with admiration when the ardent goddess flung herself before her divine sire, with the ægis in his hand. The great Olympus trembled beneath the pointed lance of the warrior

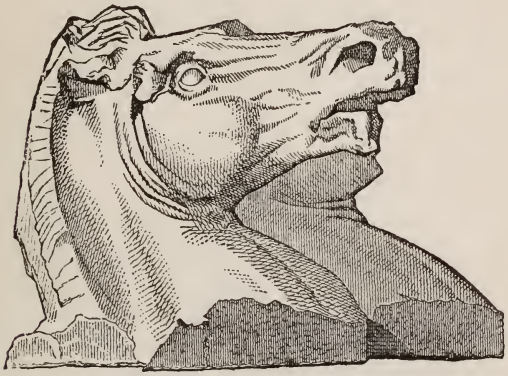

Fig. 37.—Heads of Horses. (From the Parthenon.)

maiden with the piercing glance; the earth resounded far and wide; the sea held back her waves; the purple billows quivered; the brilliant son of Hyperion reined in his swift steeds for a time, * * * and the wise Zeus rejoiced." As we have before stated, there remain nine fragments of this pediment, five from the left side and four from the right. Of the left, beginning at the extreme

point of the angle, we find first: the head of Hyperion (Helios, the sun) leaving the sea in the early morning, his arms raised from the water holding the reins of his chargers; then two heads of the horses of the sun, rising from the waves; then Theseus, the Athenian hero, half-recumbent

Fig. 38.—Theseus. (From the Parthenon.)

on a rock, covered with the skin of a lion, and imitating the attitude of Hercules; then a group of two goddesses on low seats, which are alike in their construction. They are supposed to be Persephone and Demeter; one of them leans her head on the shoulder of the other, that her figure may

be lower. Then rising gradually higher, to suit the height of the tympanum, a statue of Iris, the messenger of the gods, who, with her veil inflated by the wind, appears in haste to execute her mission of communicating to the world the intelligence of the birth of Athena. Passing over the deplorable break of forty feet in the centre, we find successively, in the right angle beginning at the highest point: the torso of a statue supposed to be a winged Victory, the wings of which were doubtless of bronze, for the holes on the shoulders in which they were fastened to the marble may still be seen; then in two fragments, the famous group called the three *Parcæ;* one by herself is seated, with her feet tucked under her seat, like a spinner at a distaff; the other two, connected, repose on a *Thalamos,* one resting against the bosom of the other, so as to suit the slope of the angle, like Ceres and Proserpine on the opposite side; lastly, the head of one of the horses belonging to the chariot of Selene (night), which is plunging into the ocean at the extreme end of the angle, and corresponds with the car of Hyperion on the left. I do not know if the marvellous group of three women really represents the three Parcæ. If so, it will justify my remark in speaking of the picture of the Fates, by Michael Angelo, that the

Greeks, in their excessive love of the beautiful, made the *Parcæ*, and even the Furies, not old and hideous witches, like the moderns, but beautiful and powerful matrons, although not quite so charming as the young virgins who represented the Graces.

The subject of the western pediment was the dispute of Poseidon and Pallas.* With the exception of the first figure on the left, its remains are in a still worse condition of ruin and mutilation than those of the opposite pediment. Nothing is preserved but a shapeless mass of fragments, the

* Three different traditions of this dispute have come down to us. According to Herodotus and Pausanias, Neptune caused a spring of salt water to spring from the Acropolis, and Minerva made an olive-tree grow up. According to others—and this is the more generally received version—Neptune and Minerva, the one with a blow from a trident, the other from a spear, produced a horse and an olive-tree from the earth. A third story relates that Neptune created a wild horse, and Minerva tamed it by putting on the bit. This is why the latter was called *Hippia*, and to her favourite Erectheus was attributed the honour of having taught men the use of the bridle and reins. It must be acknowledged that the last subject is better suited than the other two to the picturesque arrangement of the groups of a pediment, and Carrey's drawing authorizes the belief that Pheidias adopted it. "The meaning," says M. Louis de Ronchaud, "is the same as that of the tradition of the birth of the olive. The defeat of brute force by intelligent energy is more strikingly typified than in the myth quoted by Herodotus, because Minerva, after having subjected the force created in opposition to her, to her laws, made it subservient to her designs. Blind impetuosity is converted into regulated activity under the guidance of wisdom."

meaning of which we could not even guess without the aid of history. At the extreme end of the left angle, resting like a river god upon his urn, is the figure of Ilyssus, a small stream which took its rise in Mount Hymettus, and ran down to the sea by way of the plain south of Athens. Pausanias says

Fig. 39.—The Parcæ. (From the Parthenon.)

that it was dedicated to the Muses. This admirable statue, doubtless, owed the good fortune of being better preserved than any other of the Parthenon to its well-sheltered position. Had Michael Angelo known it, he would doubtless have called it, as well as the *Torso* of the Belvedere, his master in sculpture, and he would have felt its outlines with loving

hands in his extreme old age. After this immense figure of Ilyssus, comes the colossal *torso* of a man called *Cecrops*, the founder of Athens. Then some superior fragments, also of colossal proportions, of a head of *Pallas*, originally wearing a bronze helmet, and with eyes of coloured stone ; then a fragment of the body of the same Pallas, a part of the chest covered with the ægis, that is the head of Medusa, with the serpents in bronze ; then a fragment of the *torso* of Neptune (Poseidon) "of the majestic chest." Then the torso of *Nikê Apteros*, or *Victory without Wings*, who was thus represented by the Athenians to indicate that they held her in perpetuity, and she could never desert them. This faithful *Victory* drew the car on which Minerva was to ascend to Heaven, after her victory over Neptune. Lastly, at the right angle of the pediment, a small fragment of a group of *Latona and her Children.*

When Marie Joseph Chenier said of the inspired blind poet of Chios :

> Brisant des potentats la couronne éphémère,
> Trois mille ans ont passé sur la cendre d'Homère,
> Et, depuis trois mille ans, Homère respecté
> Est jeune encor de gloire et d'immortalité ;

he had before his mind two Homeric poems which had been preserved without alteration, first in the

memory of men, then in frail writing, and lastly in imperishable printing. The arts are not so fortunate as letters; for, inasmuch as their works cannot be multiplied by copies, and a single specimen of course occupies but one spot in the world, neither the canvas of the painter, the marble of the sculptor, nor the pillars and vaults

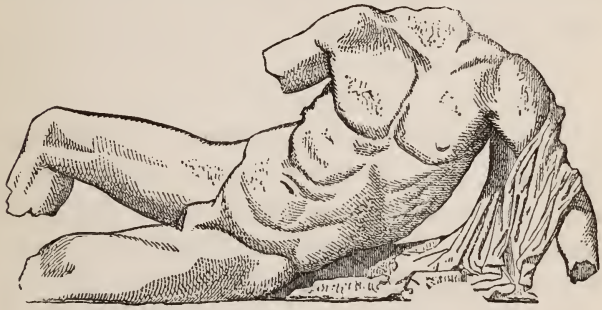

Fig. 40.—Torso.

of architecture, can resist the destructive action of time as well as printed or written matter. The Iliad still remains complete, and the less aged Parthenon is in ruins. Whilst the glory of Homer rests on the imperishable foundation of his works, ruthless time and sacrilegious men have left to Pheidias nothing but pitiable remains, of which we may say, as of the mutilated body of Hippolytus:

> Triste objet où des Dieux triomphe la colère,
> Et que méconnaitrait l'œil même de son père.

But these relics are so beautiful, so wonderful, so divine; the feeblest imagination can so readily recombine and complete them; they address the soul in language so lofty and profound; they awaken such insatiable curiosity, such fervent admiration; they justify so entirely the verdict of Cicero on their author—*Menti insidebat idea pulchritudinis*—that although centuries have not spared him, Pheidias, like Homer,

Est jeune encor de gloire et d'immortalité.

I could not speak in more measured terms of the marbles of the Parthenon. It would be culpable neglect of duty to do so. I should feel that I was as sacrilegious as their destroyers. But I must remind the visitor to the British Museum, when he makes his sacred pilgrimage round the Elign room, of one or two facts, viz.: the mutilated metopes are not now seen from the same point of view as when they occupied the entablature of the colonnade; the frieze, which is in parts better preserved than the metopes, does not present the same aspect in the inside of a room as it did in the *pronaos* of the temple, round the outside of the *cella;* and lastly, that there remain fragments only of the lateral figures of either pediment; that they were the least important in the groups, and that the centre or principal part is absolutely wanting in

both façades. If these incomplete fragments, these accessory portions, be so fervently admired, so passionately worshipped, what would be felt before the figures of the great gods of the centre, before the imposing harmony of the complete pediments, "in which," says M. Menard, "each perfect detail is blended in the general excellence, like individual free will in a Grecian city, like the eternal laws, which are gods, in the concert of the universe?"

To these remarks I must add another. The marbles of the Parthenon belong to that supreme moment in the history of the arts of a polished nation, when with the innocence and purity of the early ages were combined the science, the grace, and the force of the mature epoch, as yet without any intermixture of the faults of the decadence. For the arts of Greece, this exceptional moment was the age of Pericles. Pheidias is the connecting link, he lived at the time of the assimilation. Something of the same kind would have occurred had Raphael more nearly resembled Giotto; Michael Angelo, Nicolas of Pisa; Palladio, the Gothic architects; the music of Mozart, the *chorales* of Luther; in a word, had masterpieces always retained more of the spirit of early efforts. In this sense the sculptures of Pheidias appear to me more perfect even than the

pictures of Raphael, the statues of Michael Angelo, the monuments of Palladio, or the operas of Mozart. This is why we may call them the finest works of art ever produced by human genius. "To believe it possible to surpass them," says Montesquieu, will always be not to know them."

It cannot be denied that the Greeks of the present day, seeing the ancient temple of their Acropolis despoiled of all its ornaments, have a right to curse the depredators. But when it is remembered how often these works have been ill-treated, how totally the chief statues have been destroyed, how much the others have been mutilated, and the danger the latter were in of being destroyed in their turn; when they consider that these precious relics of art are now in a place of safety, in the centre of artistic Europe; the wish, and almost the right to reproach the English for dismantling their temple must pass away. And if a regret has marred the intense pleasure of my own admiration in my many and reverent visits to the marbles of Pheidias, it is that the thief who stole them was not a Frenchman, and that the receiving house which took them in was not the Museum of Paris.

Rome manufactures art rather than commissioning artist to creat.

CHAPTER V.

ROMAN SCULPTURE.

OUR remarks in a former work on Roman painting apply equally to sculpture. Conquered and subdued, reduced to the condition of a mere province of the Republic, and subsequently of the Empire, Greece was nevertheless the instructress of Rome. It was her sons who introduced all the arts and cultivated them in Rome. We have already noticed that the famous groups of the *Laocoon* and the *Toro Farnese*, although produced after the Roman conquest, were executed by Greeks and in Greece. Cicero, Pliny, Quintilian, Pausanias, have transmitted to us the names of all the great sculptors of Hellas; they do not mention a single native of Rome. The Romans borrowed their subjects, and in arts as in letters, and in everything else, they always cared more for the real than the ideal, they were ever nearer earth than heaven. The sculptures by native artists, or those by Greeks

who were reduced to the positions of artisans in Rome, were but images of their deified Cæsars and their libertine wives, or of the favourites of the imperial palace. Industry, usurping the place of art, manufactured statues of emperors and empresses before they were needed, and the heads were added according to the requirements of different reigns. *Statuæ iconicæ* of this kind were far more numerous in Rome than in Greece. The same kind of public homage rendered to the family of the reigning emperor in the capital of the world. was accorded in the provinces to the proconsuls, the prefects, and the powerful patrician families who held whole towns under their control. The nine statues of the Balbus family, found in the theatre of Herculaneum, are a proof of this. We will content ourselves with noticing those grand specimens of the Roman era contained in different collections of works of art, which seem to us to merit attention. We begin in Italy, at Florence.

The museum *degl' Uffizi* possesses a collection called that of the Roman emperors, which is generally considered the most complete in the world. In it there are, in fact, some very rare busts, such as those of Caligula and of Otho. Including men, women, and children, there are sixty-nine; from Pompey (who would doubtless be rather

surprised at being included amongst the emperors) and Cæsar, who should properly begin the series,

Fig. 41.—Agrippina of Germanicus. (Rome.)

to Constantine, and even Quintilius, who reigned but twenty days. The Roman statues are less

numerous : we can only quote one *Augustus* haranguing the people, one *Trajan*, and one *Hadrian*.

At Rome we must look for relics of ancient national art in the Capitol, not in the Vatican. The modern Romans, who have partly demolished the Colosseum, who have called the Forum the *Cattle Market (Campo Vaccino)*, and planted artichokes on the Tarpeian Rock, have not even respected the ancient name of Capitol, which should for ever have designated the fortress of the Eternal City. They have converted it into a strange word, *Campidoglio*, which signifies rather a field of colza, a field of oil, than the citadel of rising Rome, which became the temple where victorious Roman generals sung the Te Deum, in their imposing triumphal ceremonies. Ascending to the new Capitol by the double staircase of Michael Angelo, we pass between the two black Egyptian lions, the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, called the *Trophies of Marius*, and reverently bowing before the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, on the noble head of which the ancient gilding is still visible, we enter the Museum. In it there is another "room of Emperors," containing an *Agrippina*, which is a fair type of the Roman ladies of the age ; an *Antinoüs*, the finest of all the statues of Hadrian's devoted friend ; and a

Julius Cæsar, placed under the portico of the palace. The last-named is said to be the only authentic portrait of the founder of the empire which the

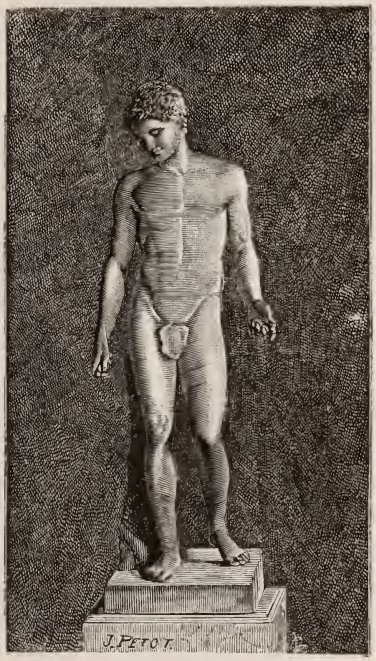

Fig. 42.—Antinoüs. (Rome.)

Papal city has preserved. The proverb which says "a saint is at home in his shrine," would apply to Cæsar in the Capitol, near to a fine statue

of *Triumphant Rome*, and seated between two captive kings, not far from the celebrated *Wolff*, venerated by the ancient Romans, and immortalised by Cicero in his *Catiline Orations*, and in his poem on the Consulate.

At Naples we find the nine statues of the Balbus family already alluded to—the father, mother, son, and three daughters—found together in the theatre of Herculaneum, over which town this family exercised a protectorate. Two of them, the equestrian statues of Marcus Nonius Balbus and of his son, are very fine and very curious. The horses are ambling, that is to say, they raise both legs on one side in trotting—a strange attitude, not represented, to my knowledge, in any other ancient or modern equestrian statue. The head of the younger Balbus was broken to pieces by a French cannon ball, when it was in the Palace of the Portici, in 1799, and a new head was made from a cast of the fragments. The best of the other statues of the same family are those of Balbus the father, and of Ciria his wife, who is represented as Polymnia. We notice them for several reasons: in the first place, the execution of most of them is good; secondly, their discovery together was curious; and lastly, their arrangement in the theatre as tutelary divinities of a con-

siderable town, proves the high position occupied in those days by the patrician families, who held whole populations in fief.

The series of Roman emperors in the Louvre is not so complete as that in the *Uffizi* at Florence; but the French collection is very rich, and is increased by statues of many illustrious personages who did not occupy the throne. The room containing their *iconicæ*, or portraits, is in a manner presided over by two principal statues, which have attained this distinction by their superior beauty and the imposing titles they bear. One of them is an *Augustus*, the other a *Marcus Aurelius*. Julius Cæsar, whose name became the title of the head of the state as long as the Roman Empire lasted, and afterwards passed to that of Germany (Kaiser), ought to be the chief of all these masters of the world; but the only statue of Cæsar in the Louvre is not merely of doubtful authenticity, but also of no artistic value whatever. His immediate successor has therefore been preferred to him. This really fine statue of Augustus as an orator on foot, was found near to Velletri (Velitræ), the birthplace of the conqueror of Actium. He seems to be proudly saying, "I found Rome a city of bricks and leave it a city of marble;" which would not, however, justify the crimes which marked his

accession to supreme power. Had not the name of the third Cæsar, Tiberius, been disgraced by bloodshed and debauchery, and branded by Tacitus, his statue might have claimed first rank. It was found at Capri (*Capreæ*), the favourite residence of this gloomy tyrant, who is represented holding the small sceptre called *scipio* (staff), and it may be considered one of the finest works of the Imperial epoch. It gives a perfect specimen of the toga, the robe of which the Romans were so proud, and on account of which they were called by foreigners *gens togata;* the use of which was discontinued soon after the age of Augustus, in spite of the edicts of the emperors.

Marcus Aurelius was totally different from Tiberius. He justified Plato's dictum: "Men will never be happy unless they are governed by philosophers." He was a royal philosopher, he was Socrates crowned. The second place of honour is therefore rightly given to one of his statues: he wears the military costume, the *paludamentum* and the cuirass of ornamented leather, fitting to the shape, and leaving parts of the body bare, as in the images of heroes and gods. This second statue was probably not raised until after the death of M. Aurelius, when the excesses of his successor had increased the regret of the world for his loss.

In both, Marcus Aurelius wears the beard, which was again introduced by the family of Antoninus, after being discontinued for four centuries, from the time of the old Scipio (Barbatus), grandfather of the first Africanus.

Amongst the other imperial statues we will notice: a *Livia*, the wife of Augustus, represented as Ceres, whose tunic is as worthy of study as the toga of Tiberius; a *Julia*, daughter of Augustus; and, like her mother-in-law, dressed as Ceres (the left hand of this infamous woman, who was successively the wife of Marcellus, Agrippa, and Tiberius, has fortunately been preserved, an exceptional circumstance, as the hands and often the arms of most antique statues have been restored); a *Caligula*, or rather a head of Caligula, on a strange body, for the feet are without the simple leather boots (caligæ) which that emperor wore from his infancy, in the camp of his father, Germanicus, and from which he obtained his surname (this head is valuable on account of its rarity, for it is well-known that the sword of Chæreas had scarcely freed the earth from the furious madman who wished that "the Roman people had but one head, to be struck off at a blow," when that people, who always survived their masters, threw down and destroyed all the images of the tyrant);

a *Victorious Nero*, triumphant, not over the conspiracy of Piso, or that of Vindex, but in chariot races, or in trials of skill on the cithara (χιθαρα) or on the flute. He wears the heroic costume, that is, nudity, and on his head rests the diadem, not of a king, but of a victorious athlete. Who would recognise in this beautiful and tender figure of the son of Agrippina, the assassin of his mother, his brother, his wife, of Seneca, Lucan, and many others, the incendiary of Rome, and the torturer of the Christians? A *Titus*, doubtless sculptured when he returned from the sack of Jerusalem before he became the peaceful and benevolent prince who was called *deliciæ generis humani.* He is, in fact, in the attitude of a general addressing the military *adlocutio* to his troops. His armour is remarkable for the *ocreæ* or greaves (the κνημιδες of the Greeks), which covered the leg from the ankle to the knee, and also for the short heavy sword hanging from a belt. A *Trajan*, that great and noble emperor, praised by Pliny the younger and by Montesquieu seventeen centuries after his reign, the conqueror of the Dacæ, and the Parthians; he wears an Isis on his breastplate instead of the Medusa, and his feet are bare, as was his custom in war. Lastly, a *Pupienus* (or Maximus), almost nude, as required in the so-called heroic

costume. This last statue has an interest of its own, for we may say that after the death of Pupienus, who was massacred in 236 by the Prætorian guard, the ancients did not produce a single work of art truly worthy of the name.

Amongst the iconic statues, not imperial, we will name: a *Tiridates*, to whom Nero gave the kingdom of Armenia, and whom he received at Rome with oriental magnificence. This figure is remarkable for its Asiatic costume, the purple *candys* on the white tunic, the pantaloons called *anaxyrides*, and the *samphera*, or sword of the Parthians. Two figures of *Antinous*. We know that Hadrian's beautiful favourite lost his life in saving his master from drowning in the Nile. The emperor was so inconsolable for his loss that he made him a god. "That extra god," says Chateaubriand, "whom he bequeathed to the Romans, worthy recipients of the gift." It was just at the time when Roman artists (or perhaps we should say those of Roman Greece), in their endeavour to infuse new life into enervated sculpture, sought for models in ancient Greece, Etruria, and even Egypt. The beautiful youth of Bithynia became their constant model; they converted him into a new Apollo, a new type of manly beauty. Of the two statues in the Louvre, one represents

him as Hercules, but probably the head only is that of Antinoüs, and the body that of Commodus; the other, as Aristæus, the Thessalian hero, became the god of bees, of flocks, and of olives. In the latter, which is perfectly well preserved, Antinoüs wears the costume of a shepherd—the *petasus*, or straw hat, the half tunic which leaves the right arm free, and the leather boots called *perones*.

Amongst the Roman busts we will briefly name in chronological order: an *Agrippa*, an excellent portrait of the real conqueror of Actium. A *Domitius Corbulo*, whom Nero never forgave for introducing the honour and virtue of Rome into the camp, thereby condemning the crimes of the Cæsars. A *Nero*, in which this last offshoot of the hateful race of Augustus is represented in a sideral crown with eight rays. A *Domitian*, whose portraits are as rare as those of Caligula, for the senate proscribed even his memory. A colossal *Antinoüs*, as Osiris, who once had the *lotus*, the sacred plant of Egypt, on his head, precious stones in his eyelids, and gilt bronze draperies on his shoulders. A *Lucius Verus*, a delicate and pleasing portrait of the adopted brother of Marcus Aurelius, of that effeminate type of Roman *petits-maîtres*, who powdered their hair and beard with gold dust. A *Septimus Severus*, wearing the ancient mantle

of heavy stuff, called *læna* by the Romans, and χλαινα or χλοενη by the Greeks. It is mentioned by Homer, and by a return to ancient fashions, it finally superseded the toga. A *Caracalla* and a *Geta*, the brothers who shared the imperial throne for a short time, until one stabbed the other. We recognise Caracalla not only by his ferocious expression, but also by the inclination of his head to the left, in imitation of Alexander the Great. A *Plautilla*, the wife of this insane monster. A *Matidia*, the amiable and virtuous niece of Trajan. A *Faustina*, mother of the first Antoninus; a younger *Faustina*, the lascivious wife of Marcus Aurelius, give instances of the strange head-dresses adopted by Roman ladies in lieu of the simple braids of hair which the Greek ladies bound so tastily with coloured ribbons. The former wore large ugly wigs called *casque* (*galerus* or *galericulum*), of every fantastic, absurd, and inconceivable shape, which were usually made of red hair imported from Germania. There are some bust portraits of this period, which, for greater accuracy, have the wig of coloured stone, made to take off and on, so that it could be changed at will.

Lastly, of the bas-reliefs made at Rome, and which were nearly all external ornaments of sarcophagi, we will select for notice: two of those

solemn sacrifices which were offered up every five years in each quarter of the Eternal City, called *suovetaurilia*, because the magistrate ordered the *victimarii* to immolate a pig (*sus*), a sheep (*ovis*), and a bull (*taurus*). The larger and coarser one better illustrates all the details of the sacrifice, and the smaller is of more delicate execution; one will delight antiquaries, the other artists. A *Conclamatio*, a funeral ceremony, in which the dead are loudly called to the sound of warlike instruments, to ascertain if life be really extinct. In this bas-relief we see the straight trumpet of the Roman infantry (the *tuba*), and the curved trumpet of the cavalry (the *lituus*). The *Prætorian soldiers*, to whom an *adlocutio* is perhaps being addressed. In this grand bas-relief we may profitably study the entire costume of Roman soldiers; the long, oval shield, the breastplate fitting to the chest, the short, broad, and heavy swords, which inflicted such terrible blows in a hand-to-hand conflict. The centurion has a winged thunderbolt on his shield, as a token that he belonged to the famous twelfth legion, called *legio fulminans*.

With regard to these iconic statues, both Greek and Roman, I may perhaps be allowed to make one closing remark applicable to the works of our own day. In almost all these marble portraits

the pupils of the eyes are represented, sometimes even by enamels. Remembering this, and also that Donatello, Michael Angelo, and the great artists of their age added pupils to the eyes of their statues, I would no longer accept the excuse of modern sculptors, who omit this most essential part of the human head, even in their portraits, urging the interests of the *honour of art*, and the example of the ancients! On the contrary, I could wish them to imitate the ancients in this particular, and their contemporary, Houdon, who, following Coysevox, the Constou, Girardon, and Pigalle, made two marble portraits of Voltaire and Molière, which are admirable because he succeeded in giving expression to the eyes, without which there can be neither life nor resemblance.

BOOK II.

MODERN SCULPTURE.

IN the happy age called the reign of the Antonines, from Nerva to Marcus Aurelius, and especially under Hadrian, surnamed *reparator orbis*, a great and noble effort of renaissance was made in every branch of art. The numerous statues of Antinous, together with the images of the Cæsars, and the bas-reliefs of the Trajan column, suffice to show us that the sculptors of Imperial Rome were able, at this time, to contest the palm with those of Republican Greece. Before the era of the Antonines, however, art had declined, and after it all true culture was entirely abandoned. When Rome had enriched herself with the spoils of the world, her wealth, as we have before observed, vitiated her taste, and she learned to care more for riches than for beauty, for the precious metals than for the ordinary materials of the arts. Pompey exhibited his portrait made in pearls, and Nero conceived the

idea of gilding the bronze *Alexander* of Lysippus, after having a picture painted of himself one hundred and twenty feet high, which Pliny called *insanium in pictura.* We have also noticed that the statue of the Emperor Pupienus, killed in a revolt in 236, is the last work of antiquity—that is to say, executed before the triumph of Christianity—to be found in the museums of Europe.

When Constantine transferred the seat of the new empire to Byzantium, he took with him many of the objects of art which had embellished Rome. We know, for instance, that he had four hundred and twenty-seven statues placed in the temple of St. Sophia alone. The gods and heroes of paganism were adapted to suit the requirements of the new religion, in the same manner that basilicas and prætorian justice halls were transformed into chuches. But Constantine was not accompanied by artists capable of producing statues of equal merit, although he ordered images of Jesus, Mary, and the apostles. It was the material, not the execution of these statues, which was valued. When Anastasius enumerates the gifts presented to the churches by Constantine, he mentions eighteen statues in solid silver, namely: "The Saviour seated, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds; the twelve apostles, ninety pounds each; four

angels of one hundred and twenty pounds weight each, with eyes made of precious stones," etc. A single fact is enough to prove to what an extent the horrible taste for the fantastic and impossible was carried at this time. Constantine's historians relate that he also ordered a group which combined the portraits of his three sons, Constantine, Constantius, and Constans. This group, in porphyry, had three bodies, six arms, and six legs, but only one head, which alternately gave the likeness of each of the three brothers, according to the point of view of the spectator. The first Christians had none of the enlightened taste and enthusiasm for the fine arts of the polytheists; their ignorance and prejudice were alike profound. When the Apostle Paul visited Athens (about A.D. 50) it still possessed almost all its masterpieces of ancient times; the Acropolis was still an unrivalled museum; "but all these wonders," says M. E. Renan, "affected the apostle little; he saw the most perfect things that ever existed, that ever will exist, . . . and he was unmoved; he did not tremble. The prejudices of the iconoclast Jew blinded him, and rendered him insensible to the beauties of plastic art; he took these incomparable images for idols. . . . Ah, fair and chaste images, true gods, true goddesses, tremble before him who will raise the hammer

against you. The fatal word is pronounced, you are idols; the error of this ill-favoured Jew (ce laid petit Juif) will be your death warrant." At Athens Paul saw only the altar to the "Unknown God," and of his own authority he conferred it upon the God of the Jews, the only God, the unnamed God.

It was indeed a death warrant pronounced by a stupid and lamentable hatred. After the pagan reaction of Julian, surnamed the Apostate, the Christians in blind fury set to work to destroy all the vestiges of antiquity, all the objects of art. "Burning to annihilate all that could recall paganism, the Christians," says Vasari, "destroyed the marvellous statues, sculptures, paintings, even the images of great men which adorned the public buildings." Rome, Athens, and Constantinople alone were able to preserve a few relics of antiquity Everywhere else pagan works were thrown under the hammer, the wheels of chariots, or into burning furnaces; and such was the popular fury, that it was necessary, when antique statues were to be removed from one capital to another, to bind them like criminals, and give out that they were going to be exposed to the ridicule of the faithful in the places of execution. The writings of the fathers, and the sermons of the bishops, excited such

violent prejudices, that the first Christian emperors were compelled to issue several edicts for the destruction of idols, and this destruction was so general and complete, that when Honorius renewed the order that they should be broken, for the fourth time, he added: "If any still remain, *si qua etiam nunc in templis fanisque consistunt.*"

Need I say more of the outrages of the iconoclasts? need I repeat that these sectarians, in the East at least, succeeded in destroying all ancient sculptures, and that, interpreting the sacred text literally, they prevented any new cultivation of the art? When jewellery was preferred to everything else, and when painting was confined to enamels, gems, and chasings on gold or silver, sculpture produced nothing but miniature figures in one metal, or in a combination of different metals. The only architectural art of the Lower Empire was the mosaic.

We must therefore return to the west for the revival of sculpture and the renaissance of all the arts.

CHAPTER I.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE.

WE cannot pause to notice the crude productions of the first Christian age in Italy; they are not even essays in art. When beauty was proscribed as fatal and culpable, when the Fathers said, with Minucius Felix, "impure spirits are hidden in statues," what use could art make of stone and marble? In the ruins of some of the earliest churches we find thick and clumsy blocks, without shape or expression, supposed to represent a god or a saint, reminding us of the primitive divinities of Greece before the time of Dædalus; or chimerical monsters forming the gargoyles of the roofs of churches, disguised under the name of devils; that is all. In France and Germany alone we find the beginnings of a national art at this epoch. In Italy, then, we will pass with one huge stride over the entire interval between the Antonines and the Renaissance, and begin our work with the Middle Age.

It was not at Rome, but in ancient Etruria, in republican Tuscany, that the revival of the arts began, and the first result was the reform of sculpture. The chief honour of this reform belongs to Nicola of Pisa, who was the Giotto of statuary. He was the first to study the bas-reliefs representing a chase of Hippolytus or of Meleager, on the sarcophagus containing the body of Beatrice, mother of the famous Countess Matilda. He mastered the style of the ancients, and succeeded in imitating it in the pulpits of Siena and Pisa, and later in the tomb of St. Dominic at Bologna. He was called *Nicola dell' urna*, because, in 1231, he made the beautiful urn of the founder of the Inquisition. What a difference between the works of this first reformer of art and the rough bas-reliefs produced less than half a century earlier by a certain Anselm—called, however, *Dædalus alter*—to commemorate the retaking of Milan from Frederic Barbarossa! After Nicola of Pisa come, successively, his son Giovanni; his pupil Arnolfo; the brothers Agostino and Agnolo of Sienna; then Andrea of Pisa; Andrea Orcagna, a universal artist, a Michael Angelo anticipated;* and lastly, Ghiberti, Donatello, Della Robbia, and Sansovino, all of Florence.

* He signed his sculptures, Fece Andrea di Cione, pittore; and his paintings, Fece Andrea di Cione, scultore.

Lorenzo Ghiberti (1378—1455) is chiefly known as the author of the bronze gates of the Baptistery of Florence. He was not more than twenty years old when the great work ordered by the Commune was awarded to him, with the approbation even of his rival competitors Brunelleschi and Donatello.* In his biography of Ghiberti, Vasari describes in detail the sixty subjects of the bas-reliefs of the three gates, at which Ghiberti worked as sculptor, chaser, and founder, for forty years of his life. Although the plans and groups of these bas-reliefs may with justice be called too complicated, Michael Angelo said that the gates of the Baptistery were worthy to be those of Paradise. "This masterpiece," adds Vasari, "is perfect in every part, and is the finest in the world."

Donatello, or Donato (1383—1466), who was an orphan, educated by charity, succeeded equally well with full relief, high, low, and very low relief, and has left his best works to his country. To the carpenter's guild, a marble *St. Mark;* to the *Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio*, a bronze *Judith;* to the Uffizi Gallery, an *Elfin Dance*, a *David*, conqueror of Goliath, and a *St. John the Baptist*, emaciated by

* So says Vasari, but as Donatello was five years younger than Ghiberti, it is probable that the historian of painters and sculptors is wrong in placing him amongst the competitors.

fasting. This last work is a marvellous representation of the inspired forerunner, of the zealous locust eater; it is one of the productions of that stern and conscientious Donatello, who, in the midst of the fêtes given at Padua in his honour, could write down the profound thought: "If I remained here, where every one flatters me, I should soon forget what I know; but in my own country criticism will keep me vigilant and compel me to advance." Connoisseurs compare this *John the Baptist* to the *St. George* of the *Or-San-Michele* at Florence alone, and the *Fra Barduccio Cherichini*, in one of the niches of the *Campanile*, is the only sculpture preferred to it. The last named, commonly called *lo Zuccone* (the bald-head), was Donatello's favourite work, and when he had finished it, he exclaimed, like Pygmalion to Galatea, "Speak! speak!" (Favella! favella!) and was in the habit of swearing "by the faith I have in my Zuccone!"

Luca della Robbia (1400—1481) is supposed to have invented the process of enamelling terra-cottas; he preceded Bernard Palissy by about a century, but neither of them laid claim to the invention of enamel. The Greeks, the Phœnicians, even the Egyptians, were familiar with the art of coating terra-cotta objects with glazed colours. Della Robbia adapted it to sculpture, Palissy to pottery,

and the enamellers on metal to painting. We have some very valuable works by Della Robbia in the Louvre; a *St. Sebastian* bound to a trunk of a tree, which seems to be merely a trial of the style, for the only part glazed is the white cloth round the loins. *The Virgin adoring the Infant Saviour*, a kind of bas-relief in the centre of a round frame rather like a large plate, is another specimen of the process, but incomplete also, for (with the exception of the eyes, which are black) the entire group, figures and draperies alike, is glazed white, on a ground of two colours—blue for the sky, and green for the landscape. We see the invention brought to perfection in a *Madonna holding the Infant Jesus*, a very fine group in full relief, the different parts of which are glazed in all the colours which would be employed in a painting, with the beautiful varnish called *invetriato* by the Tuscans.

Sansovino (Jacobo Tatti) was born at Florence in 1479, and left a *Bacchus* to the Uffizi Gallery, which will bear comparison with that by Michael Angelo; but he took up his abode at Venice, where he was summoned and retained by the doge, Andrea Gritti, after having first worked at Rome under Julius II. Duke Cosmo, Duke Hercules, and Pope Paul III. all urged him to devote his

double talent, as a sculptor and an architect, to their respective capitals, Florence, Ferrara, and Rome; but according to Vasari, he replied to all their solicitations: "Having the good fortune to reside in a republic, it would be madness to go and live under an absolute prince." The principal works produced for Venice by Sansovino have remained in the rich and altogether oriental church of St. Mark. The most important are the four bronze statues of the *Evangelists* in the choir, and still more admirable is the magnificent gate of the sacristy, behind the altar, also of bronze; an astonishing work, at which Tatti is said to have laboured for thirty years. Amongst the designs on this gate, Sansovino has placed his own bust in relief, between those of his two friends, Titian and Aretino, who, however, can lay little claim to sanctity.

The equestrian statue of the famous *condottiere* Bartolommeo Colleoni of Bergamo, in the small lateral piazza of the church of *San Giovanni San Paolo* (in common parlance, *San Zanipolo*) at Venice, also belongs to the fifteenth century. It was designed by the Florentine Andrea Verrocchio —who was a painter, sculptor, engraver, jeweller, and musician—and was cast in bronze by Alessandro Leonardo, who also executed the graceful

Corinthian pedestal which supports it. This celebrated equestrian statue, one of the first produced by the Renaissance, is eulogised by Cicognara in the following terms: "The horse seems ready to descend from its pedestal. Its movements are full

Fig. 43.—Equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni.

of energy, without being exaggerated. The rider is majestic, and, although clothed in iron mail, he could not sit more easily and gracefully. Without prejudice to progress, we think we may say that no more beautiful work has since been produced in this style."

This age can also claim one of the most marvellous works ever produced by sculpture, which is placed in the kind of semicircular gallery which runs round the choir of the *Duomo* of Milan. It is the statue of a flayed man, called *St. Bartholomew*, on account of the legend. Imagine a human body, as large as life, entirely deprived of its skin, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, standing in the natural position of a man free from pain, and wearing this skin flung over his shoulder like a mantle. Imagine, further, the greatest beauty of form, the strictest truth of action, the most incredible perfection of execution of the muscles, the nerves, the bones, the sinews, the veins ; of all the details revealed by anatomy, and you will have an idea of this strange masterpiece, which, for patient and scrupulous chiselling, is probably unsurpassed by any ancient or modern work. The very colour of the marble, which has assumed a reddish tint, aids the illusion and adds to the admirable effect. Beneath this strange statue is the following inscription :

"Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrates."

The name of the author is all that is known of its history. This Agratus, Agrates, or Agrati, or whatever he is called, is alluded to in no biography, in no book on art ; his birth, his death, his country,

the time at which he lived, are alike unknown, and I know of no other production of his chisel. Most probably, like a Benedictine, he worked all his life at this kind of *infolio* in marble, and died content after having proudly compared himself to Praxiteles. This statue of the *Flayed Man* would be more appropriately placed in a museum than in a church.

We have now come to Michael Angelo.

We know that Michael Angelo Buonarroti was born in 1474, in the castle of Caprese, in the Casentino. He was of a noble family, which reckoned the famous Countess Matilda among its ancestors. His nurse was the wife of a stone-cutter, and the young Angelo showed germs of his artistic genius even in his cradle. Speaking of him, Vasari says: "While the best artists were endeavouring by the light of Giotto and his followers to give the world examples of such power as the benignity of their stars and the varied character of their fantasies enabled them to command, and while desiring to imitate the perfection of nature by the excellence of art, they were struggling to attain that high comprehension which men call Intelligence, and were universally toiling, but for the most part in vain, the Ruler of Heaven was pleased to turn the eyes of his clemency towards

earth, and perceiving the fruitlessness of so many efforts, the ardent studies pursued without any result, ... deigned to send to the world a spirit endowed with universality of power* in each art and in every profession, capable of showing by himself alone what is the perfection of art, ... in painting, . . . sculpture, . . . and architecture. . . . The Almighty Creator was also pleased to accompany the above with the comprehension of true Philosophy, and the adornment of graceful Poesy, to the end that the world . . . might admire in him an example of blamelessness in life and every action, as well as of perfection in all his works; insomuch that he might be considered by us a nature rather divine than human." †

The mask of a faun's head, sculptured by Michael Angelo in marble as an amusement when a child, and which revealed his vocation, and led to his immediate admission into the academy of Lorenzo the Magnificent, is carefully preserved in the museum *degl' Uffizi* at Florence. "Your faun is old," the Duke had said to the young artist, "and you have left him all his teeth. Have you not noticed that old people always have some missing?"

* Historian of painters and sculptors, you are now forgetful of Fra Angelico, Masaccio, and Leonardo da Vinci!

† Mrs. Jonathan Forster's translation. Vol. v. pp. 227 and 228.

Michael Angelo at once broke one of his faun's teeth, and scooped out the gum. Near this youthful attempt are his great unfinished bas-relief of *Mary, Jesus, and St. John;* his *Apollo,* a mere rough-hewn block ; and his *Brutus,* which is scarcely even that. Michael Angelo often set to work on a block of marble without any preparation, without a sketch or a clay model. Sometimes he had not enough marble for his plan, or he cut it too deeply, and then, unable to realise his idea, he would leave the block but half-hewn.* But no amateur or artist will grumble at not seeing these excellent works finely finished ; for, as in a painter's sketch, they can here see the sculptor's first crude thought, and the secret of his mode of working is

* Beneath the *Brutus*, the following distich has been engraved :—

"Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et obstupuit."

(When the sculptor was carving the figure of Brutus in marble, he remembered his crime, and, in his stupor, he paused.)

The President De Brosses relates that one day Lord Sandwich was looking at the *Brutus*, and shocked at the blame of this great republican, he at once composed the following contradictory distich :—

"Brutum effecisset sculptor, sed mente recursat
Tanta viri virtus, sistit et obstupuit."

(The sculptor would have finished Brutus, but at the thought of the virtue of this great man, he suddenly stopped, discouraged.)

revealed. Truly this secret is worthy of study, and it is easy to see to what perfection the artist could attain when he chose to work patiently, because the *Drunken Bacchus*, which is probably his most

Fig. 44.—Ivy-crowned Bacchus. (Florence.)

delicate and highly finished work, is near at hand. Instead of the passion, the stern pride of the *Moses* at Rome, the *Bacchus* is full of grace and tenderness. Crowned with ivy and vine leaves, he is

pressing grapes into a cup, from which a little satyr, wrapped in a goat's skin, is trying to drink unobserved. The smiling mouth, the sleepy eyes, the languid attitude, the apparent difficulty in remaining standing, all admirably express the effects of drunkenness.

Florence may count herself fortunate in having collected these productions of her illustrious son; for we learn with dismay how many of Michael Angelo's works, besides his celebrated cartoon of the *Pisan War*, have perished and disappeared from the world, leaving no trace but their name. In 1492, a *Colossal Hercules*, sent to Charles VIII. of France; in 1495, a *Sleeping Cupid*, sent to the Duke of Mantua; in 1501, a bronze *David*, obtained by a certain Florimond Robertet of Blois; in 1507, the bronze statue of Pope Julius II., broken by the rebellious Bolognese; then a picture of *Leda*, sold to Francis I. by the servant at Michael Angelo's studio, and burnt one hundred years afterwards by order of a confessor of the queen; and lastly, the *Marginal Dante*, in which he had sketched the greater part of the figures and incidents of the *Divina Commedia*. All these form a very long and sad catalogue—a gloomy mortuary table.

The chief of the works which Florence prides

herself on possessing are not in the Museum of Florence, but in the sacristy of the old church *di San Lorenzo*, originally built in the fourth century, and consecrated by St. Ambrosius, but reconstructed in 1425, after Brunelleschi's designs. This splendid edifice, built by order of Clement VII., is called the Medici Chapel.

It is a strange fact that Michael Angelo was working at this funereal chapel when he was called upon to defend republican Florence against the Medicis. Everything in it, even the altar, in front of which is the *Virgin nursing the Infant Jesus*, is from the hand of the great master, with the exception of the statues of Saints *Cosmo* and *Damian*, by his pupils Montorsoli and Raffaello da Montelupo. On one side is the *Mausoleum of Giuliano Medici*, in which the statue of the Duke is placed over the figures of the *Day* and of the *Night;* on the other, the *Mausoleum of Lorenzo Medici*, Duke of Urbino, with whose statue are the *Early Dawn* and *Evening*. This statue, one of the masterpieces of modern sculpture, is famous under the name of *Pensieroso*, on account of the melancholy and thoughtful attitude in which Michael Angelo has represented this precocious tyrant. Of the four allegorical figures, equally gloomy, morose, and terrible, the *Evening* and *Night* are the most

admired. To the latter Giam-Battista Strozzi addressed the following verses :—

> La Notte che tu vedi in si dolci atti
> Dormire, fu da un angelo scolpita
> In questo sasso; e, perchè dorme, ha vita;
> Destala, se no'l credi, e parleratti.*

The stern Michael Angelo made his statue answer in the following bitter epigram, a satire on his own age, and on many another :—

> Grato m' è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso,
> Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura;
> Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura.
> Però non mi destar : deh ! parla basso.†

Rome, where Michael Angelo spent the second part of his long life, and for which he executed his great works in painting and architecture, has also inherited some of the fine productions of his chisel. The cathedral of Christendom, St. Peter's, possesses the celebrated *Madonna della Pietà*, sculptured by Michael Angelo when eighty-four years old, after the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, before the erection of the cupola. And the church

* "*Night*, whom you see sleeping so calmly, was sculptured in this stone by an angel; she sleeps, she lives. Awake her if you doubt, and she will speak to you."

† "It is pleasant to me to sleep, and still more do I prefer to be of stone, in this age of the triumph of evil and shame. It is a great advantage to me to see nothing, to feel nothing. Therefore wake me not : ah ! speak low."

of Minerva, which still retains the name of the heathen temple, contains the no less celebrated statue called the *Christ* of Michael Angelo; an angry and avenging Christ, the repetition, in marble, of the thought, at least, embodied in that of the *Last Judgment.* But we shall find a still more famous work if we ascend a steep hill, called in ancient Rome the *Vicus Sceleratus*—because Tullia is said there to have crushed her father's body under the wheels of her chariot—and enter the old basilica of St. Peter in chains (San Pietro in Vincola), which has been restored several times since its foundation under Pope Leo the Great, but has always retained its primitive form. It contains the mausoleum of Julius II. and the *Moses* of Michael Angelo.

One word of preliminary explanation.

There were points of similarity in the genius and character of the two men, pope and artist, which tended both to unite and separate them. And the event proved this. Julius II. had hardly ascended the pontifical throne before he conceived the idea of perpetuating his memory by a magnificent mausoleum, and having chosen Michael Angelo to execute it, he summoned him from Florence for the purpose. Michael Angelo, who was then only twenty-nine years old, soon presented to

the pope a plan of the most colossal tomb that modern art ever attempted to construct. It was to be a combination of architecture and sculpture, a decorated edifice. Imagine an extremely massive quadrangle, with niches in the sides, containing Victories, and in the angles terminal figures forming pilasters, on which the figures of captives were to be placed; on this large basement a second narrower massive block, surrounded with colossal statues of prophets and sibyls, was to be added; and that, in its turn, surmounted by a pyramidal mass, entirely covered with allegorical figures in bronze. Such was the composition of which engraving has preserved Michael Angelo's sketch. It would have been as large as the mausoleum of Augustus, which towered above all the buildings of heathen Rome. The artist began the work, but his disagreements with Julius II. soon ensued, and he fled to Florence, to Bologna, to Venice, and even thought of going to Constantinople, where he was invited by the Sultan Soliman, to erect a bridge between that town and the suburb of Pera. He did not return to the pope at Bologna until he was sent as Florentine ambassador by the Gonfalonier Soderini. After their reconciliation, the pope ordered him to make his statue in bronze, but it was broken by the

Bolognese in a revolt, and made into a cannon called the Giulia.* It was long afterwards, when Paul III. commanded him to paint the fresco of the *Last Judgment*, that an arrangement was entered into, at the suggestion of the pontiff, between Michael Angelo and the heirs of Julius II., which resulted in the reduction of the mausoleum to its actual proportions. Of the original plan, nothing was finished but one *Victory*, now at Florence, two *Captives*, in the Louvre, and one of the prophets, the *Moses*, an allegorical portrait of Julius II., forming part of his actual mausoleum, and entirely executed by Michael Angelo himself.†

This colossal Moses is seated, holding the tables of the Law in his right hand, and stroking the long beard, which flows over his breast, with one finger. On his head, which is slightly turned to the left, are the two horns, ascribed to him by tradition, which, springing from his thick hair, exactly resemble those of a young calf or goat. Perhaps Michael Angelo, like all his contemporary artists, was in love with ancient mythology, and wished

* It was when he was making the model of this statue, that Michael Angelo said to the warrior pope: "Would it not be well, Holy Father, to put a book in the hand?" "Put a sword," answered Julius; "I know nothing of letters."

† There were to have been four large figures: *Active* and *Contemplative Life*, *St. Paul*, and the *Moses*. (Vasari.)

to give Moses the symbols of the god Pan, of the Great-All, which metaphorically represented all nature, embracing all creatures, and was at that time confounded with the Egyptian Osiris. Or he may have intended to produce a portrait of his regretted master, Savonarola, whose face somewhat resembled a goat's, and whose peculiar eyes were called *occhj caprini* by his contemporaries.

Many things have been criticised in this figure; the head is said to be too small for the immense beard, the legs too long for the feet, the body thick, and the gaiters and flannel robe unsuitable to each other. Lastly, with more truth, it is urged that some of the details are scarcely worked out, hardly even rough-hewn. The last fault, if it be one, is common to nearly all Michael Angelo's works, for he cared no more for small effects in chiselling a statue than he did in painting a picture, or in sketching the plan of a building. It should also be remembered that the *Moses* is a colossal figure, intended to be seen at a certain height. But however much foundation there may be for these criticisms, this faulty *Moses* is none the less its author's masterpiece of sculpture, and probably also of all modern statuary. To find its equal it would be necessary to go back to antiquity, for I see nothing like it in the works of Donatello,

Sansovino, Puget, or Canova. I shall not, therefore, pause to defend it from the charge of faults of detail, but remark, in my turn, that the anatomical drawing of the feet, hands, arms, and face, may be compared to that of the most perfect specimens left by the ancients. In speaking of Michael Angelo, I prefer to follow his mode of procedure in the arts; and to say, that taken as a whole, his *Moses* is the grandest and most admirable emblem of strength, severity, and power, ever produced; and that never have those various qualities which give authority, and constitute the superiority of one man over his fellows, been so fully expressed. His irresistible glance seems to be overawing a mutinous people, and reducing them to submission at his feet. He is indeed the stern legislator of the Hebrews, armed with the terrible Law. I do not believe that, celebrated as they were in antiquity, the *Jupiter Olympius*, the *Juno* of Samos, or the *Minervas* of Athens, were more majestic, more fearful, or better calculated to inspire the populace with terror and religious awe. Vasari says of this statue: "So well, at a word, has the artist rendered the divinity which the Almighty had imparted to the most holy countenance of that great lawgiver. At a word, the sculptor has completed his work in such a sort that Moses may be truly

affirmed more than ever to merit his name of the friend of God; and to Michael Angelo the care of preparing his resurrection was intrusted. Nay, the Jews are to be seen every Saturday, or on their Sunday, hurrying . . . to visit and worship this figure, not as a work of the human hand, but as something divine." (Mrs. Forster's translation, p. 249.)

We have already said that the Louvre may pride itself on possessing a work by this Titan of art. We allude to the two *Captives* which were to have been placed in the angles of the monument to Julius II. One, perhaps the more beautiful, is incomplete, like the monument itself. The head is scarcely chiselled, the neck hardly rough-hewn. Fortunately no sacrilegious hand has dared to finish the work of Michael Angelo. And who could complain at seeing his mode of working revealed to them, as in the *Brutus* of the *Uffizi*.* Are not the features of the one *Captive*, barely indicated as they are, as suggestive, indeed as full of admirable expression, as those of its highly finished companion? Is not every limb of both full of

* We can see, for instance, how in the first rough hewing of the marble Michael Angelo tried to imitate the sinuous lines, the curves, the *serpentine forms*, as he himself called them, of which the human figure is always made up in every attitude and every variety of action.

suffering and humiliation; in the one borne with resignation, in the other with gloomy impatience? Rightly to admire these grand figures, we have only to remember what they are, or rather what they were to have been; and before them we repeat the exclamation of the sculptor Falconnet: "I have seen Michael Angelo; he is appalling!"

On the high altar of Notre Dame at Bruges, a celebrated *Madonna* is shown, said to be by Michael Angelo. In the north, where statuary is always poor, its chief material, marble, being wanting, this *Madonna* was sure to excite extraordinary admiration. It is indeed a very fine group, in a noble, lofty, and solemn style. The Virgin is seated, and, like a Byzantine *Madonna*, she is clothed to the throat, and her head is covered with a veil, but all the draperies are light and graceful. The Holy Child stands between her knees, as in Raphael's *Madonna with the Goldfinch;* he is naked, his attitude easy, and the modelling of his flesh perfect. On the whole, I admit that the too often misapplied title of masterpiece may rightly be bestowed on this beautiful group. But is it by Michael Angelo? Doubt is justifiable on this question, and I do not hesitate to doubt. When a fine piece of Italian sculpture arrives in

Flanders, and is enthusiastically admired, it is naturally at once ascribed to the greatest Italian sculptor. But where is the historic proof? Some tale, I know not what, is told of its capture, when on its way from one town of Italy to another, by an Algerian corsair, which in its turn was taken by a Dutch vessel. But this is only one of those vague traditions which may sanction a fable, but do not establish a truth. It undoubtedly requires more insight to recognise a sculptor's than a painter's touch, and to ascribe a piece of statuary to the right author with absolute certainty is very difficult. But for this reason we are more at liberty to deny, or at least to doubt, that such a work is by such a sculptor. In this case, most decidedly, the chiselling is softer and more delicate, that is to say, less energetic and powerful, than Michael Angelo's. If, however, this group were by the great Italian master, it would belong to his youth, to the time of the *Bacchus* of Florence, not to that of the *Moses* of Rome. But one material and palpable fact ought, I think, to settle the question. It is that neither the Virgin nor the child have any pupils in their eyes; and I know that amongst all the great Florentine's works there is not one statue or bust without pupils. This seems to me decisive. The style of the group,

although noble and dignified, is not very severe; and this, together with the somewhat fastidious delicacy of many details, leads me to suppose that it does not belong to the epoch closed by Michael Angelo, but might be ascribed, for instance, to Donatello, Della Robbia, or John of Bologna. It resembles still more the works of Sansovino, who was renowned for the lightness of his draperies, and the refinement of the heads of his women and children. But might not this *Madonna* of Bruges be the work of the Florentine Torregiano, or Torregiani, who left his own land out of jealousy of the success of Michael Angelo, and after wandering through France, Flanders, and England, finally died miserably in Spain? Torregiano was called Michael Angelo's rival, and in a boyish quarrel he broke the future master's nose by a blow with his fist. This would be enough to lead tradition to ascribe his work to Michael Angelo himself.

At the same time that the great Florentine was living at Rome, and Sansovino at Venice, another native of Florence was rising into notice; and having left Italy, established himself at Fontainebleau, where he rendered the same services to French sculpture as Andrea del Sarto, Rosso, and Primaticcio had to painting. We allude to Ben-

venuto Cellini (1500—1570), who was a jeweller, an engraver on stone and metal, a founder, a chaser, and a sculptor. He struck the beautiful coins used by Clement VII. at Rome, and Alexander Medici at Florence, and wrote treatises on sculpture, jewellery, and the casting of metals. besides the curious *Memoirs*, in which he relates his strange adventurous life. He left a group of *Perseus cutting off the Medusa's head*, at Florence, in front of the fine portico of Orcagna called the *Loggie de' Lanzi;* and in France he sculptured the *Nymph of Fontainebleau*, now in the Louvre. It is scarcely a group or a statue, but rather a high relief cast in bronze. A nude female of colossal size, with limbs of inordinate length, supports herself on the left arm in a semi-recumbent position, whilst the right is round the neck of a stag, the head of which, with its huge horns, projects beyond the rest of the group. Cellini was soon driven from the court of Francis I. by the scorn of the Duchesse D'Etampes, and this nymph of the woods, this huntress Diana, is the most important of the works produced by him during his sojourn there. It was placed in an arched frame, and intended to decorate the tympanum of the *Porte Dorée* at Fontainebleau; but Diana of Poitiers persuaded Henry II. to give it to her, and placed

it over the entrance of her chateau of Anet. Near this *Nymph* are two splendid chased vases in Florentine bronze, also attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, but there is no proof that he is their author: the material, style, and beauty of workmanship alone warrant the idea.

Ammanato, a worthy pupil of Sansovino, constructed the inner court of the Pitti Palace, and sculptured the beautiful fountain, which bears his name, for the public garden—the colossal *Neptune*, drawn by four sea-horses. After him, Italian sculpture passed into the hands of a Neapolitan, Lorenzo Bernini; and at the same time Italian painting, finally deserting the Bolognese, was most successfully practised by another native of Naples, Luca Giordano. The two *great sisters*, as Vasari calls them, simultaneously declined.

The *Cavaliere* Bernini (1598—1680), who was ostentatiously called *the second Michael Angelo*, was the arbiter of the taste of Europe, and the judge of all artistic matters in Italy for half a century, and under nine different popes. Louis XIV. summoned him to Paris in 1665, to advise him about the restoration of the Louvre; and we think that had Bernini lived when art was at its zenith, he might have been a great man; but coming as he did, when the decadence had set in,

he yielded to its influence, and instead of checking, he encouraged its progress. As an architect, he erected the pretentious circular piazza forming the approach to the cupola of St. Peter's, by the great Florentine. As a sculptor he executed the pulpit and canopy of the sovereign pontiff and the tomb of Urban VIII., with its two huge masculine-looking attendant figures, from whose breasts the milk of *Justice and Charity* flows upon the body of the dead pope. The last named is probably Bernini's best work. His style of sculpture somewhat resembled Rubens's painting, minus the colour.

Algardi was as full of affectation as Bernini of pretension, and he flourished about the same time, 1583 to 1654. As a sculptor he scarcely equalled Albano. Encouraged by these two chiefs of the decadence, and also by Luca *Fa presto,* depraved taste now sanctioned even frivolous productions. At Naples visitors are always taken to the San Severo chapel and expected to admire the sculptures which it contains. There we see a recumbent *Christ* under a sheet, through which the outline of the nose, shoulders, and knees may be discerned ; the statue of a woman, called *Modesty,* because she is completely covered with a kind of damp, clinging garment ; and lastly, the allegorical personification

of a human soul extricating itself from vice—that is to say, a sort of human fish trying to break the meshes of a marble net, in which, of course, the devil had entangled it. There may be a certain ease of workmanship in these strange productions of Antonio Corradini, even as there is dexterity of touch in the works of Van Loo and Boucher; but for all that they evidently belong to a school still more inferior than that of Bernini—a degeneration from his, in fact; and their influence is so fatal to the cause of art, t at we only allude to them for the sake of warning every one against even looking at them, and urging sensible men never to sanction the production of such monstrous anomalies, either by visiting or praising them. In them we have execution without style or taste, manual power without soul or spirit.

To find Italian sculpture once more rising to the position of a great art, and realising the ideal, we must pass on to Antonio Canova (1747—1822), who, like Giotto and Mantegna, rose from the position of a herdsman to that of an artist. In the room appropriated to bas-reliefs in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice is preserved the precious porphyry urn containing Canova's right hand; his heart is in the church of the *Frari*, and the rest of his body in the village of Possagno. Beneath

this urn his chisel is suspended, and the following inscription engraved :—

> Quod mutui amoris monumentum
> Idem gloriæ incitamentum sit.*

Canova only left one group, *Dædalus and Icarus*, to Venice, although he died there. It was one of his earliest productions, yet it fully revealed his powers. It formed part of the Barbarigo collection, now dispersed. We must look for Canova's works at Rome. In the church of the Holy Apostles (SS. Apostoli) we find the mausoleum of Clement XIV. ; in the basilica of St. Peter's, the tomb of Pius VI., that of the Stuarts, and the still more celebrated *monumento di Rezzonico* to Clement XIII. ; and lastly, in the Vatican, such of his sculptures as have received the perilous honour of being mixed with the most valuable relics of ancient Greece. These are, the *Wrestlers*, *Damoxenus and Creugas*,† which are very inferior to those of Florence—they are appropriately called the boxers, for they express nothing but clumsy brute force — and the statue of *Perseus*, which Canova did not hesitate to undertake, although he was familiar with that by Benvenuto Cellini, and

* May this monument, the memorial of a mutual affection, be also an incentive to glory.

† See the history of these pugilists in Pausanias. (Book xiii chap. 40.)

which received the signal honour of filling the place of the *Apollo Belvedere* when the latter was carried off to Paris by the French. The beautiful title of

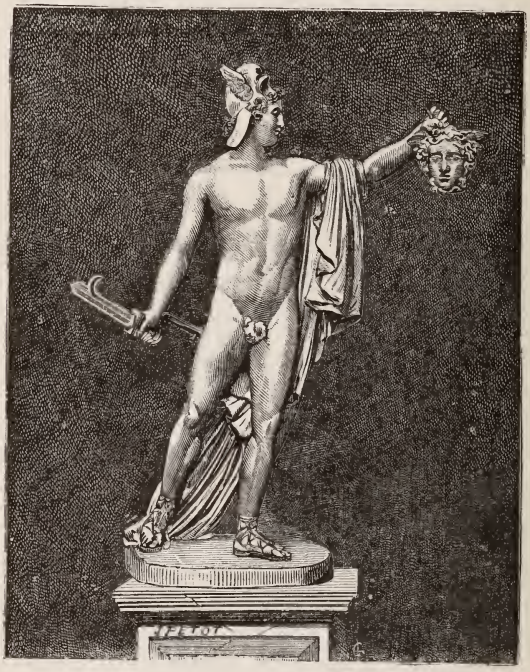

Fig. 46.—The Perseus of Canova. (Rome.)

Consolatrice was also given to it. The face of the Perseus resembles that of the *Apollo*, and this is a fault rather than a merit. It is very delicately finished, and slightly affected. The *Medusa's* head

held in the hero's hand will not terrify any one, for it is that of a young and beautiful woman, with the serpents arranged in such a manner as to resemble the symmetrical locks of the Assyrians. Faithful to the Grecian type, and taking the antique *Medusa* of Munich for his model, Canova succeeded in combining moral deformity with physical beauty, and has given his *Gorgon* that expression of freezing disdain which pierces the soul, and may be fatal.

Canova shared the fate of his country and became a subject of Austria, and his chief works are to be found, not at Rome, but at Vienna. One of them, the mausoleum of Maria Christina of Austria, a daughter of Maria Theresa, and the wife of Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, is in the church of the Augustines, where are also to be seen the entire skeletons of Saints Clement and Victoria, in brocade garments, under glass cases — an edifying spectacle, no doubt, but not so attractive as a fine statue! A funeral procession advances along an open pyramid, the shape of the great sepulchres of antiquity. Veiled Virtue carries an urn containing the ashes of the princess, preceded by weeping maidens typifying Innocence, and followed by Benevolence supporting an old man. On the threshold a weeping spirit, the symbol of the husband, left behind upon the earth, leans against

a lion. Although this ostentatious tomb is somewhat theatrical, and may almost be called heathen, it is undoubtedly a fine work, and the style and effect are alike grand. All these figures combine and harmonise well, they are admirably grouped,

Fig. 47.—Group from the Mausoleum of Maria Christina, by Canova. (Vienna.)

and many of them—one of the young girls, and the old man supported by Benevolence, for instance—would be excellent statues if seen alone. On the whole, we think that the mausoleum of Maria Christina, which is the most important of Canova's

monuments, is as likely to preserve his fame to future generations as any of the tombs which he erected under the vast dome of the Catholic metropolis.

Another of Canova's works, the colossal group of *Theseus conqueror of the Minotaur*, is still more celebrated in the art world. For the worthy reception of this Italian guest a temple was constructed in the Volksgarten (People's Garden) of Vienna, which was an exact copy, in size and shape, of the temple of Theseus at Athens; the material alone is different; plaster has taken the place of the white marble of Pentelicus. Canova's group, like the old statue of the demi-god, is worshipped in this temple, and its priests are a kind of policemen, who open the doors at promenade hours. Except for a Grecian helmet, Theseus is nude, and is raising his club, the weapon of the companion of Alcides, to despatch the monster whom he has just thrown down at his feet. This attitude is perhaps theatrical, the ordinary fault of Canova's large compositions, but the statue as a whole is a splendid study; every limb, every muscle perfectly expresses strength in action. For my part, however, I consider the finest part of the group to be the Minotaur—if such it may still be called, now that sculpture, sacrificing historic truth to beauty of form, has converted the son of Pasiphaë, the

man-bull, into a man-horse, a centaur.* His action under the weight of Theseus, who presses his throat

Fig. 48.—Theseus vanquishing the Minotaur, by Canova. (Vienna.)

with the left arm and his stomach with one knee, is most happily rendered, and full of energy. The

* It is possible, that in spite of the name given to this famous group, the sculptor intended to represent not *Theseus slaying the Minotaur*, but *Theseus killing the Centaur Eurytion*, who carried off the beautiful Hippodamia at the wedding of Pirithoüs. It is the subject of one of the most valuable monochrome drawings on marble found at Pompeii, and collected in the museum of Naples.

head, flung back to the crupper, which is convulsively struggling to raise the double body, the heaving chest, the legs bent under him and apparently broken, the exhausted arms, which only retain sufficient strength to seek a support upon the ground, all together form a splendid whole, which reminds us of the famous antique group of the *Wrestlers*, in which also the conqueror is excelled by the vanquished. In this part of the huge group, even the marble is more beautifully veined and of a closer grain. Suffering is as wonderfully rendered in the *Minotaur* as force in Theseus; and if we must needs be critical, we may notice a decided resemblance between his head and that of the *Laocoon*. The features of Theseus, too, which express anger and scorn, are somewhat like those of the *Pythian Apollo*. The artist may have intended to render a sort of homage to the two great masterpieces of Grecian art in the Vatican, which had served him as models. I noticed one slight fact which proves how thoroughly the young Possagno peasant studied the smallest archæological details, and how well he knew how to turn his improvised education to account. He has given his hero the crushed ears of the pancratiast athletes. It was this Theseus, in fact, who, when king of Athens, founded the lesser Panathenæa, in which

gymnastic games were celebrated; and, like many other illustrious Grecians, even after the heroic age, Pythagoras, Chrysippus, and even the divine Plato, for instance, he is supposed to have taken part in them personally.

Canova also erected another tomb at Florence, that of Alfieri, and was afterwards invited to Paris by Napoleon, and made a member of the Institute. There he left his charming statue of *Repentant Magdalene*, which has passed through so many different collections; and one other work, the group of *Zephyrus carrying off the sleeping Psyche* to the mysterious abode of Cupid, which justly enjoys the exceptional honour of being the only piece of statuary by a foreigner in the French museum of sculpture in the Louvre. This charming, light, and airy group, reproduces all the charms of the tale of Apuleius as translated by La Fontaine. It worthily represents the herdsman transformed into a great artist; so great, indeed, that no modern, not even Michael Angelo himself, succeeded better in imitating the beauty of form, the charm of expression, and the delicate workmanship of the productions of antiquity.

In 1815 he undertook to restore to Italy those objects of art which were seized by France in the time of the exactions of the Empire, that they

might adorn the capital of the continent. For this he has been condemned: but was Canova French or Italian? Were not the treasures which he restored to his country by force first taken from it by force? And if we blamed as much as we regret his mission, how could that affect the merit of his works? Let us be as just to talent as to valour, even in our enemies.

Canova's was the reigning school of Italy until our own age, and is so still. It produced the Dane Thorwaldsen, of whom we shall presently speak, and the Florentine Bartolini, who a few years ago might have been called the only artist of Italy. To the lessons, example, and traditions of this school also, we owe all those rising sculptors who came into notice at the Universal Exhibition, Messrs. Dupré, Vela, Argenti, Luccardi, Strazzi, etc., whose works, although somewhat feeble and affected, yet possess true grace. The delicacy of the execution is really marvellous; the marble is made to accommodate itself to all the vagaries of fashion; it is bent, plaited, and covered with laces and embroidery, like a textile fabric. Italy produces many successful imitators of Canova, but, alas, not one disciple of Michael Angelo. Let her take heed: beauty there is, but no grandeur in such an imitation.

CHAPTER III.

SPANISH SCULPTURE.

SCULPTURE did not occupy an equal or even a proportionate position to painting in Spain. We find scarcely any traces of the culture of this art, at least of its highest branch, statuary; and no marble or bronze work equal to the canvasses of Velasquez, Murillo, or Ribera, has ever been produced. The Arabs could teach the Spaniards nothing but architecture, as the Koran had pronounced an anathema on all the other arts of design, and even on music. It is true that the Arabs of Spain submitted to these restrictions less scrupulously than their Syrian brethren; but the lions of the Alhambra, although merely fanciful creatures, chimeras, monsters, etc., in reality constituted an heretical offence. Neither the Mussulmans of Africa nor of Andalusia were ever allowed to make any but clumsy imitations of certain noxious animals, such as rats, scorpions, and serpents, which were to

serve as talismans, amulets, and scarecrows, to drive the latter from dwelling-houses and mosques ; so that the Spaniards could receive no lessons from that quarter.

A little later, when the Florentine, Gherardo Starnina, and the Fleming, Pierre de Champagne (Pietro Campaña), introduced the first examples of the art of painting into Spain, other foreigners brought models of that of sculpture. Among them was Filippo Vigarni, called Philippe de Bourgogne, doubtless because he came from the court of dukes Philippe-le-Hardi or Jean-sans-Peur, for he was more likely a Fleming than a Burgundian. He executed some important works in the cathedrals of Burgos and Toledo, but principally ornamented ones, such as pulpits and choir seats. Torregiano, the rival of Michael Angelo in Italy, already mentioned, was another of these artists. We know that after his quarrel with the illustrious pensioner of Lorenzo Medici, he fled to Florence, enlisted as a soldier, gained the rank of ensign, again became an artist, and travelled to Flanders, England, and lastly to Spain, where he penetrated as far as Andalusia. In 1520 he made a celebrated statue of *St. Jerome*, for the convent of Buenavista, near Seville, which Goya ranks higher even than the *Moses* of Michael Angelo ; and at Seville, also, he executed another

statue, the *Madonna holding the Infant Jesus*, for a duke of Arcos, who, for some unknown reason, insulted the sculptor by paying for it in maravedis, which were carried in sacks by two men. Torregiano at first thought he had received an immense sum ; but when he discovered that all this heap of copper money was not worth thirty gold ducats, he took a hammer and broke his statue. Incensed at this offence against a grandee of Spain, the duke accused the artist before the Inquisition of impiety, and the unfortunate Torregiano starved himself to death in his prison (1522). One of the hands of the broken Virgin, which is very beautiful, is preserved at Seville. Resting on one of her breasts, it is called the *mano de la teta*, and has been reproduced many times by copies or casts.

Of the Spanish artists who went to Italy, in the reigns of Ferdinand of Aragon and Charles V., to take lessons in all the arts, only two, Alonzo Berruguete and Jaspar Becerra, learnt and practised the three arts of design. The former (1480—1561) was taught by Michael Angelo himself, and was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., to assist his illustrious master in his works of every kind. He returned to his native land in 1520, rich in experience and talent, and was distinguished by Charles V., who nominated him his painter and

sculptor *de cámara,* and later, to honour him still further, appointed him to the office of *valet de chambre.* After this, Berruguete was intrusted with some important commissions at Valladolid, Toledo, and Granada. At Toledo he sculptured the throne of the Primate-Archbishop, and executed the *Transfiguration of Our Saviour*, in marble. He is said to have given the emperor the design for the unfortunate and pretentious palace which Charles V. had erected in the very heart of the Alhambra, destroying part of the delicate moresque structures to make room for it ; but this is a mistake : the architect of the unfinished palace was Pedro de Machuca. Berruguete only worked at the details and ornamentation, in which he excelled ; and even now, in spite of the barbarous mutilations to which they have been and still are subjected, it is easy to see that they were of the finest taste and the most exquisite delicacy. They are chiefly bas-reliefs executed on plaques of marble of a greyish violet colour, very hard to work, but very pleasant to look at ; and they do great credit to Berruguete, who was always more successful as a sculptor than as a painter or an architect. The subjects are the triumphs of Charles V., who chose to be represented as a nude Hercules, with the club and the skin of the Nemæan lion. Later we

see Louis XIV. as Apollo, with the rays and the lyre. The emperor, however, was not content with the motto of the demi-god. The *Ne plus ultra* of the columns of Abila and Calpe seemed too modest for him, and he changed it into *Plus oultre*, which was written in the French of the day on all the decorations of his palace, and under his successors became the *Plus ultra* of the coat of arms of that monarchy on which the sun never sets.

Gaspar Becerra (1520—1570), who is very favourably mentioned by Vasari as the author of the drawings in a book on anatomy, published at Rome in 1554 by Doctor Juan de Valverde, and of two anatomical statues highly esteemed in the schools, had scarcely returned to Spain when Philip II. did for him what Charles V. did for Berruguete: he intrusted him with several works in the old Alcazar at Madrid, and the new Pardo palace, and to mark his royal approval, nominated him his sculptor in 1562, and his painter in 1563. Like Berruguete, Becerra was a greater sculptor than painter. Cean Bermudez does not hesitate to say that in this particular he excelled all the Spanish artists who preceded him, and that he was surpassed by none of those who succeeded him. His masterpiece is said to be a statue of *Our Lady of Solitude* (Nuestra Señora de la Soledad), which was ordered by the

Infanta Doña Isabella de la Paz, daughter of Philip II., and placed in the chapel of the convent of the Brothers Minimes * at Madrid. Many miraculous tales were told of this statue and collected by the monk, Fray Antonio de Arcos, in a book published expressly in 1640; but confining our criticism to its artistic excellence alone, it is impossible to deny that this statue, in which tenderness, suffering, and resignation are all vividly expressed, is a work worthy of the greatest names in the most famous centuries.

To the age of Philip II. and Charles V. belong also the two celebrated tombs erected in the reign of the emperor and by his orders in the old chapel royal (*capilla real*) of the cathedral of Granada. In one repose the Catholic sovereigns, Isabella of Castille and Ferdinand of Aragon, whose marriage united the entire Peninsula in one monarchy, from which Portugal was subsequently again separated; in the other, their daughter, Juana la Loca (Joanna the Crazy), and her husband, Philip the Handsome, of Austria, father and mother of Charles V., to whom their combined inheritance gave the empire of Germany, with the Iberian kingdom and the Indies. These tombs are both sculptured in white marble, and on each are statues of the famous pair

* Religious order of St. Francis de Paula.—(Tr.)

whose royal dust they inclose. The first is a solid socle or pedestal, the enlarged base of which gives it an appearance of strength and solidity, whilst the other is finer, more delicate, and elaborate, so that the styles of the two tombs correspond with the character of their respective tenants, who would seem to be resting on them, as beds of state, for the last time. Looking at these fine tombs from an artistic point of view, it is impossible to avoid a mental comparison with those of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy in Notre Dame at Bruges, and again with those of the dukes of Burgundy, Philip the Hardy and John the Fearless, which were transferred from the old Carthusian convent of Dijon to the museum. It would be interesting to draw a parallel between these six tombs, French, Flemish, and Spanish, made for princes of the same family, in the course of a century and a half. For my part, I certainly prefer those at Granada to those at Bruges ; and those at Dijon, which are the most ancient, to the tombs at Granada. For a long time the last-named enjoyed the advantage of standing in a vast and beautiful chapel, the walls, pavement, and roof of which were entirely composed of black stone, the pilasters, voussoirs, and pendentives being marked out in fine gold lines, the white tombs alone standing out from the dark

and solemn surroundings. The canons, however, considered the chapel royal too gloomy, and had it whitewashed from top to bottom. The tombs, pavement, roof, and walls are now all of one colour, all equally bright, and in the universal whiteness nothing stands out but the black cassocks of the clergy.

At Granada another Spanish artist was born, who, like Berruguete and Becerra, has been compared to Michael Angelo, because he cultivated the three arts of design. His name was Alonzo Cano (1601—1617). His father was a common carpenter, who made an art of his trade, and was a joiner (*ensamblador*) of those huge decorated altars which we call *retables*. When Alonzo Cano went to Seville and took up his abode amongst the masters who founded the school of this Athens of Andalusia, he made up his mind to do something more than learn to put a *retable* together like his father; in fact, to compose one entirely himself, with its columns, statues, and pictures; to be at once its architect, sculptor, and painter. This was how he became a threefold artist. He took lessons in sculpture from a certain Juan Martinez Montañes, but at once departed from his master's style; and as all his works are remarkable for a simplicity of attitude, a nobility of form, and a good taste in

arrangement unknown before him, we must conclude that he studied in preference the few statues and Greek busts which were then at Seville, in the palace of the Dukes of Alcala, at least if we suppose that he mastered the antique without having seen Italy.

About 1635, Alonzo Cano erected the high altar of the church of Lebrija, which is one of the most beautiful works of the kind. The statue of the *Virgin holding the Holy Child*, which occupies the central niche of the *retable*, is especially admirable. His other sculptures, nearly all in wood, are distributed in different churches at Seville, Cordova, Granada, and Madrid, where some of them are still proudly shown. Alonzo Cano combined a fastidious taste with a very hot temper. It is related of him, that being at the point of death, he threw a crucifix which was offered to his lips in the face of the officiating priest, because he thought it clumsily carved, and died embracing a plain wooden cross.

It may be said that the art of statuary became extinct in Spain on the death of Alonzo Cano. Its cultivation was neglected, the carving, even of simple wooden ornaments, was discontinued, and soon no one could be found able to set up a church retable. The two *great sisters* had expired to-

gether. At the same time that Goya made his unexpected appearance as a painter, a young sculptor, who had doubtless just returned from Italy or France, suddenly produced the justly famous group of *Daoiz and Velarde* (the two chief victims of the 2nd of May, 1808), which has been kept ever since in the *Museo del Rey*. Antonio Sola, the author of this group, died before he attained maturity. No one took up his chisel, at least with any success, and at the Universal Exhibition not a single Spanish work obtained any distinction in the open competition of the sculptors of every nation.

There is, however, a *kind of sculpture* in Spain which at least deserves to be mentioned. We allude to the little figures in coloured paste, manufactured at Malaga, Granada, and Valencia. This style, though small, is pleasing, and it has been practised by some true artists. In one of the rooms of the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid, for instance, there is a long series of these little figures, rather larger than usual, being about a quarter the size of life, which are of perfect workmanship. They are divided into fifty or sixty groups, representing different incidents of the *Massacre of the Innocents;* and their author, Juan Ginès of Valencia, flourished in the first half of the

present century. The details of these groups are of an infinite variety; the execution is strangely and wonderfully powerful; and if they have a fault, it is that they are too exactly copied from nature, as the colours on them make them look like wax figures. They prove, however, that Spanish sculpture might have kept pace with the progress of painting, had it not been so entirely neglected after Alonzo Cano produced his beautiful works.

CHAPTER IV.

GERMAN SCULPTURE.

SCULPTURE was cultivated even less in Germany than in Spain during the Middle Ages. Indeed we may assert, almost unconditionally, that not a single piece of statuary was contributed to the common stock by a German artist until the present century. From the banks of the Rhine to those of the Niemen we shall find no works of the chisel but a few decorations of no particular style in the old Gothic cathedrals. It is but a popular legend which attributes the delicate stone carvings, which adorn the tower of the wonderful cathedral of Strasburg, erected by Erwin of Steinbach, to his daughter Sabina; and although history has preserved the names of some architects of the same age, such as Puchspaum, author of the Saint Stephen of Vienna, I know of no other sculptor besides this daughter of Erwin of Baden.

It was different in the time of the Renaissance.

Sculptors from Germany then practised their art even in Italy, for Vasari says explicitly: "Nicolas of Pisa surpassed the Germans who worked with him." But these modest artists, simple artisans, did not put their names to their works, so that the *Calvary* of Spires and the copper *Baptistery* of Saint Sebald at Nuremberg, are by unknown authors. We know, however, that the beautiful fountain of Nuremberg, erected rather later, is by Sebald Schuffer, and that the long bas-reliefs of the *Passion* in the same town are the work of Hans Decker and Adam Krafft. At Nuremberg, too, is the beautiful tomb of St. Sebald, which has justly established the fame of Peter Vischer. This tomb combines a number of figures of saints, apostles, and angels, with many others which belong not to Christianity but to universal history. "At the foot of St. Sebald's tomb," says Woltmann, "Vischer has grouped the heroes of Judaism and of heathen antiquity; children play with lions or are cradled in the calyx of flowers; a host of sirens, tritons, and satyrs, the entire ancient mythology, defile before our eyes. The whole universe advances to render praise to the Saviour." Peter Vischer left his own portrait in the dress of a workman amongst these figures; and it must be remembered that he lived very near the time of Albert

Dürer, so that he does not belong even to the Renaissance, but to the golden age of German art.

In the room leading to that devoted to French statuary in the museum of modern sculpture in the Louvre, which might appropriately be called the foreign room, on account of the variety of objects it contains, a few small specimens of German plastic art of the fifteenth to the sixteenth century have been collected. Can they be called sculpture? I think not, for they do not include one statue, one high relief, or one piece of large proportions and grand style. All are little figures in very low relief. Neither marble nor bronze are used, but materials not employed elsewhere. They are rather carvings than sculptures, and not one is accompanied by its author's name. The following are hung on the walls in the embrasures of the windows: a *Descent from the Cross*, in yellow copper; the *Triumph of Maximilian*, delicately and carefully carved in wood; the *Repose in Egypt*, after Albert Dürer, another tedious work, cut in the hard calcareous stone called hone-stone; some armorial bearings slightly incised on the same hard stone, the relief being obtained by the use of aquafortis, and afterwards coloured. This was a revival of the old process which led to the discovery of lithography.

It was the same during the age of the three schools of German painting at Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Dresden, represented by Albert Dürer, Holbein, and Lucas Kranach. Not a single sculptor arose capable of competing with these great masters, and if we wish to find a piece of sculpture worthy to be compared to their canvases, we must turn to one of themselves, who, like the great artists of Italy, aspired to becoming a universal artist. Albert Dürer executed sculptures in wood and in ivory, and such are the grandeur of style and skill of workmanship, that they may be considered true works of art in spite of the unsuitableness of the material employed. In the small museum at Carlsruhe, for instance, there is a little ivory group in high and low relief of three nude females, which might be called the Three Graces, only one of them is a dignified matron, and on the ground a fourth woman, not so well preserved, is distinguishable, who is apparently taking part in a round dance. The figures are not only correctly proportioned, they are so full of graceful and pleasing beauty, that we are not surprised to discover the celebrated monogram—cut in relief also, so that forgery is impossible—so often traced on austere paintings and powerful engravings. Here Albert Dürer has proved that vigour was not the only

characteristic of his masculine genius. With the graver or brush in hand he was Dorian, ivory made him Ionian. The name it bears, the curiosity it awakens, and the admiration which it ought to inspire, combine to render this group of inestimable value.

To understand the sudden decline of the *two great sisters* in Germany, we have only to remember that there the Protestant religion, less showy than the Catholic, checked the progress of the arts, whilst the terrible *Thirty Years' War* (1618—1648), with its attendant ravages and desolation, soon followed to complete their ruin and deal their death-blow. In speaking of German sculpture, as of painting, we must therefore pass over the entire interval between the three schools already mentioned, which became extinct with their founders, and the renaissance attempted at the beginning of the present century by Overbeck, Cornelius, and their followers.

A marble group of importance, and worthy of the notice of visitors for many reasons, was placed among the plaster casts of celebrated ancient and modern statues at Frankfort-on-the-Main, by one of richest bankers of that commercial city, in which the cradle of the Rothschild family may still be seen in the Judengasse (Jews' Street). We allude

to *Ariadne on the Panther*, signed, Dannecker, of Stuttgart, 1814. This *Ariadne* is very celebrated, at least on the borders of the Rhine, from Mannheim to Coblentz. The inhabitants of Frankfort pride themselves on its possession, and have treated

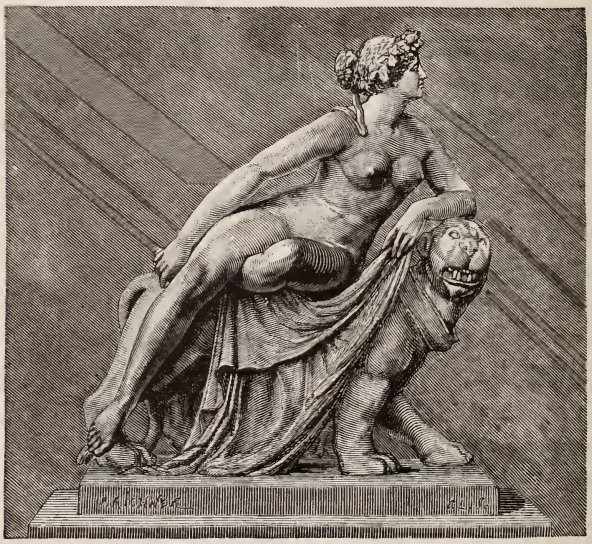

Fig. 49.—Ariadne on the Panther. By Dannecker. (Frankfort-on-the-Main.)

it as the Neapolitans did the great mosaic of Pompeii, reproducing it, as a national glory, in bronze, plaster, ivory, and even in stag's horn. It is a fine work, certainly, but I think it far beneath its repu-

tation. The *Ariadne*—which appears to be an imitation of an antique fresco, *Nereis carried by a Monster*—is stretched at full length on the back of a panther, or, rather, chimera, for the mythological animal which supports her is not a known living creature. Her attitude is graceful and pleasing, although slightly distorted. The upper part of the figure of the beloved of Bacchus—not yet deserted, but triumphant—is less beautiful than the lower limbs. The legs are very fine, both in design and execution; the torso is also very good, but not equal to the legs; and the head appears to me the feeblest part of the group. Ariadne is guilty of the vulgar gesture called *turning up the nose;* her forehead is narrow, her chin broad. The artist evidently intended to give her the antique shape, the Greek type of face; but he has only succeeded in producing a cold and clumsy imitation. The studied style of *coiffure* is a failure also; it is too modern, too coquettish, nor is the execution remarkably delicate. We need not go back to the great age of the Donatellos and Michael Angelos for comparisons: we find Dannecker's *Ariadne* far surpassed by the *Magdalene* and *Terpsichore* of his immediate predecessor, Canova, and it is excelled by many later works bearing the names of Rauch, Schadow, Schwanthaler, Rietschel Kiss Drake,

Begas, etc. Nevertheless its fame is justifiable, and easily explained. If I were to be asked to state its chief and most indisputable merit, I should answer: Its date, 1814. After the interminable wars of the Empire, during which all the arts lay dormant, Germany greeted their revival in this *Ariadne* with as much joy and pride as peace itself. It was the glory of the artist, and is still the honour of his work to have inaugurated this renaissance.

The Belvedere of Vienna possesses one of the best productions of this German revival, the *Jason carrying away the Golden Fleece*, by Joseph Kaeschmann, executed at Rome in 1829, in the more graceful than powerful style of the Canovas and Thorwaldsens. Amongst the monstrosities surrounding it, this *Jason* appears an incomparable masterpiece.

At the same time, but at Berlin, Christian Rauch (1777—1857) not only opened a studio, he founded a school. The work which placed him at once at the head of all the sculptors of Germany, is the tomb at Charlottenburg, of Louisa, called the beautiful queen, wife of Frederick William III., and mother of the present king and his predecessor. Rauch represented her reposing on her tomb, and he made another statue of her on foot for Potsdam.

Fig. 50.—Bronze monument erected to the memory of Frederick the Great. By Christian Rauch. (Berlin.)

This queen was his benefactress; she removed him from the obscurity of the palace, and sent him to Rome, where he made rapid progress in his art under the enlightened guidance of the learned William von Humboldt. On his return to Prussia, Rauch devoted a long life to the production of a number of great works, mostly portraits. The best of these numerous statues and busts are, the bronze statues of Generals Scharnorst, Bulow, Yorck, Blücher, of King Maximilian of Bavaria at Munich, of Luther at Wittemberg, of Albert Dürer at Nuremberg, and six marble *Victories* in the Walhalla, etc. But the chief work of his whole life was the magnificent bronze monument erected to the memory of Frederick the Great, in 1851, in the grand square (Unter den Linden) of Berlin. The base of the pedestal, which is twenty-five feet high, is surrounded by the chief characters of Frederick's reign, including men of letters, such as Kant and Lessing, as well as warriors, like Ziethen and the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau; whilst the king himself, on horseback, seems to tower above the city which owes its pre-eminence to him, and over the whole of that mighty monarchy of which he was the true founder.

We said that Christian Rauch founded a school: it still exists, carried on by his pupils, amongst

whom Augustus Kiss and Frederic Drake are especially distinguished. The latter is the author of the charming high-reliefs which embellish the pedestal of the statue of Frederick William III in

Fig. 51.—The Amazon, by Aug. Kiss. (Berlin.)

the *Thiergarten* of Berlin, and the former of the *Amazon* on horseback attacked by a lioness, placed in front of the peristyle of the museum This bronze group is splendid, full of action and life.

The warrior-maiden of the Thermodon, excited by anger rather than by terror; the queen of the desert, clinging to the horse's neck with teeth and claws; the horse, quivering beneath her horrible embrace, are all most powerfully rendered, and

Fig. 52.—Goethe and Schiller.

form an admirable whole. We are tempted to address the horse as the Greek poet did that of Lysippus: "What a grand head! what flames are emitted from his nostrils! If the rider touch him

with his heels, he will carry him onwards, for the bronze lives." (Grec. Anthol.) I venture, however, to find one fault with this beautiful statue. I do not approve of the rough locks worn by the heroine beneath her Phrygian cap. They surround her face with a kind of aureola, which the material renders stiff and heavy, and they give her the appearance of a Gorgon with the headdress of serpents. Unfortunately an early death prevented Kiss from making a companion statue to his *Amazon.*

After the Prussian Rauch, Ernest Rietschel, a Saxon (1804—1861), took the lead in Germa. sculpture. Amongst others, the following works are ascribed to him : a fine group of the *Madonna adoring her Dead Son*, which the Italians called a *Pieta ;* the marble statues of the four great sculptors of Greece, placed in the façade of the new museum of Dresden ; and the beautiful bronze group of Goethe and Schiller, which was cast at Munich, in 1857, by Herr Müller, and now adorns the *Theaterplatz* at Weimar. Whilst preserving the appropriate character of each of the illustrious friends, Rietschel has endeavoured to express the warm and tender affection which united them till death, and which nothing, not even their success and fame, could alter. The great minds of both poets were above jealousy.

The reputation of German sculpture is worthily sustained in our own day by Herr Frederick Drake, who gained a valuable prize at the Universal Exhibition, and by Herr Reinhold Begas, who would certainly have been successful had he competed.

We will now speak of the Dane Thorwaldsen (Albert Bartholomew, 1770—1844), as we cannot devote a chapter to one man. He was the contemporary and rival of Canova, and they are justly classed together as the two great sculptors of the period, including the end of the last century and the beginning of the present. Educated in Italy, whither he was enabled to go by a drawing prize awarded to him, studying the same models as Canova, with the same opinions on the practice of their art, and forming himself after the same style, the Danish artist necessarily resembled the Venetian. Thorwaldsen, also, counteracted the influence of Michael Angelo on Italian art, preferring, like Canova, grace to power, and delicacy of execution to boldness and originality of thought, at the same time avoiding, like his rival, the affectation of Bernini. When still young, he became known by a colossal statue of *Jason bringing home the Golden Fleece.* Many others followed this first production : a colossal *Mars*, which at once became famous ; an *Adonis*, which Canova himself called

a masterpiece; the *Graces*, the *Muses*, *Venus*, *Apollo*, *Mercury*; then a *Madonna* for Naples, *Christ and the Twelve Apostles* for the cathedral of Copenhagen, the equestrian statue of Poniatowski at Warsaw, that of Gutenberg at Mayence, etc. Thorwaldsen was as successful with bas-reliefs as with works in full relief. A great many by him have been reproduced in casts or engravings, and

Fig. 53.—Entrance of Alexander into Babylon, by Thorwaldsen.

the most remarkable is the long series representing the *Entrance of Alexander into Babylon*, which was ordered by Napoleon, and now embellishes the great hall of the palace of Christiansborg in Denmark. Speaking of it, a biographer of the artist says: "It is perhaps the most admirable masterpiece produced by art since the ever glorious age of Grecian sculpture." When old and wealthy,

Thorwaldsen devoted part of his large fortune to the foundation of a museum at Copenhagen. This building bears his name, and contains a considerable number of the diverse works which rendered him illustrious.

CHAPTER V.

FLEMISH SCULPTURE.

WE gave the name of the *Painting of the Low Countries* to the sister schools of Flanders and Holland, looking upon them as two manifestations of one grand style. It would be useless, however, to try and find a common title for the two schools of sculpture, which was but little and very indifferently cultivated in Flanders, and not at all in Holland. Possessing no marble quarries, no copper-mines, not even stone, and drawing her very timber supplies from abroad, Holland appears from the first to have renounced an art for which nature had denied her the materials. No sculptor rivalled Lucas van Leyden, Rembrandt, and Paul Potter, nor were there any statuettes or carvings equal to the porcelain of the Chevalier Van der Werff. The bronze or marble statues in the public squares, museums, or town-halls of certain Dutch towns, are the work of foreign artists, so that we have only to treat of Flemish sculpture.

It is at Bruges, the town rendered illustrious by Hemling and the brothers Van Eyck, that we find not merely the best but the only proofs that the art of sculpture was practised in Flanders at the same time as that of painting. Whilst Jan Van Eyck was inventing and teaching the process of oil-painting, some artist fellow-countrymen were working in wood, marble, and bronze. On entering the church of *Notre Dame*, the visitor is at once conducted to the celebrated tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter, Mary of Burgundy, from which the movable planking is lifted with great care and ceremony. These two tombs are simply black marble slabs, on which repose effigies in gilt copper. Charles is in warlike costume, wearing a beautifully chased suit of armour, the ducal crown, and the badge of the Golden Fleece—an order of chivalry founded at Bruges in 1429 by his father, Philip the Good, the collation of the insignia of which has been divided between the king of Spain and the emperor of Austria since the death of Charles V. The duke's helmet and gauntlets lie beside him, and his feet rest on a lion. Round the frieze are arranged the coats of arms of his different dominions ; on the sides of the slab, those of his contemporary sovereigns, of the emperor, kings, dukes, counts, crowned prelates, etc., and on the surface is

engraved the motto of this enterprising and persevering prince, *Je l'ay ampris, bien en aviengne.* It would have been well to inscribe on his tomb the words pronounced by Duke René of Lorraine when the corpse of Charles was found after the battle of Nancy: *Votre àme ait Dieu, beau cousin, car vous avez fait moult maux et douleurs.* The head of Mary of Burgundy rests on a large cushion, and her feet on two small lapdogs. Her statue is chiefly remarkable for the delicate carving of the draperies and clothes. Mary died, as we know, at twenty-five, from a fall from her horse, and her tomb, made several years before that of her father, is the better of the two. The branches of the trees in copper, and the little angels of the same metal which support the armorial bearings—all the ornaments, in fact—are of the most delicate execution.

But although this tomb of Mary of Burgundy may surpass those of her son, Philip the Good, and of her daughter-in-law, Joanna the Crazy, which we noticed in the cathedral of Granada, it is by no means equal to those of her ancestors, John the Fearless and Philip the Hardy, Dukes of Burgundy, now in the museum of Dijon. All the details of these Lilliputian buildings, the pointed arches three feet high, the cloisters, in which pace figures fifteen inches long, the pinnacles, the little angels,

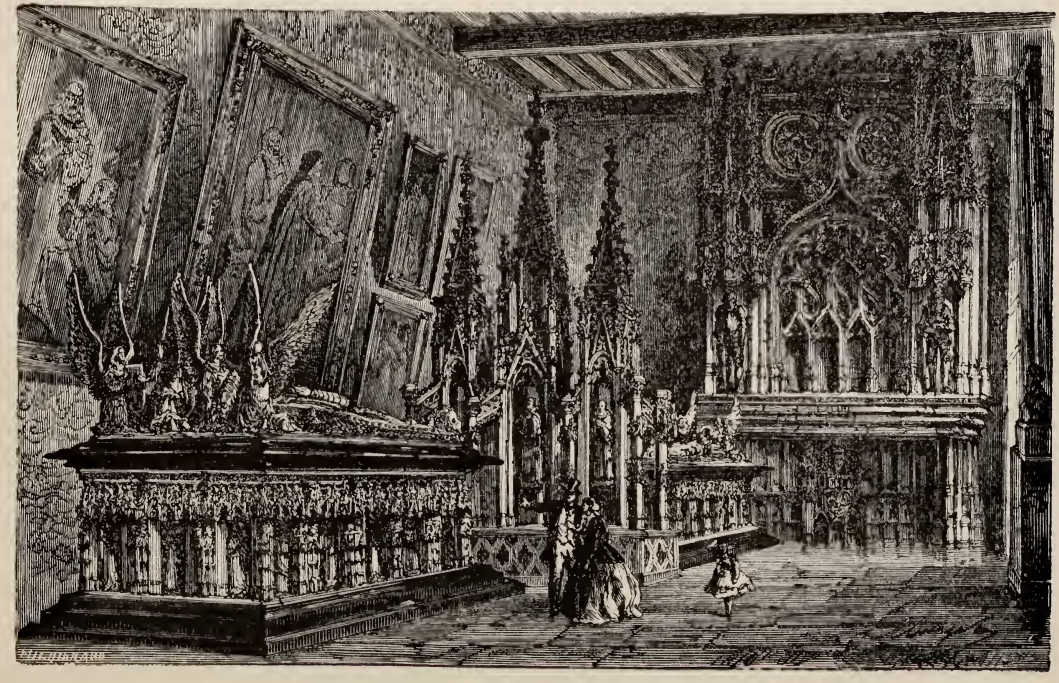

Fig. 54.—Tomb of the Dukes of Burgundy, at Dijon.

the marble and alabaster lacework, are remarkable, not only for exquisite finish and perfection of workmanship, but also for elegance of design, harmony of proportions, and suitable arrangements. The statuettes of the mourners, that is, of the praying monks and weeping officers of the palace, are really wonderful. There are eighty small figures, each of which taken alone is a little masterpiece, and seen together, their beauty and excellence are enhanced by contrast. The attitudes, of extraordinary variety, are all natural, the expressions all true and full of feeling, whilst the style of the heads, the fall of the draperies, and the delicacy of the execution, surpass all that we should have expected from the age in which they were produced. These tombs, the details of which will bear comparison with the bas-reliefs of Ghiberti and of Jean Goujon, may well be considered the most precious relics of the period immediately preceding the great Renaissance.

I mention them here because they are connected with Flemish art. The first named, that of Philip the Hardy, finished in 1404, is the work of three Flemish artists, Claux Sluter, assisted by his nephew, Claux de Vousonne, and by Jacques de Baerz, all three *image-makers* to the duke of Burgundy. The tomb of John the Fearless was erected

forty years later by a Spanish artist, Juan de la Huerta, a native of Daroca in Aragon, who was aided by two Burgundian artisans, Jehan de Droguès and Antoine Lemouturier. I could not find out at Bruges who were the authors of the tombs of Charles and Mary; their names are probably forgotten there now.

We must not leave Bruges without visiting the Palais de Justice. In the room in which the juries delibe ate is the famous chimneypiece of carved and sculptured wood, of which the cast is in the Louvre. There is a legend connected with this chimneypiece. It is said that a certain Hermann Glosencamp, condemned to death for I know not what misdeed, asked permission to produce one last specimen of his handicraft. He was a wood-carver. With the aid of his daughter he undertook this famous mantelpiece, which saved him from the gallows, and gained his full pardon. The statues which embellish it are nearly the size of life. In the centre is Charles V., on foot and in armour, holding a naked sword in one hand and the globe in the other. On the right are his great-grandfather, Charles the Bold, and Margaret of England, his third wife; on the left, his grandparents, Mary of Burgundy and Maximilian of Austria. Spirits, Cupids, armorial bearings, and

different ornaments fill up the spaces between these five statues, and complete the general decoration above the frieze of the chimneypiece, which latter represents the history of Susannah in very low alabaster bas-reliefs, and is by a certain Guyot de Beaugrant. It would be difficult to excel the good taste of the arrangements and the beauty of the workmanship of this masterpiece. No artist, even to save his head, could have done better than Hermann Glosencamp. I am careful not to say *could do* better, for the art of sculpturing in wood, the art of Germany as well as of Spain, of the North as well as of the South, is almost lost ; and when we look at the fine works it has produced, our regret is increased that it should have been so completely abandoned.

Between this age and the beginning of our own I find no other Flemish work to mention worthy of being classed amongst the wonders of sculpture, and Rubens, Vandyck, and Teniers had no sculptors to rival them more than Rembrandt. In our own day Messrs. Gallait, Leys, and others, are considered the renovators of painting, as these artists were formerly ; and with them we must class Messrs. Geefs, Fiers, Sopers, and Wiener, who are equally eminent and successful revivers of sculpture.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLISH SCULPTURE.

THE first thing we see when we enter the British Museum, to visit the basalt and porphyry images of Egypt, the alabaster slabs of Assyria, and the marbles of Halicarnassus and the Parthenon, is the pediment of the modern building, which contains from twelve to fifteen allegorical figures, the work of the most celebrated sculptor of England, Sir Richard Westmacott. Taken separately, these marble statues are not without a certain merit, for they are finely and carefully executed; more so, indeed, than the point of view requires, as they can only be seen from below and at a distance. But as a whole they are wanting in harmony, grace, and dignity, and a more striking and unpardonable defect is the pretension of the subject they represent—the *Progress of Civilization.* If the English had chosen this subject for the chief entrance of the docks of London, the naval arsenal

at Woolwich, the observatory of Greenwich, or the northern railway, nothing could have been more suitable, for it is in these places that they can prove the superiority of the present over the past, and the continuous progress of mankind in theoretical and practical science; but in the arts, talent is an individual gift—an artist cannot transmit his talent at his death any more than his soul. And does modern London hope to have excelled ancient Greece? A strange mode surely of proving the progress of civilization, to place English and Grecian art in juxtaposition—to challenge comparison between the brick architecture of Sir Robert Smirke and the marble buildings of Ictinus and Callicrates—between this tympanum by Sir Richard Westmacott and the pediments of Pheidias!

In my brief review, in a former work, of the richest collections in London, including the national museum, my readers were doubtless surprised not to find a word on sculpture. But what can be said? "Where there is nothing," says the popular proverb, "the king loses his rights," and so does criticism. Except for an inferior marble statue of the painter, David Wilkie, the National Gallery contains as yet nothing but pictures; and I have met with no single work worth mentioning by a native sculptor in any public or private collection or

drawing-room. It is the same in the public gardens, parks, and squares. Could I write a description of the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, erected in Piccadilly in front of his residence, and opposite that other grotesque statue representing this illustrious statesman and warrior on foot as a Fighting Achilles, which is perfectly nude and perfectly black? The equestrian statue is seen in profile, not full-face; that is to say, it is placed sideways on the miserable triumphal arch which serves as a pedestal, and it most resembles Punch mounted on Balaam's ass—at least so it has been caricatured by the witty Charivari of London, to whose pages it properly belongs. On the whole, if I am not mistaken — and the few pieces of statuary in London appear to confirm this view— the English work with good taste and real success in second-rate styles. In painting they excel in water-colours, either cabinet-pictures or portraits; in engraving, in mezzotinto, copperplate, or the *Keepsake;* in sculpture, in bust portraits. In the true national museum of sculpture, Westminster Abbey, we shall find this last assertion justified.

In the chapel of Henry VII., the largest and most profusely decorated in the old monastery of the west, where the knights of the Bath are now installed, we find the best and earliest piece of

sculpture which England can pride herself on possessing—the tomb of the founder of the chapel. It is the work of the celebrated Florentine, Pietro Torregiano, whose tragic history we have already related. On the tomb, which is of black basalt, covered with various ornaments and surrounded by a rich and massive chantry of cast brass, recline the effigies of Henry VII. and his queen, Elizabeth. We will not attempt to review thoroughly the other ten or twelve chapels of the abbey, but briefly notice the principal tombs, not according to their positions, but according to the rank occupied in the world by the illustrious dead whose ashes they cover. First, then, we will complete the list of royal personages. Here we find the great Elizabeth, whose marble statue immortalises the round eyes and hooked nose, the cold, imperious, and haughty manner characteristic of the maiden queen; Mary Stuart, more beautiful, more lovable, and more frail; Edward V. and his brother Richard, both assassinated; Charles II., the restored monarch, not far from the instrument of his restoration, General Monk; William III., called to the throne by the *glorious* Revolution; his wife, Mary; Queen Anne; and, lastly, George II., who prepared his own grave in the vault of Henry VII.'s chapel.

Westminster, however, is not only the St. Denis of England, it is also the Pantheon. All the men who have rendered great services to their country, or whose works have made them illustrious, share the honour and the fame of those whom accident or birth called to the throne. There are but few warriors amongst them; we look in vain for the Black Prince, Talbot, Marlborough—Nelson rests in St. Paul's, almost alone. Westminster contains more simple officers who died in action than great naval or military commanders. Near the gorgeous monument to Captain James Cornewall, with its elegant bas-relief sea-piece beneath a pyramid shaded by palms, rest General Wolfe, Field-marshal Lord Ligonier, and Major André,* with one foreigner, the Corsican chief Pasquale de Paoli, who was hospitably received by the English even in their national temple.

The statesmen, who were more numerous in England, are also better represented in the abbey. I shall not enumerate the eminent politicians of the Tudors and Stuarts, but pass on to those of our own age: Lord Stanhope; Lord Mansfield, whose magnificent mausoleum was erected in 1805 by

* This Major André was unjustly shot as a spy by the Americans, on October 2nd, 1780. A monument was erected to him in the Abbey, but he was not buried there, as M. Viardot implies.—(Tr.)

Flaxman, the great illustrator of Homer and Dante; the earl of Chatham, father of Pitt; the two illustrious rivals, William Pitt and Charles Fox; the orator Grattan; and, lastly, George Canning, the successor of Fox and the forerunner of Robert Peel.

Amongst these numerous sepulchral monuments to men little known beyond the Channel, there are some commemorating names of more European celebrity, before which the foreigner pauses with greater respect. Such are Camden, the learned antiquary; Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was court painter under five kings, from Charles II. to George I., and who filled the mansions of Great Britain with historic portraits;* the chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, to whom trade and philanthropy owe as much as science; James Watt, who did not, it is true, invent steam, but who controlled its power and regulated its use; William Wilberforce, a good man and true philanthropist, who ought not to be separated from Howard, who rests in St. Paul's; and, lastly, the great Sir Isaac Newton, whose

* More modern painters, such as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and David Wilkie, are buried in the vaults of St. Paul's. In the centre of the same building rests also the architect who designed it, under a plain slab it is true, but with the following magnificent sentence engraved upon it: "*Si requiris monumentum, circumspice.*"

tomb, like the sanctuary of God, should be, not in a building, not in a country, but in the universe, the laws of which he recognised and laid down.

On examining his statue, which is a fine work by Scheemakers, we are struck by his resemblance to another great worker of wide views — Michael Angelo. Newton was a handsomer man, certainly, for his nose was not broken in his youth by a choleric rival; his face, too, is gentler and more thoughtful; but for all that, I repeat, the resemblance is striking in the general outline of the head, in the lines of the face, in the features, in the entire appearance. Beneath the statue of Newton are inscribed the true and beautiful words, *Sibi gratulentur mortales tale tantumque extitisse;** and lower down, *Humani generis decus.*†

The part of the *Pantheon* of England which I found most delightful and suggestive was the south transept, or Poets' Corner. Before the effigies of kings or politicians we experience a mere cold curiosity; but in this silent funereal academy, amongst the men whose memory will live for ever, and who still speak to us in their works, heart and mind alike burn within us; we seem to be in the actual presence of the imposing assembly, and

* *Let mortals rejoice that such a great genius once existed.*

† *Honour of the human race.*

under the scrutiny of these acknowledged masters, whom we admire, reverence, and love. There, in a narrow space, are collected nearly all the writers who have rendered the rich and powerful literature of England illustrious, and with whom we are familiar through the labours of our translators and critics at least: old Ben Jonson, Chaucer, called the *Ennius* of England, Spenser, William Shakespear, John Milton, Thomas Gray, Butler, W. Congreve, Mason, Gay, Wyatt, Isaac Casaubon, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Oliver Goldsmith, Rowe, Thomson, Sheridan. We regret the absence of Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Hume, and Richardson; but of the greatest authors four only are missing, two belonging to past ages and two to modern times. The former are Roger Bacon, the learned friar, and Francis Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and the still greater author of the *Instauratio Magna;* and the latter, Byron and Walter Scott. I believe that a place is reserved for Macaulay.*

The sepulchre of the illustrious author of *Paradise Lost* is not worthy of him; the little tomb quite close to the door is shabby for so great a name. Can it be that the reputation of the

* Macaulay's place is now filled, and the names of Thackeray and Charles Dickens must be added to this list of illustrious authors.—Tr.

republican pamphleteer has injured that of the Scriptural poet? The great Shakespear is more suitably treated. His tomb is a remarkable work by Scheemakers, and he is represented at full length on a pedestal decorated with symbols and allegorical figures. There is a natural nobility about this statue, without any theatrical stiffness, but the face appears to me too round, too full, too smooth. We could wish the immortal dramatic poet to have the long, grave, and thoughtful countenance of his engraved portraits. At Shakespear's feet, beneath a simple slab of black marble, lies Sheridan, who might have had a statue amongst those of the statesmen, had he not preferred to remain with the authors; and opposite, a man who wrote little, but was a comedian, and doubtless a greater comedian than Shakespear—David Garrick. His presence here might be taken as a proof of the tolerance of English churchmen, so often denied, did we not remember that the choir alone of the old Roman Catholic church is consecrated to the dominant form of worship, whilst the rest is but a secular building.

Amongst the warriors we found the Corsican Paoli, amongst the men of letters the Swiss Casaubon, and now, in the Poets' Corner, we meet with another foreigner, a great poet, truly, although he did not write in English, or in any spoken

tongue, but in that universal language called music: we refer to the Saxon, George Frederick Handel. Grateful to this fine genius, the English retain their reverence for his name and works, many of them innocently imagining, on account of his long residence and death in London, that he was actually their countryman. Handel's monument, by Roubiliac, is fantastical and theatrical. In a kind of niche, or marble cabinet, the German composer stands beside a table, on which are spread musical books and instruments, amongst others a horn, doubtless to indicate that he introduced the brass instruments of his time into the orchestra. The greatest fault of the statue is, I think, the lowness of the forehead; the sculptor has not done justice to the massive head of his model; and I am justified in this criticism, not because I am a phrenologist, but because I have seen an authentic portrait of Handel, in which the vivacity of his somewhat whimsical humour, the energy of his determined disposition, and the fire of his prolific creative genius are all clearly rendered.

If, now, instead of noticing the fame of the celebrities admitted to Westminster Abbey, we were to consider the tombs as works of art only, we should have little to say. Some of them are remarkable for size rather than grandeur, for odd

fancies rather than true originality. The best are the simplest, such as statues and busts, but none of them appear to us to bear comparison with the tombs of the Medici at Florence, of Paul III. or Rezzonico at Rome, of Turenne at Paris, or of Marshal Saxe at Strasburg. We have already mentioned the principal monuments : of the ancient, that of Henry VII. by Torregiano ; of the modern, those of Lord Mansfield, by Flaxman, of Captain Cornewall, of Newton, and of Shakespear by Scheemakers ; and to them we must add the statue of Watt by Chantrey, which is said to be a perfect likeness. There are, however, two other tombs, both of women, which deserve mention, if only on account of the fame which they enjoy. One, that of Elizabeth Warren, represents a young girl, half nude, in the semi-recumbent position of the *Magdalene* of Canova.* This figure appears to me well studied, happily rendered, but what is perhaps most admired is the imitation in marble of a garment of coarse cloth, of which the threads may be counted—a childish fancy, reminding us of the *Christ beneath the shroud* and the *Fish in the net* in

* This figure is not intended to represent Elizabeth Warren herself, as the text implies, but a houseless wanderer, with an infant in her arms. Elizabeth Warren was the widow of the Right Rev. John Warren, D.D., Lord Bishop of Bangor, and was remarkable for her benevolence.--(TRANS.)

the San Severo Chapel at Naples. As for the other tomb, I failed to discover either the name of the sculptor or that of the person to whom it is dedicated, for the guides at Westminster hurry the visitor past the tombs, much as Sancho Panza's doctor did the dishes at the governor's table. All that I could make out was that it had something to do with a lady who was shut up so long in a dungeon that she died on again seeing the daylight, when her husband came to rescue her. This scene is represented on the upper part of the monument; beneath, lean Death, coming through the half-open door, turns back and touches the expiring captive with his scythe.* It is a strange, theatrical, and pretentious composition, in the style of the

* We presume that M. Viardot alludes to a monument to the memory of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale and his wife, in the chapel of St. John, St. Michael, and St. Andrew, by Roubiliac, described in the verger's guide-book in the following words: "The lady is represented expiring in the arms of her husband; beneath, slily creeping from a tomb, the King of Terrors presents his grim visage, pointing his unerring dart to the dying figure, at which sight the husband, suddenly struck with astonishment, horror, and despair, seems to clasp her to his bosom to defend her from the fatal stroke. Inscription:—Here rest the ashes of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale, of Mamhead, in the county of Devon, Esq., who died July 20, 1752, aged 56, and of Lady Elizabeth, his wife; daughter, and co-heiress of Washington, Earl Ferrers, who died August 17, 1734, aged twenty-seven. Their only son, Washington Gascoigne Nightingale, Esq., in memory of their virtues, did by his last will order this monument to be erected."—(TRANS.)

mausoleum of Maria Christina of Austria, erected by Canova in the church of the Augustines at Vienna; but we must acknowledge that some of the details are very finely executed. The skeleton of Death, for instance, is powerfully rendered and the action is good. When the shades of night begin to gather in the spacious aisles it must form an appalling apparition.

English sculpture sent no choice work to the Universal Exhibition, and only gained one insignificant distinction. An Italian artist, educated in France, Baron Marochetti, long held high and undisputed rank as a sculptor in London, but death has lately removed him from the country of his adoption.

CHAPTER VII.

FRENCH SCULPTURE.

WE have already remarked that even in Italy, throughout the true Middle Age (from the fourth to the eleventh centuries), there was a long pause, during which the arts were almost entirely in abeyance. In Gaul, which became France under Clovis, bad taste and ignorance were so universal, mechanical and intellectual power so entirely wanting, that, as we are told by M. Ménard, Pepin the Short, Charlemagne, and Louis le Débonnaire used antique engraved stones for seals, and signed the decrees of their reigns with the impression of a Jupiter, a Cupid, or a Marcus Aurelius.

It was during the Crusades, at Constantinople and Antioch, that eastern and western art were first brought into contact, and the result was a kind of faint revival in the Middle Ages of ancient

Grecian art; for it may be said that the Byzantine style was the old Grecian, coloured and modified by the ideas of the East, of Persia especially, by those arts which subsequently became Arab: architecture and decoration.

At the beginning of the eleventh century, when the terrible year 1000 had passed away, and belief in the world's continued existence was restored, the art of sculpture and that of staining glass appeared together in France. The influence of the Crusades was naturally seen in religious buildings, and first of all in the imitation of Byzantine paintings. According to M. Viollet-le-Duc, this imitation is most evident in the sculptures belonging to the remote age of St. Bernard, in the abbey church of Vezelai in Burgundy, in which he preached the second crusade. Little by little, however, Gothic art freed itself from the tutelage to which it owed its birth. The Byzantine Christ, blessing and judging men, soon became no more than the *Crucified;* the glorified Virgin, crushing the serpent, and resting her foot on the crescent of the moon, was transformed into the *Madonna,* mother of the Holy Child.

The monks of Cluny, whose order was founded by St. Bernon as early as the end of the ninth century, were not only better scholars, but also

better artists than those of other institutions. Stonemasons worked under the abbots or friars of this order who had studied architecture, and the more skilful of these artisans became carvers of images, and were intrusted with the most important and delicate works. They made the statues, or the heads and hands of the statues; but they did not give their names—there was no Pheidias, no Praxiteles, amongst them. "Their figures," says M. Taine, "are destitute of beauty, thin, attenuated, mortified, and suffering; . . . motionless in expectation or rapture, they are too frail and impassioned to live, they are already promised to heaven." And yet strict judges found fault with them. Gregory VII. and St. Bernard condemned the license indulged in by the nascent art. They were hostile to all beauty, to all shape. Virtuous, not beautiful saints were required, with nothing about them to distract the eye or the mind, or to excite earthly love. Shoulders and hips were not to be represented, action was forbidden, the hands must be folded in the attitude of prayer and meditation.

In these images, whether of the elect or the condemned, of angels or of devils, expression was generally obtained by means of contortions and grimaces. "The whole period called Gothic," says M. Ménard, "was divided between two equally

vicious extremes—absolute rigidity or degrading mannerism."

We must here remark that the Greeks aspired not only to the true and the beautiful, but also to right balance in the true and beautiful. Hence the comparative calm of their statues, the absence of all forced or painful expression, and even, if you will, of tenderness. The Christians, on the contrary, in their endeavour to supply the want of beauty—condemned by their creed—by power of expression, naturally fell into extremes; and this fault, contracted in the Middle Ages, characterised Christian art until the time of Michael Angelo, of Bernini, of Puget, and exists still in our own day, under the name of mannerism.

However, taking into account the ideas universally entertained at this time, with regard to the impossibility of representing the nude, the mortification of the flesh, and the superiority of ascetic piety over mobile beauty, we must acknowledge that the lay artists of the Middle Ages at least, who had more independence and individuality of character than their religious brethren, did attain to a certain excellence, a certain ideal, and in many cases even to true and powerful expression. Beauty certainly was wanting; but, in the words of M. Viollet-le-Duc, "the style and the thought were never at fault."

The artists were in perfect accord with the ideas of their time. Art was indeed a reflection of society.

At the end of the twelfth century, and throughout the whole of the thirteenth, sculpture became more and more secular. It was no longer under the direction of the monks, but of the bishops, and the secular clergy proved themselves better informed and more independent than the professed. The bishops, less completely subject to the Pope than the monastic body, resembled the feudal lords under the monarchy before the latter acquired all its centralised authority. The result of this in art was the greater variety of subjects represented, together with increased freedom in their treatment from the thraldom of tradition. False and childish legends were abandoned for the all but historical facts of the Old and New Testaments.

The happy result of this new state of things was the production of some fine pieces of statuary, including groups, in which we already notice a skilful arrangement of lines, a felicitous choice of attitudes, with pure and devout expression. This era resembles that of the Æginetans in the history of Grecian art. The time of crude efforts was past, the true renaissance was dawning; the age of full liberty to the artist. Indeed, we recognise in this progress of art the same love of independence

which, in the body politic, led to the institution of communes. And this independence was often carried to audacity. "The works of this time," says M. Viollet-le-Duc, "show a marked democratic tendency; a hatred of oppression, which was then spreading everywhere; and, which is a nobler sentiment, and renders them worthy of the name of art, the liberation of the intellect from feudal and priestly bondage."

The artists of this time were thoroughly well acquainted with the laws of proportion in perspective. Their statues, groups, high and low reliefs, are suited to the position they occupy; faulty if seen close, correct at a distance, they are almost always intended to be looked at from below. Their authors were also conversant with the laws of light; which was the more necessary, as many sculptures of the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries are coloured. We may add that the groups, statues, and bas-reliefs were adapted to the amount of light which would fall upon them; in fact, at that time, sculpture was still an adjunct, the principal decoration of architecture. In speaking of the monuments of this epoch we can neither separate the sculpture from the architecture, nor the architecture from the sculpture.

Like the Mahommedan mosques, a Christian

cathedral was intended to be a representation of the world, a *cosmos*. But after the downfall of the iconoclasts, artists were free to represent all living things, and the cathedral became a more complete picture of the universe. We are therefore not surprised to meet with an infinite variety of ornaments; a stone *flora*, that is to say, plants freely imitated with the chisel; a *fauna*, that is, animals of all sorts, mostly fabulous or chimerical, and nearly always symbolical, such as the phœnix, the griffin, the harpy, the basilisk, the salamander; together with men, saints, demons, angels, and gods. It was in accordance with ideas of this kind that the great cathedrals were constructed and decorated at Rheims, Chartres, Amiens, Laon, Sens, Paris, and in the central district formerly known as the Isle of France, which M. Viollet-le-Duc justly calls the "Attica of the Middle Ages."

After these general remarks, we will proceed to notice those pieces of sculpture best known to fame, which are mostly by artists whose originality has rescued their names from oblivion; who were artists by nature as well as by education, combining true genius with great delicacy and refinement. Such were, in the fourth century, Jean Ravi and his nephew, Jean Bouteiller, who, after the misfortunes of the reign of Charles VI., and the ex-

pulsion of the English, worked together at a *Life of the Virgin*, in bas-relief, round the cloister of Notre-Dame at Paris ; the unknown author of the fine tomb erected in the cloister St. Victor, by Bishop Guillaume of Paris, to his cook Jacques ; Hennequin de la Croix, author of the magnificent mausoleum, dedicated by Charles V., Charles le Sage, to his fool, Thévenin de St. Légier ; Conrad Meyt and André Colomban, who executed the tomb of Philibert le Beau, in the church of Brou ; and lastly, Michel Colomb, or Michault Colomb (1431 to 1514), author of the monument at Nantes to François II. duc de Bretagne (duke of Brittany) and his wife Marguerite de Foix. He it is who has the honour of giving his name to the first of the rooms dedicated to the Renaissance in the Museum of the Louvre. In the marble bas-relief attributed to him he has introduced the *Struggle between St. George and the Dragon*, in nearly high relief, but in reduced proportions. The delicacy of workmanship and the boldness of style in the figures of the mail-clad Christian Perseus on horseback, the scaly monster pierced by the lance, and the Princess Theodelinda * kneeling in the distance, would have done honour to Italy herself at this age. Whilst Colomb was at work on this bas-relief and other

* (Quære. S. Saba ?—Tr.)

ornaments for the Chateau de Gaillon, built by Cardinal Amboise, Jean Juste of Tours was making a name by his tomb of Louis XII., and Jean Texier by the forty-one groups or bas-reliefs of the cathedral of Chartres ; the *Marriage of the Virgin*, the *Visitation*, the *Circumcision*, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, etc. "It is not Perugino whom we recognise here," exclaims Emeric David, "it is Raphael himself, as seen in the *loggie* of the Vatican." Juste and Texier both lived earlier than the Italians of Fontainebleau.

In the same room, near an alabaster statue of Louis XII., in the costume of a Roman emperor, by a Milanese sculptor, Demugiano, are two other entirely French monuments. One is the tomb of the celebrated friend of Louis XI. and Charles VIII., the historian, Philippe de Comines, who died in 1509, and of his wife, Hélène de Chambres, who followed him in 1531. The figures, of coloured stone, are only half length, in the attitude of prayer and they are so carefully chiselled and painted as to be true portraits in full relief. The other monument consists of a pair of separate tombs, of Louis Poucher, secretary to the king, who died in 1521, and of his wife, Roberte Legendre, whose death took place a year later. According to custom, each figure lies on its back, with folded

hands and closed eyes; the man, in warlike costume, rests his feet on a lion; the woman, in a close-fitting cap and flowing robe, with no ornament but a long rosary, uses a dog as a footstool. All these details are common even to triteness, the material, mere lias limestone, is not valuable, nor do the insignificant names of the persons commemorated justify the exceptional measures taken to preserve their tombs from oblivion. Do we even know the name of the sculptor of these images? No; and the dates prevent us from attributing them to Michault Columb, who died many years before these worthies. Why then were their monuments brought from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois to the Museum of the Louvre? Because their unknown author has produced a double masterpiece, because the exquisite simplicity of these memorial figures (of the woman especially) is such, that they may be considered models of French art before it was transformed by Italian influence. They are fortunately well preserved and uninjured.

Benvenuto Cellini was invited to France by Francis I. at the same time as Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Rosso, and Primaticcio. We have already noticed his *Nymph of Fontainebleau* in our chapter on Italian sculpture; it is in the

same room in the Louvre as Michael Angelo's *Captives.* We may also mention a statue of *Friendship*, by a certain Pietro Paolo Olivieri. She half unbares her heart with one hand, a strange and far from pleasing fancy, intended to typify the warmth and purity of her feelings. But does not good taste condemn the use of physical symbols to represent moral sentiments? Is not expression the only legitimate means at the artist's command for the embodiment of his thought? To attain to this is the chief difficulty, but also the chief triumph of art.

At the same time that the Italians introduced the grand style into France, a Frenchman took rank amongst the first sculptors of Italy. This was Jean de Bologne, born at Douai in 1524. He lived at Florence, where he was called Giam-Bologna; but we have as good a right to class him amongst French sculptors as we have to consider Claude and Poussin French painters. It was probably a whim of the gloomy Michael Angelo which led to his becoming a great artist. It is said that the young Jean de Bologne, shortly after his arrival in Italy, presented the old Florentine with a very finely-finished plaster-work. Michael Angelo broke it with a blow of his stick, and exclaimed: "Young man, learn to use the chisel before finishing." Jean de Bologne left his cele-

brated bronze group of the *Rape of a Sabine* in the *Palazzo Vecchio*, and several statuettes in the museum *Degl' Uffizi ;* amongst others, a *Juno*, a *Venus*, an *Apollo*, a *Vulcan*, and the *Mercury*,

Fig. 55.—The Flying Mercury.

known everywhere as that of Giam-Bologna. This well-known Mercury, which has been often copied, is a perfect masterpiece of lightness, equilibrium, and grace ; and is as true to life as the *Dancing*

Faun of Pompeii, and the finest models bequeathed to us by Grecian antiquity. The messenger of the gods rests one foot upon a zephyr, and is about to spring into the air. One of the rooms of the Louvre is named after Jean de Bologne, because for a long time the principal piece of sculpture which it contains, the nearly colossal group of *Mercury carrying off Hebe*, was attributed to him. It is indeed a magnificent work, but we think it a pity that it was not turned round the other way, so as to let the light from the windows fall on to the figure of Mercury instead of on that of Hebe. The latter is, in fact, somewhat heavy, stiff, and awkward, whilst the former is supple and agile, with attitude and action alike well rendered. It has been ascribed to Jean de Bologne, because it resembles the wonderful little *Flying Mercury* of Florence. But it is now called *Mercury and Psyche*, and attributed to a certain Adrian of Vries, a Fleming probably, who must have executed this group at Prague in 1593, for the Emperor Rudolph II. We believe proofs have been found to justify this change of authorship. This room should then no longer be named after Jean de Bologne, but after Michael Angelo, because it contains his *Captives.*

To follow the progress and development of

French art, we must pass without pausing from the room of Michault Colomb to that of Jean Goujon (who lived about 1530—1572). We shall see at a glance that French statuary did not, like painting, need to await the lessons of Italians, but that the sculptors of the Renaissance took their inspiration from the image-makers of the middle age.

A few choice works, by a great artist who is said to have been lost to France in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, have been reverently preserved. The largest and most celebrated is the marble group of *Diana*, made for the old but still beautiful lady of Anet, Diana of Poitiers. On a pedestal of strange shape, rather like a ship, adorned with crabs, lobsters, and amorous figures, the goddess of the chase, in a semi-recumbent position, leans upon a stag with golden antlers, her golden bow in her hand, her two guardian dogs beside her. This half colossal and entirely nude figure, with the hair dressed in the style of the day, is universally looked upon as the portrait of the haughty rival of the Duchesse d'Etampes and of Catherine de Medicis, who ruled France until the death of Henry II. To complete the group, two noble and powerful-looking bronze hunting dogs, with drooping ears, have been judiciously placed at either end. These fine dogs are those described and represented in his book on

hunting by Jacques du Fouilloux, huntsman to Charles IX. They may be quoted as models of race and also of the now flourishing art of representing animals. The only other work in full relief by Jean Goujon is a bust portrait of Henry II., framed in the ornaments of a chimney-piece modelled by Germain Pilon.

But we have his bas-reliefs, in which, if we may so express ourselves, he was more truly himself, and excelled all rivals. We could imagine that the great artist who was called the *French Pheidias* and the *Correggio of sculpture* had really been able to study the frieze of the Parthenon, so much do his bas-reliefs resemble those of the Pheidias of Athens, not only in their form, for they, too, although the striking effect is not lessened, are in very low relief, but also in the grandeur of style, the correctness of drawing, and the grace and truth of the attitudes. M. Alexandre Lenoir has reproduced Goujon's *Deposition from the Cross* in his *Museum of French Monuments*, and there is no paradox in his eulogium: "The Greeks produced nothing more perfect," for none will deny its justice. The *Deposition from the Cross* is now in the Louvre, in the midst of the four *Evangelists*, with which it is worthy to rank. Opposite these works of a sacred style are others which are profane. These are, be-

tween two gracefully recumbent *Nymphs of the Seine*, a fine group of *Tritons* and *Nereids* playing on the water. "Whence did he obtain these charming forms,"

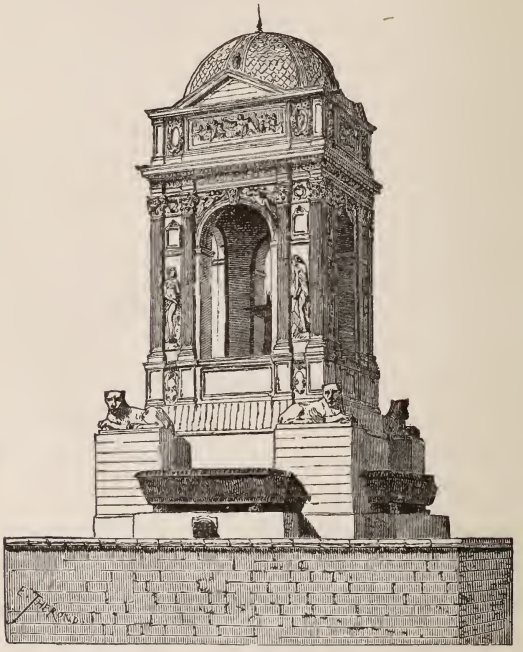

Fig. 56.—Fountain of the Innocents.

says Michelet, "these strange unnatural nymphs with their immensely long and supple figures? Are they the poplars of the *Fontaine-Belle-Eau*, the rushes of its stream, or the fantastic branches of

the vines of Thomery which have clothed the human figure?" (History of the Refor.) These various bas-reliefs are in lias limestone, as well as some other small figures of nymphs of the Seine and of the Marne. There is but one marble bas-relief, the small, but beautiful and powerful composition, called the *Awaking*, which seems to me to be rather a symbolical representation of the *Resurrection.* A spirit has thrown down the torch of life near a kind of nymph, who is awakening from death, not from sleep. The allegory is as clear as an allegory can be.

The sight of these beautiful works makes us deeply regret that the bas-reliefs which are considered Jean Goujon's masterpiece are not also in the Louvre. I allude to those of the *Fontaine des Innocents*, now erected in the vegetable market.* As it was very sensibly decided to take the best groups or statues of the age of Louis XIV. from the gardens of Versailles, in order to form the museum of modern sculpture, as these works are

* This fountain was designed by Pierre Lescot, in 1550, and put up at the corner of the *Rue St. Denis* and the *Rue Aux Fers*, and Jean Goujon had then only sculptured the ornaments of the three visible sides. In 1788, the architects Poyet and Molinos removed it to the centre of the market, and a fourth side became necessary to make it complete. Pajou executed an imitation of the sculptures of Jean Goujon.

now preserved from the ravages of time, some traces of which were already visible, and as they are not only under good shelter, but also in a place where they are admired by better judges than the few stragglers in the now deserted gardens, why has not the masterpiece of the French Renaissance of the sixteenth century had the honour of being included in our national treasury? There it could be better kept, its exquisite details could be better seen, it would be an object of study and admiration for artists and amateurs of all nations; in its turn it would be visited by those better able to appreciate it than the dealers in cabbages and lettuces, who would feel as little regret for its loss as they do pride in its possession. It is undecided what shall be put in the middle of the square court of the Louvre, which awaits, Heaven knows what—some equestrian statue, probably, which a revolution will throw down, like those of Henri IV. and Louis XIV. It is really useless to go to the expense of bronze. Let the *Fontaine des Innocents* be set up in the court of the Louvre, in the centre of the art collections. That is its true place, and there it would remain as long as Paris is Paris.

It is customary to call Jean Goujon the restorer of sculpture in France. Far be it from me to dispute or detract from his glory. I would gladly own him

to be the creator of French statuary. But this title can only be his in common with two other artists, Jean Cousin and Germain Pilon. They may, indeed, have preceded him. Although we do not know the

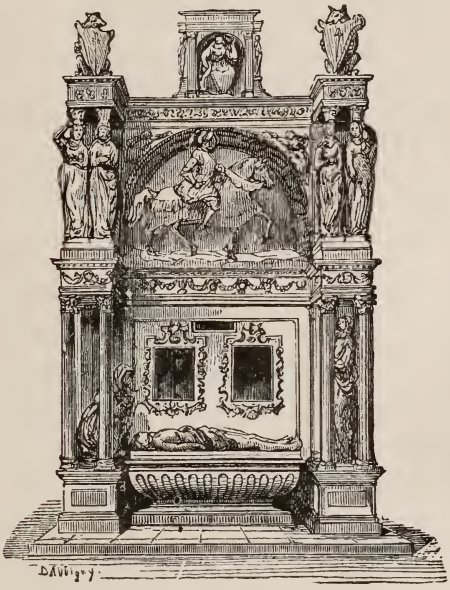

Fig. 57.—Tomb of Pierre de Brézé.

exact date of the birth of Jean Goujon, he is supposed to have been born about 1530. Jean Cousin and Germain Pilon were therefore his seniors by some twenty and fifteen years respectively. The

three were contemporaries, rivals, and fellow-labourers in the common work of the French Renaissance.

The fine tomb of Pierre de Brézé, high seneschal of Normandy, at Rouen, is attributed to Jean Cousin ; but in the Louvre we have only one piece of sculpture and one painting from his hand —both, however, equally excellent. The former is the *Mausoleum of Philippe de Chabot*, admiral of France, which Cicognara calls the masterpiece of French sculpture in the sixteenth century. The semi-recumbent figure of the brave and noble admiral leans upon the helmet with the left arm. But the author of the *Last Judgment* and the *Art of Designing* (*L'Art de Desseigner*) was so entirely occupied in painting glass windows and writing precepts, that he has only left a few easel paintings, and still fewer sculptures. Chabot's mausoleum, if it be indeed by Jean Cousin, combines in itself all that gives value to art objects : it is a fine work, its author is celebrated, and his productions are rare.

Germain Pilon (about 1515—1590) was a sculptor only, and as industrious as he was skilful. There was no need to rob the vaults of St. Denis of the tombs of François I. and Henri II., for the Louvre contains a large collection of his works. It possesses, for instance, the mausoleums of the Chan-

cellor of France, René Birague (or Birago, for he was an Italian, like Gondi, Concini, and Mazarin), and of Valentine Balbiani, his wife. It was of him that Michelet said: "Birague, the man of the St. Bartholomew, who was so impatient to be a cardinal, that he suddenly became a widower." These tombs, with the two spirits extinguishing their torches, originally formed one monument, which is now divided. On one tomb the bronze figure of the chancellor, in his long robes, kneels in the attitude of prayer. It would perhaps be impossible to find a more natural and life-like bronze statue. On the other tomb, which formed a kind of pedestal to the former, the marble figure of Valentine is extended, supporting herself on her pillows, and reading the holy scriptures with downcast eyes. Near her is a little dog. What constitutes the great originality of this monument, is that the same person is seen in very low relief on the front of the base, not now living and clothed, but nude, emaciated, and lifeless. This admirable bas-relief sculptured beneath the statue affords a visible contrast between death and life; it teaches contempt for the flesh, it embodies the grand but false idea of the Christians.

After this double mausoleum, the most celebrated work of Germain Pilon is the group of three women

supporting a gilt vase, intended, it is said, to contain the hearts of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis. This group, which was chiselled in a single block of marble, was ordered by the mother of the three kings (François II., Charles IX., and Henri III.), and placed by her in the church of the Celestines. What does it represent? For a long time it was called the *Three Graces*, and it is under this name that it is known; others, however, have contended that they were meant for the three *Theological Virtues*. Hence a learned controversy. On the one side, in support of the old belief, attention is called to the inscription of the word *Charities* (χαριτες), the Greek name of the Graces; whilst holders of the modern opinion have replied that this name, badly written or badly read, was merely Charity, and that the Christian Virtues were more likely to be represented on a sepulchral monument placed in a church than the heathen Graces. *Adhuc sub judice lis est.* But the latter supposition is the more probable.*

* "With regard to the Greeks," say MM. Louis and René Menard, "we must remark, that the great idea of which these goddesses are the expression, has been generally ill comprehended by the moderns, as is always the case with a synonym. The word *grace* signifies both beneficence and elegance, and the former meaning has been forgotten whilst the second has been adopted. The inhabitants of Siena were nearer the truth when they took the

With this famous and puzzling group we will notice four other figures, female also, but of wood, which supported the shrine of St. Geneviève. I shall not attempt to explain them, for according to the adage, *Numero Deus impare gaudet*, it is difficult to find a religious meaning in the number four. Together with the bust portraits of Henri II., Charles IX., and Henri III., a small child's bust (probably that of Catherine's other son, the Duke of Alençon), and, lastly, a bas-relief in stone, the *Sermon of St. Paul at Athens*, which formerly adorned the pulpit of the Grand Augustines. We have now mentioned all the works of the illustrious Germain Pilon.

Amongst the works of the three founders of the French school of sculpture are to be found two monuments erected by Paolo-Ponzio Trebatti, of Florentine origin, who is often called *Maître Ponce.*

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three graces for the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity; and as the name of graces no longer suggests anything to the mind, but the childish fancies of the last century, their Greek name, charities, should be restored to these goddesses. With the ancients this word signified joy and affection, generosity and gratitude. The symbols of these three inseparable sisters, called the beneficent, the charities simultaneously expressed the gifts of the gods and the blessings of men."

Can Germain Pilon have anticipated as early as the sixteenth century the learned modern discoveries in symbolism?

He came to France with Primaticcio, and, like him, remained there. These monuments are the tombs of Alberto Pio, of Savoy, duke of Carpi, one of the generals of François I., and of Charles de Magny, or Maigné, captain of the watch under Henri II. The Duke of Carpi's effigy, a bronze likeness, reclines upon the base of the tomb ; he is leaning on the left elbow, meditating on an open book. The statue of Charles de Magny, a portrait also, but in stone, is completely clothed in mail ; he sleeps in a sitting posture, his halberd in his hand : he is at his post. These two figures by Trebatti give us a very high opinion of the frenchified Italian, who has been much lauded for the boldness of his style, and to whom many of the best works of other artists have been attributed, such as the *St. George* of Michael Colomb, and even the *Admiral Chabot* of Jean Cousin.

Above the Duke of Carpi, in a terra-cotta medallion, we see a head of *Hercules* in high relief, wearing the lion's skin. It belongs to the decorations of a house at Rheims, and is attributed to Pierre Jacques. Who is Pierre Jacques ? Can it by happy chance be that *Maître Jacques*, native of Angoulême, who, in 1550, competed with Michael Angelo at Rome for a figure of St. Peter, and who has left some excellent wax models of a living,

a flayed, and a dissected man? If so, this *Hercules* is very valuable.

We will now continue our study of French sculpture in the Louvre, which contains scarcely any but the greatest works.

If the room next to that of Jean Goujon contained any more important works by Sarrazin than a bronze bust of the chancellor, Pierre Séguier, the *Mausoleum of the Prince of Condé*, or that of the *Cardinal de Berulle*, for instance, it would certainly have been named after him and not after the Anguiers. This honour should legitimately belong to the sculptor who, in conjunction with the painter Lebrun, founded the Academy of the Fine Arts, and who, being born in 1590, and educated in Italy, forms a connecting link and represents the transition between Jean Goujon and Pierre Puget, François I. and Louis XIV. But if Sarrazin be set aside, his immediate predecessor, Simon Guillain (1581–1658) would perhaps have the right of naming this second French room. Guillain was the author of the bronze statues of Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, and Louis XIV. as a child, which formerly composed the *Monument of the Pont au Change*, and are now in the Louvre. He was the master of the two brothers Anguier, who have been preferred to him. Let us resign ourselves to this choice.

In the centre of their room rises an obelisk in decorated marble with four symbolical figures round the base, Truth, Union, Justice, and Force. An inscription informs us that it is the funereal monument of Henri de Longueville. Of which? Of the Henri I., who gained the battle of Senlis on the Ligne in 1589, or Henri II., who was one of the chiefs of the Fronde, in conjunction with his wife, Cardinal de Retz, and the Prince of Condé? In any case the elder of the Anguiers, François (1604–1669), is the author of the mausoleum and also of the *tombs* of Jacques-Auguste de Thou and of the Princess of Condé, Charlotte de la Trémouille, two marble figures kneeling in prayer. Another sepulchral monument, that of Jacques de Souvré de Courtenvaux, together with a bust of the great Colbert, are by the younger Anguier, Michel (1612–1686), whose name ought to be popular in Paris, for he executed, after the designs of Lebrun, the ornaments of the triumphal arch which has become the St. Denis gate, and the fine *Christ on the Cross* set up on the theatrical decoration introduced into the church of St. Roch, and called the *Calvary*. Although executed with care, knowledge, and talent, these various works by the two Anguiers are spoiled by their heaviness, the fault which should be especially avoided in handling marble and bronze.

It appears that French sculpture was for a long time chiefly employed in tombs. There are two others in the same room: that of the constable Anne de Montmorency, killed at the battle of St. Denis in 1567, and that of his wife, Madeleine de Savoie-Tende. These are two marble figures lying on their backs, with folded hands, in the old form of the tombs of the Middle Ages. These mausoleums, together with the busts of Henri IV. and the president Christophe de Thou, are by a certain Barthélemy Prieur, an artist but little known now, and of whom there is no record in biographies. Judging by his style, however, he must have preceded the Anguiers, and probably even Simon Guillain.

He would thus be the contemporary of Pierre Francheville (1548– . . .), whom a somewhat excessive generosity has made the godfather of the last room. Surely the distorted and unsightly statues of *Orpheus* and of *David*, conqueror of Goliath, have not obtained this honour for the enervated pupil of Giam-Bologna; but rather, we imagine, the four bronze figures of vanquished and chained nations, made by him for the four angles of the pedestal of Henri IV.'s statue on the Pont Neuf, of which a few fragments only now remain, it having been destroyed in the Revolution.*

* The work of Jean de Boulogne. The horse was given to

Michael Anguier's is the last of the rooms of the Renaissance; and the first of those containing modern sculptures is named after Pierre Puget.

Jacques Sarrazin, the companion of Simon Vouet in Italy, his friend and son-in-law in France, played the same part in sculpture as the latter in painting; and Pierre Puget's (1622–1694) was analogous to that of Nicolas Poussin — indeed, with all his faults, he was, and still is, in my opinion, the greatest of French sculptors. In the chief beauty of his character, in his love, his enthusiasm for independence, he again resembled Poussin, and at the same time Eustache Lesueur. Like Poussin, Puget for a time tried living at court under royal patronage; but, soon disgusted with this gilded servitude, and rebelling against the exactions of the Inspector-general of the Fine Arts, who wished him to adopt his ideas and even his designs, he returned to his native place, Marseilles, as Poussin did to Rome, and gave himself up in solitude to the suggestions of his genius. There he became a painter, sculptor, and architect, after having been a ship-builder in his youth.* His paintings, which

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Marie de Medici, widow of Henri IV., by her father Cosmo II., Grand Duke of Tuscany. The statue of the royal horseman was added later.

* Puget first conceived and carried out the idea of those huge

are pretty numerous, and of every style, have remained in the towns in which he successively resided, Genoa, Toulon, Aix, Marseilles;* but his sculptures, which are far superior, were mostly sent to Versailles, and it was the productions of his chisel which earned him the beautiful titles of the *Rubens of sculpture* and the *French Michael Angelo.* Although resembling Poussin in the circumstances of his life, and in his character, Puget as an artist differed essentially from the great painter of Andelys. He was carelessly and inadequately educated; he had no instructor in art or in letters, he saw few classical models, and he never atoned

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poops, with double galleries and wooden figures, which were soon imitated everywhere in the decoration of clumsy high-decked vessels. At the age of twenty-one he made his first attempt on the ship *Queen*, and later he applied his invention with the greatest success, to the *Magnificent* of 104 guns, equipped by the Duke of Beaufort, the old *Roi des Halles* (*Market King*), when he went to aid the Venetians in Candia. Vessel and Admiral perished together on the 25th of June, 1669.

* The museum of the last-named town contains four: the *Baptism of Clovis* and the *Baptism of Constantine*, bearing date 1652 (when Puget was thirty years old), and much spoilt by unskilful restoration; the *Salvator mundi* of 1654, better preserved and quite Italian, in the debased style of Pietro da Cortona; and lastly, the portrait of Puget himself, of which M. Léon Lagrange says: "It represents a man forty years old, whose expression it is difficult to define; it is a combination of natural roughness, acquired refinement and restless eagerness, the brow is full of genius, and we read the consciousness of his own genius in the eyes and mouth."

for the faults of his early training by study and reflection. He was wanting in knowledge and in taste; he neither knew nor understood the beauties of antiquity; but he was as original as he was eccentric, and yielding himself unreservedly to the dictates of his mighty genius, he was pre-eminently successful in expressing life, action, power, and sometimes even passion. None excelled him in giving warmth to marble, and I might add, without hesitation, colour. Like Michael Angelo, he often set to work on a block without preparation, design, or sketch. Puget has hit off his own likeness at one stroke, in the letter written when he was already sixty years old to Louvois, with his group of *Perseus and Andromeda:* "I am nourished by great works; I labour at them, and the marble trembles before me, however large be the piece." *

Who could recognise in the *Hercules in repose*, without the club, or the skin of the Nemæan lion, the demigod whom the Greeks called the most beautiful of the *pentathli*, because his limbs were not only the most muscular, but also the most slender and supple. Looking at this coarse head,

* The translator adds the original, which cannot be well rendered in English: "Je suis nourri aux grands ouvrages, je nage quand j'y travaille, et le marbre tremble devant moi, pour grosse que soit la pièce."

with turned up nose, we say to ourselves that Puget has merely copied some porter from the wharf. But at the same time, how happily impassive action is given, how well the flesh and muscles are rendered, how instinct with life is the whole body! Take from this statue the name of Hercules, call it only a wrestler, a market porter, and you have a perfect work.

Still more perfect, in spite of the unjust disdain of Cicognara, is the group of *Milo of Crotona*, devoured by a lion. As he is not a god, we do not expect him to be represented in a conventional and sacred form, and the Crotonian gives us a very fair idea of an old athlete. The life and action of the body and the finished execution are alike wonderful, whilst the moral expression is no less excellent. In every line, from head to foot, the rage and suffering of the famous conqueror in the Greek games are admirably rendered; his powers weakened by old age, and his hand caught in the cleft tree, he feels himself torn by the teeth and claws of his treacherous enemy, without the power of defending and avenging himself with the mighty fist which once felled an ox. This group not only resembles, it rivals that of the *Laocoon;* and we understand that when the case which brought it to Versailles was unpacked before Louis XIV., the

tender-hearted Maria Theresa, full of fright and pity, exclaimed, "Ah, mon Dieu, le pauvre homme!" We believe that this *Milo of Crotona* is considered the chef-d'œuvre of Puget, and perhaps also of all French sculpture.

In speaking of the group of *Perseus delivering Andromeda*, which is enlarged by a figure of Cupid aiding the son of Danaë to cut the chains of the beautiful victim, Puget might well say, "however large be the piece," for I know of no modern group of greater size, and to find "a larger piece" we must turn to the *Toro Farnese* at Naples, which has five figures. The author does not appear to have been in the least embarrassed by the extreme difficulty of so complicated a work; neither the clearness of the subject, the general action, nor the workmanship of the various details which make up the whole, are at all affected or impaired by it. Andromeda is pretty, delicate, and pleasing; Perseus, strong, bold, irresistible, like the son of Jupiter mounted on Pegasus. But the difference in the size of the sexes is exaggerated; either Andromeda is a little girl, or Perseus a giant.

We notice the same disproportion in an equestrian statue of the *Victorious Alexander*, the horse is enormous compared to the rider. But perhaps Puget intended this powerful Bucephalus, trampling

under foot confused heaps of conquered nations, to represent the various forces which the genius of Alexander held united for his distant and stupendous conquests. The rest of Puget's works in the Louvre are a plaster copy of two caryatides which he made for the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville of Toulon; a small tomb, in which two angels and two cherubims are grouped round a sepulchral urn, and the large and singular bas-relief representing the well-known scene of *Alexander and Diogenes.* This was Puget's last work, which he only finished just before his death, at the age of seventy-four. In this he again resembles Michael Angelo, whose old age was so laborious and prolific. For want of a better name, this group is called a bas-relief, but in reality it contains every kind of sculpture. Those parts which stand out, the head of Alexander's horse, and the legs of Diogenes lying near his tub (which should be a large earthenware vessel), are necessarily in full relief; whilst the foreground is in high, and the background in low relief, which decreases gradually in the distant perspective. This sculptured picture is an extraordinary feat, and I own that its very strangeness makes its author near akin to Michael Angelo, and still nearer to Algardi, but it removes him far from Pheidias; which fact, if I am not mistaken, proves

that the arts should not encroach on one another; that there should be no debateable land between their domains. The mission of sculpture is to gratify the taste with beautiful forms only; at her command she has nothing but lines, hollows, and projections; she is to enable us to touch what painting lets us see, and sculpture has no more right to attempt pictures in marble than painting to make monochrome statues, with all the resources of colour, chiaroscuro, and perspective at her command. Puget's example is decisive, as is proved by no one having followed it.

The second room, that of Antoine Coysevox (1640–1720), contains a fine collection of the works of this eminent artist, who lived shortly after Puget, and resembled him in talent. Amongst them we notice particularly the *Mausoleum of Cardinal Mazarin*, with a spirit bearing the lictor's axe and three allegorical bronze figures, which makes us regret the *Mausoleum of Colbert*, considered Coysevox's principal work. A poor enough statue of the foolish Duchess of Burgundy, who wished to be represented as Diana, the *fair-limbed goddess;* a statue of *Louis XIV.*, who, when young, assumed the character of Apollo, but is now depicted as old, devout, and kneeling in prayer. The busts of Richelieu, Bossuet, and Fénélon, which

were not successful likenesses; the faces of all three are flat, the foreheads low, the heads narrow; not at all like their painted portraits preserved to us by Philippe de Champagne and Hyacinthe Rigaud. The busts of Pierre Mignard and Charles Lebrun, which are, on the contrary, very fine, and good likenesses. They are so superior to the former, that it is difficult to believe they are from the same hand. There were, in fact, two periods in Coysevox's life: one of vigorous power, when he sculptured the two celebrated painters; the other of unskilfulness or weakness, when he produced the busts of the great ministers and the celebrated writers.

It is a pity that there is no work in the Coysevox room by his rival François Girardon (1630–1715), "whom La Fontaine and Boileau," says Thoré, "compared to Pheidias, as Molière compared Mignard to Raphael." It is true that Girardon paid court to Louis XIV. and Lebrun, and only produced in marble the designs imposed on him by the arrogant president of the Academy; but for all that the gigantic groups of *Pluto carrying away Proserpine*, and *Apollo descending to Thetis*, with which he adorned the gardens of Versailles, have earned him a distinguished position amongst the sculptors of the reign of the *grand monarque*.

The third room is named after the brothers Coustou, Nicolas (1658–1735), and Guillaume (1678–1746). The former is the author of the group called the *Junction of the Seine and Marne*,

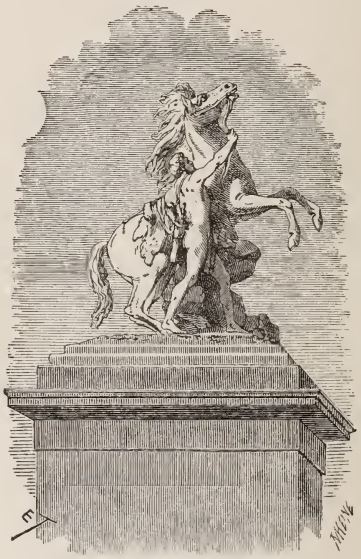

Fig. 58.—Riding-Master of Marly.
(Paris, Champs-Elysées.)

in the Tuileries Garden; and the latter of the famous *Écuyers* or *Chevaux de Marly*, now placed at the entrance to the Champs Elysées. The works contained in this room would not alone have earned for

the Coustous the honour of naming it. On one side we have Louis XV. as Jupiter, in Roman costume, and Queen Maria Leczinska, as Juno ; pretentious figures in bad taste, at once feeble and theatrical,

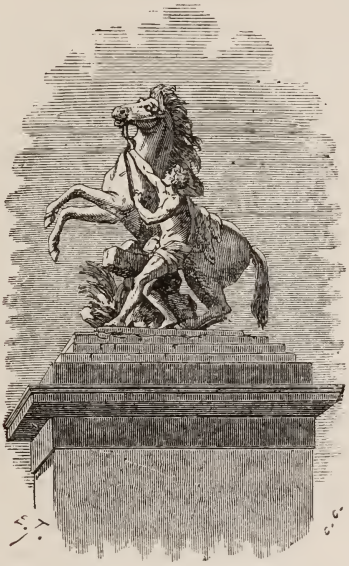

Fig. 59.—Riding-Master of Marly.
(Paris, Champs-Elysée.)

in the false and ridiculous antique style which was introduced on the stage by Lekain and others of his day. On the other side Louis XIV., in regal mantle, holding his crown and sceptre, but kneeling

and bending forward in the humble attitude of his *Vow to the Virgin*, like the princes of the Lower Empire naming the mother of Jesus generalissimo of their armies. The execution of this figure renders it beautiful, and it is not even spoilt by the style. M. Ingres, probably without having seen it, has reproduced it exactly in his picture on the same subject—the *Vow of Louis XIV.*

This Coustou room would therefore be nearly empty, were it not filled with other works, which appear to me more interesting and remarkable. We allude to the diploma subjects successively presented by the members of the Academy of Sculpture on their admission to that body, which preceded the Institute of the Fine Arts. They are all little groups of figures a foot and a half high, some representing Christian, but the greater number mythological subjects. The rule as to size better enabled those enervated successors of Puget to compete, who knew not how to carve "large pieces," and to make the "marble tremble before them." As most of these sculptors are entirely unknown, in spite of their title of academicians, it will be useful to recall their names, and to mention one work characteristic of each.

We begin, then, with a *Hercules on the pile*, by Guillaume Coustou; a *Hercules crowned by Glory*,

in high relief, by Desjardins (the Fleming, Martin Van Bogaert); a *Jesus bearing His Cross*, by Bouchardon; a *Milo of Crotona*, devoured by the lion, by Etienne Falconnet* (1706—1791), the friend of Diderot; a *Mercury attaching the wings to his heels*, by Jean Baptiste Pîgalle (1714—1785); and a *River God*, pouring water from his urn, by Jacques Caffieri (1723—1792). All these became celebrated by more important works; Caffieri, for instance, has left excellent busts of Rotrou and the two Corneilles, in the lobby of the *Théâtre Français*. M. Thoré very justly remarks: "These busts have the boldness of Puget, the grace of Germain Pilon, the skilful execution of Coysevox, and the spirit of Coustou."

We now proceed to enumerate those who are nearly or entirely unknown, with the single work which is to rescue them from oblivion. The *Leda and the Swan*, by Jean Thierry (1669—1739), which anticipated the Pompadour style by thirty years.

* Falconnet is the author of the fine bronze equestrian statue which Catherine II. had raised to Peter the Great, in Saint Isaac's Square, at St. Petersburg. Set up on a granite rock, it bears the inscription: *Petro primo Catherina secunda.* To express the true thought of the foundress, it should now be changed to: *Petro Magno Catherina Magna.* "The statue that the Empress of Russia raised to Peter the Great speaks to all nations from the banks of the Neva; it says: I await that of Catherine." (Voltaire, art. *Beaux-arts*, in the Dict. Philos.)

St. Sebastian at the Pillar, by François Coudray (1678—1727); and *St. Andrew before his Cross*, by Jean Baptiste d'Huez; two good studies of the sacred style. *Hercules vanquished by Love*, by Joseph Vinache (1697—1744), which shows more knowledge and appreciation of the antique than the *Hercules* of Puget. *Plutus*, by Anselme Flamen (....—1730). *Ulysses bending his bow*, by Jacques Rousseau (....—1740), a powerful and finely-finished work. A *Titan struck by thunder*, by Edme. Dumont (....—1755), which merits the same praise. *Polyphemus on the rock*, with the one eye in his forehead above the two empty sockets, by Corneille Van Clèves, who was no doubt a Fleming, like Desjardins. *Neptune calming the waves*, the *Quos ego* of Virgil, by Lambert Sigisbert Adam (1700—1759). *Prometheus and the Vulture*, by Nicolas Sébastien Adam (1705—1778), who has well expressed the contortions of acute agony and powerless rage (this is not the indomitable Prometheus of Æschylus). Lastly, a *Charon*, without the author's name; which is, however, one of the best of these academic pieces, remarkable for the gloomy and reserved expression suitable to the ferryman of hell.

In the room of Edmé Bouchardon (1698—1762), containing works of the eighteenth century, we are

surrounded by Cupids and Psyches in the true Pompadour style. And yet no one shared the spirit of his age less than Bouchardon himself. Well-educated, conscientious, and of quiet appearance, he avoided pomp, and lived in solitude, because, enamoured as he was of the antique, the absurdity of the fashionable costumes was repugnant to his taste and predilections. His style, correct and noble, but somewhat cold, needed only a few sparks of Puget's fiery enthusiasm to give it animation. We can appreciate his statues of Christ, Mary, and of eight Apostles which adorn the church of St. Sulpice, and the fine sculptures of the fountain of the *Rue de Grenelle;* and we might have appreciated his equestrian statue of Louis XV., the horse of which was considered a masterpiece, had it not been destroyed in 1793. But to understand to what an extent this eminent artist loved and understood true beauty, in this age of the insipid shepherdesses of Boucher and his fellows, we have only to examine the *Young Girl*, holding a stag by a cord, in the Louvre. The soft and pleasing attitude, the graceful form, the head, which is more than beautiful, almost grand, and the delicacy of the execution, combine to render this charming statue the most *antique* of modern works. Canova is anticipated, his spirit is here. Similar, if

not equal praise is due to the *Victorious Cupid*, a beautiful youth, cutting out his bow in Hercules' club with the sword of Mars, as well as to the group of *Psyche and Cupid*. We see the inquisitive beauty drawing near to her sleeping lover with the fatal lamp. He will flee as soon as he is known, to typify that happiness is as little enduring as a passing illusion.

Bouchardon's room rejoices in another *Psyche*, by Augustin Pajou (1730—1809), which represents her inconsolable at the flight of the fickle god, and given up to the vengeance of Venus. That there may be no mistake as to the name and meaning of his statue, he has written the following mischievous line round the pedestal :

"Psyche lost Love in wishing to know him."

This inscription, beneath the nude figure of a clumsy and ungraceful courtesan, who is neither the Phryne of Praxiteles nor the Venus of Gnidus, reminds us of that painter of Ubéda, whom Cervantes makes fun of, who worked at random, *salga to que saliere*, and wrote beneath the chance production of his brush, "This is a cock," that it might not be taken for a fox. Pajou atoned for this, however, in a fine, life-like, and speaking portrait of Buffon ; he was always successful with sculptured

likenesses, those of women especially, and knew how to make them pretty and pleasing in spite of the shapeless head-dresses to which they were condemned by fashion. Two other nude figures, by Chrétien Allégrain (1705—1795), called *Venus and Diana at the Bath*, are scarcely worthy of even a passing notice.

The room named after Houdon is not reserved to him alone, but to all those who may be considered his contemporaries ; for, with the exception of one, the sculptors whose works it contains died after the beginning of the present century. Jean Baptiste Pigalle (1714—1785) lived and died last century ; he has only one work in the Louvre, a bust-portrait of Maurice of Saxony in lias limestone. This artist preferred truth to beauty ; he was a most persevering worker, as prolific as he was skilful, and, good and life-like as is this one likeness, it is not enough to represent such a man in the museum of France. We must seek him rather in the Library of the Institute, where we find his strange statue of Voltaire, whom he insisted upon representing nude, although he was old and emaciated ; in one of the chapels of *Notre Dame*, where we find the *Tomb of Marshal Harcourt*, which he composed in accordance with a dream of the hero's widow, and last, not least, in the Protestant church of St. Thomas, at

Strasburg, which contains the celebrated *Monument to Marshal Saxe*, executed in marble by Pigalle, after the designs of his friend Charles Nicolas Cochin. Death opens a grave at the feet of the hero of Fontenoy, and weeping France strives to retain him.

We will now name the other sculptors of the same room, that is, of the same age, as Pigalle, according to the date of their birth.

By Jean Antoine Houdon (1741—1828), to whom we owe the *Flayed Man* so well known in schools of art, we have a bronze *Diana*, whom, but for the crescent and the bow, we should scarcely take for the chaste goddess of Ephesus, for she is represented entirely nude, without veil of any kind. It is a fine study in a pure style, I own, although somewhat heavy for the nimble huntress, but it is spoiled by the stiff action and strained attitude. There is far more *disinvoltura*, grace, and charm in the marble group of *Cupid and Psyche* chasing butterflies, and in *Psyche with the Lamp*, Psyche punished for her curiosity, and weeping for her lost happiness. Can this difference of style be accounted for by the difference of material? Is metal less subservient to the will of the artist than marble? This question is answered on the spot by Houdon himself, for the bronze bust of Jean Jacques Rousseau, wearing the narrow fillet of the

conqueror in the Olympic games, is placed near that in marble of the Abbé Aubert, and I do not think that this portrait of the author of *Emile* is

Fig. 60.—Voltaire, by Hou..on.

inferior in beauty of workmanship and truth to that of the La Fontaine of children.

Houdon is however, better represented in the

Théâtre Français than in his own room in the Louvre. The bust of Molière, in the lobby, and the statue of Voltaire seated, in the vestibule, are excellent and superior works, which will bear comparison with any of those by his contemporaries. In them Houdon has showed how the ideal may be combined with the real, the quickening spirit with the body it animates. He has in every case given his models expression; an expression as keen as that of the portraits of Titian and Rembrandt. I like to think that the statue of Washington, made by Houdon for Philadelphia, is equally worthy of the virtuous and illustrious founder of American independence, of the greatest public man of modern times, on whom Byron pronounces a eulogium at the end of his "Ode to Napoleon:"

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate.
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one."*

* On the new monument to Washington, at Philadelphia, the Americans have inscribed:

"The first in war,
The first in peace,
And the first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

By P. L. Roland (1746—1819) we have a *Homer* in rhapsody, accompanying himself on his lyre. By Antoine Denis Chaudet (1765—1810) a *Cupid* seizing a butterfly, the symbol of the soul, and the group of the *Shepherd Phorbas carrying away the young Œdipus*, which is considered the best of his works, and is certainly one of the best of the time of Louis David. By Adrien Gois (1765—1823) an alabaster bust of *Corinna*. Is this the ancient rival of Pindarus, or the heroine of Madame de Staël's romance (Corinne)? By Joseph Bosio (1790—1845) an *Aristæus*, not as a hero, but as the god of bees, and two youthful figures, male and female, which would make a good pair: one is *Hyacinthus*, the beloved child of Apollo, by whom he was struck on the head with a quoit, in consequence of the jealousy of Zephyrus; the other is the nymph *Salmacis*, dying of love for the son of Hermes and Aphrodite, with whom she was united in one body (Hermaphrodite).

It is a pity that a bust of the Virgin Mary, with a sanctimonious and imbecile expression, has been placed near these fine works. It shows that its author, Bosio, knew no better how to express religious feeling in sculpture than in painting. He was foolish enough to attempt the sacred style in his old age, and, with still greater foolishness, he

took the public into his confidence. By Charles Dupaty (1775—1825) we have a *Byblis* changed into a fountain. By P. L. Roman (1792—1835) a group of *Nisus and Euryalus* dying together, as related in the sixth canto of the Æneid. By J. P. Cortot (1787—1843) another group, less tragic, and better suited to the requirements of sculpture, of *Daphnis and Chloë* learning to play the double pipe, a piece as pretty and pleasing as the tale of Longus in the translation of Amyot.

We have now passed through the Louvre and are at the entrance to the Luxembourg. In this museum we find none but the works of contemporary painters and sculptors, and for the reason given in a former work, we shall abstain from all criticism on those groups of statuary. We will merely mention the names and works of those who have been worthy to pass through this museum of living artists, to be reckoned after their death amongst our national glories. For greater impartiality we will arrange them in alphabetical order :

A *Jagua devouring a Hare*, by M. Antoine Louis Barye (1795—....), a bronze group cast in one mould, the wax being broken ; a process fallen into disuse since the Renaissance. Amongst the other state collections there are more works by M. Barye, such as the four figures of *Peace*, *War*,

Force, and *Order*, which adorn the pavilion of the new Louvre ; and the *Lion devouring a Boa*, in the Tuileries Garden. Every one knows how justly famous is M. Barye for his representations of animals. A *Cupid clipping his wings*, by M. Jean Marie Bonnassieux (1810—....). *Truth*, by M. Pierre Jules Cavelier (1814), to whom we are also indebted for the statue of Blaise Pascal, on the ground floor of the tower of *St. Jacques*, and the beautiful *Sleeping Penelope*, for which the Duc de Luynes had a special pavilion constructed in his *Château de Dampierre*. A *Young Hunter playing with his Dog*, by M. Antoine Laurent Dantan (1798). *Psyche deserted by Cupid*, by M. Antoine Desbœufs (1793). *Innocence*, by M. Louis Desprez (1799). *Cupid tormenting a Soul, symbolised by a Butterfly*, by M. Augustin Alexandre Dumont (1801) ; who is also the author of the fine *Genius of Liberty*, on the Column of July. A *Young Fisher Dancing the Tarantella*, by François Joseph Duret (1804–), who has since produced the companion groups of the *Young Neapolitan Dancer*, and the *Improvisatore at the Vintage*. A *Wounded Dog*, by M. Emmanuel Frémiet (1824–), which is merely a sample of the numerous animals executed by him in imitation of M. Barye. *Minerva after the Judgment of Paris*, by M. Nicolas Marie Gatteaux (1788–), who

was more celebrated and successful as an engraver of medals. *Mutius Scævola*, by M. Charles Théodore Gruyère. The *Guardian Angel leading a Repentant Sinner to God*, by M. Jean Aristide Husson (1803–). A *Naiad*, by M. Georges Jacquot (1794–). The *Prayer*, and *Modesty*, by M. Léon Louis Nicolas Jaley (1802–). *Innocence*, a young girl confiding her first secret to Venus. A *Young Girl Frightened by a Snake*, by M. Philippe Henri Lemaire (1797–). *Ariadne*, by M. Aimé Millet (1816–) ; for which his *Bacchant* of the Universal Exhibition, 1855, would be a good companion statue. A *Young Hunter Wounded by a Snake*, by M. Messidor Lebon Petitot (1794–).

The Luxembourg also contains a few works by deceased sculptors. We find, for instance, a *Vesta*, by Houdon ; a *Pomona*, by Dupaty (1771—1825) ; a bas-relief of *France*, calling her children to her defence, by Moitte (1746—1810) ; a *Son of Niobe*, a *Psyche*, an *Atalanta*, by the Genevese James Pradier (1794—1852), who is also the author of the *Fontaine Molière* in the *Rue Richelieu ;* and lastly, the *Young Fisher Playing with a Tortoise*, a *Mercury*, and a *Joan of Arc*, by François Rude, who is famous for numerous other works, such as the powerful bas-relief of the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile*, called the *Departure*, or the *Marseillaise*. We regret not meeting with a single work in the

Luxembourg by the two Rameys, father and son; or by Foyatier, author of the celebrated *Spartacus* of the Tuileries; by Charles Simart; Dantan the younger, &c. But more inexplicable still is the

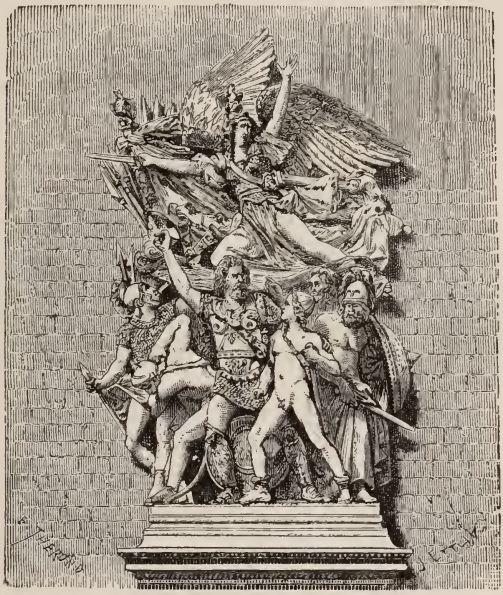

Fig. 61.—The Marseillaise, by F. Rude.

absence of Pierre Jean David, called David of Angers (1789—1856). The author of the pediment of the Pantheon, of the monument *Aux grands*

hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante, of the statue of *Philopœmen* in the Tuileries, of *Condé* at Versailles, of *Corneille* at Rouen, of *La Fayette* at Washington, of *Armand Carrel* at St. Mandé, where the famous political writer was killed, and of the busts or medallions of all the contemporary celebrities, ought to occupy a distinguished place in the Museum of France, especially when we remember

Fig. 62.—Pediment of the Pantheon, by David.

that, like Puget and Poussin, he combined great talent with a noble mind and an independent spirit, and, like his illustrious predecessors, he has left an example of a stainless life from birth to death.

To carry our account of French sculpture down to the present time we have only to add that MM. Guillaume, Perraud, Carpeaux, Crauk, Falguière, Gumery, Aimé Millet, Thomas, Paul

Dubois, &c., who obtained the highest distinctions at the Universal Exhibition of 1867, have maintained their art on a level with that of French painting, namely, in the first rank amongst all nations.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

In the early days of our American history, although the art of Painting excited a considerable degree of enthusiasm, there was no corresponding interest in the sister art of Sculpture. This is, perhaps, the more worthy of notice, because the early men were not indifferent to architecture, and the styles of architecture which pleased them best were the classic, to which, statuary is popularly supposed to be a natural ornament. Yet, while buildings, public and private, in the style which Wren and his scholars had introduced into England, were put up in many of our cities and larger towns; and, while later, the fashion prevailed all over the country of erecting Grecian temples to serve as churches, banks, mints, town halls, and dwellings; yet it was long before it was proposed to adorn any one of these buildings with sculpture, and long before an American was born who showed any aptitude for making statues. The real reason of this neglect is to be

found in the poverty of the country. The buildings that we have referred to, although they were often to be praised for a certain elegance and dignity — the result of harmonious proportion and simple well-executed details of ornamentation — were nevertheless built of inexpensive materials, often of wood, and, when costliest, of brick overlaid with stucco, or of a coarse-grained marble. But statues must be of marble, and of marble fetched from over seas; and when the labor of the sculptor was added to the price of the material, there were few of the American communities, hardly here and there an individual citizen, who could afford the luxury of giving commissions. At the very end of the last century, however, the influences that were to have the first shaping of sculpture in America had begun to exert themselves. At the risk of seeming to trifle with the subject, I shall mention Mrs. Patience Wright, whose maiden name was Lovell. She was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, 1725, and made a considerable reputation both at home, and afterward in England, as a modeler in wax. In England, she made likenesses of many distinguished people, the king, the queen, Lord Chatham, Temple, Barre, Wilkes, and others. Dunlap, in his "History of the Arts of Design in the United States," mentions meeting

Mrs. Wright in 1784, the year before her death. At that time a full-length effigy in wax of Lord Chatham, made by her, was standing in a glass case in Westminster Abbey. She seems to have been an artist of considerable natural talent, but hard circumstances, the want of early instruction in art, and the absence of an art-atmosphere, both here and in England, made her inborn desire a barren tree that bore no lasting fruit. Her exhibition of wax-work figures was, we believe, the predecessor of Madame Tussaud's, and was reckoned as one of the sights of London. Mrs. Adams, in the first of her lively letters written from England, where her husband was ambassador to the Court of St. James, describes in an amusing way her visit to Mrs. Wright and her wax-work; and, later, in a letter from Philadelphia, Mr. Adams himself gives his wife an account of some of the pieces which had been sent over from England to this country to be shown. Thus while West, — a great name at that time, — Trumbull, and Stuart, and Stuart Newton, were doing us honor with foreigners and the English, in the art of painting, Mrs. Wright was the only rival we had to offer to Flaxman and Nollekens in sculpture. It was a pity that she should have been more thought of by the public, and we fear she was, than a

genius like Flaxman, but we have no doubt that she much better deserved the name of statuary than the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer, of whom flattering Horace Walpole made, or tried to make, a tenth muse.

The next sculptor we hear of in America was one whose fame rests mainly upon two statues those of Washington and Voltaire, each of which is held in high honor in the city for which it was executed : the Washington for Baltimore, the Voltaire for Paris. This was Houdon, a Frenchman, whom Franklin and Jefferson persuaded to come to this country to make a statue of Washington for the State of Virginia, to be placed in the State House at Richmond. He arrived here in 1785, and visited Mount Vernon, at Washington's request, where he took measurements of Washington's body, in the presence of Mr. Madison. He executed a bust in marble of the General's head, which he took back with him to France, where the whole figure was put into marble from the model made here. With this statue, which still stands in the State House at Richmond, and with Stuart's portrait, in the Boston Athenæum, we may believe we have the means of judging how Washington looked ; all contemporary testimony is unanimous in asserting that each artist achieved a remarkable portrait of his illustrious

subject. Good casts from Houdon's statue are to be seen in the Capitol at Washington and in the Boston Athenæum. The casts from the head alone are very common. Houdon's original marble bust was for a time in the possession of the sculptor Henry K. Brown, who used it in modeling the head of his equestrian Washington, in Union Square, New York. Mr. Brown afterward sold it to Mr. Hamilton Fish, who still owns it.

A few years later than Houdon, came John Dixey, an Irishman by birth, but brought up in London, where he was a student at the Royal Academy, and he was among those selected to be sent to Italy to finish their studies. But he came to America instead, arriving here in 1789. He was elected vice-president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1810 or 1812, but he seems to have lived chiefly in New York. He left behind him no work of any importance so far as we can learn; indeed, he seems to have been principally occupied in ornamental stone-cutting and in wood-carving. In wood-carving, and in modeling in clay, William Rush, of Philadelphia, earned considerable local reputation. He was born in 1757, and died in 1833.

Next to Houdon in importance was another foreign sculptor, an Italian this time, though well known in France and England — Giuseppe Ce-

racchi. He was born somewhere about 1740, in Rome, and was employed together with Canova in designing and executing sculpture for the Pantheon. He left Italy for England in 1772, and was well received, says Dunlap, by Reynolds, who sat to him for his bust, and he became the teacher in modeling and sculpture of Mrs. Damer, of whom he made a full length statue as the Muse of Sculpture. But though called upon to execute a few unimportant works, he found so little to do in England, where even the native sculptors earned their bread with difficulty, that he returned, according to some accounts, to Rome, and resumed work as a sculptor. In 1791, he came to America, where he did what he could to awaken an interest in the fine arts, uniting himself with C. W. Peale, the painter, and William Rush, the carver in wood, in an abortive attempt to establish an Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia. He had also a scheme of his own for a mountain of allegory which he would pile up somewhere in marble in honor of Liberty. It was to carry out this idea, in fact, that he came to America; but however well disposed toward his scheme, Congress had not the money necessary, and in 1795 Ceracchi returned to Europe. During his short stay he made several fine busts. One of Alexander Hamilton, now in the possession of the statesman's grandson, is deservedly admired.

Dunlap praises highly Ceracchi's bust of Washington, which was purchased of the artist by the Spanish ambassador as a present for his king, but he not caring for it, it remained with the ambassador, of whose widow Richard Mead, of Philadelphia, bought it, and sent it back to America. Dunlap speaks also of a bust of Jefferson, which he says is at Monticello; of another of George Clinton, the governor of New York, and of busts of Paul Jones and John Jay. This was a memorable four years' work, and Ceracchi deserves to be gratefully remembered for it. His after history is a melancholy one. He became fanatically interested in the French Revolution; and when the first Napoleon overthrew liberty, he joined himself to those men who determined to rid the land of him by assassination. He was accused of being concerned in the plot of the infernal machine. This we believe is doubtful; but there can be no doubt, we fear, that he had plotted a more disgraceful crime, — to poniard Napoleon while the First Consul was sitting to him for his bust. But he was arrested on the failure of the infernal machine, and was guillotined in 1801.

The names of a few other sculptors who came to this country to practice their art may be here set down, not because the work they left behind them is of much importance, but because they no doubt

exerted some influence, however slight, in advancing the general culture. A bass-relief in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is signed N. Gevelot, 1827. The subject is Penn making his treaty with the Indians. But we know nothing more of this sculptor. Another tablet in the Rotunda is signed A. Capellano, 1827. The subject is Pocahontas saving Captain Smith. The same sculptor carved the bass-relief in the pediment of the Capitol, — a bust of Washington with Peace on one side and Victory on the other, — and Dunlap ascribes to him the statue on the column of the battle-monument in Baltimore, and the bass-reliefs on the pedestal. Two other bass-reliefs in the Rotunda of the Capitol are signed Enrico Causici of Verona, but without the date. Dunlap says that it was he made the Washington for the monument at Baltimore, and that he competed for the prize of one hundred and fifty dollars raised by subscription in 1816, for a model of a statue of Washington to be placed in the Pennsylvania Academy. The model was set up in the park in 1826. Causici called himself a pupil of Canova, but he appears to have had but little skill in his art.

In 1790 was born John Frazee, the first sculptor of American birth, and parentage. He was born at Rahway, New Jersey, and had a bitter experience of life in his early years. In 1815, he

lost his only child, a son, and having been brought up as a mason and stone-cutter, he attempted to forget his grief in making a portrait in marble of his dead child. This was in 1815, and it was not until 1820 that he saw a statue, and even then his first idea of what could be done in sculpture was gained at second hand by a sight of the plaster casts from the antique sent by Napoleon to the New York Academy of the Fine Arts. His portrait bust of his child procured him an introduction to Trumbull, then president of the academy, who graciously informed him that "nothing in sculpture would be wanted in this country for a hundred years." No wonder that Frazee exclaimed, "Is such a man fit for a president of an academy of fine arts!" There is no excuse for Trumbull, who was himself an artist, but it is worth remembering that about the same time (1818) a much greater and a clearer-headed man, John Adams, wrote to Binon, a French sculptor, who applied to him for permission to take his portrait in marble: "The age of sculpture and painting has not yet arrived in this country, and I hope it will be long before it does so. I would not give a sixpence for a picture by Raphael, or a statue by Phidias." These were the old man's words, but his acts were different. He invited Binon hospitably to Quincy, sat to him for his bust, and showed

real kindness by consenting at his advanced age, to have a mould taken of his face in plaster — a most disagreeable experience. We may remark in passing that Binon made a very characteristic bust of Adams, which is now in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Trumbull was discouraging to artists in his acts as well as his words, and Frazee is not alone in his condemnation of his manners. Mr. Frazee made, according to Dunlap, the first marble bust by a native hand. It was of John Wells, Esq., and was executed from imperfect profiles, after the death of Mr. Wells. It was placed in Grace Church, in New York. He gained much employment by this commission, and made busts from the life of Chief Justice Marshall, Daniel Webster, Dr. Bowditch, Jackson, Jay, and judges Story and Prescott, with Thomas H. Perkins and John Lowell, of Boston. In 1831, Frazee entered into a partnership with Robert E. Launitz, and it was with Launitz, in the marble yard where he and Frazee had worked, that Crawford first practiced his art.

From this time, the names thicken of Americans who have won distinction at home as well as abroad in the difficult art of sculpture. In the year 1805 were born, Horatio Greenough and Hiram Powers,— Powers a few months earlier than Greenough, — two men who have exercised a very

wide, but a very different, influence on American art, and on the art culture of Americans. Artist and scholar, Greenough has never had any equal in America. Story is the only man that can be compared to him, but Greenough excelled Story in largeness of mind, and in the ardor and energy of his nature. He died in 1852, at the ripe age of forty-seven, having executed comparatively few works, but, one of them — the Washington of the Capitol — a work which has given him a place at the head of American sculptors, among all who are accustomed to judge of the productions of art by the success with which they unite intellectual or moral qualities with that beauty of line and form which, with many, is reckoned the only legitimate object of the artist. It must always be remembered in looking at this statue, that it was designed by the sculptor, to be placed in the centre of the Rotunda, and that it is seen to great disadvantage in its present position in the open air. When Greenough learned that the statue was to be removed from the place for which he had intended it, he wrote: "Had I been ordered to make a statue for any square, or similar situation at the metropolis, I should have represented Washington on horseback, and in his actual dress. I would have made my work purely an historical one. I have treated the subject

poetically, and confess I should feel pain at seeing it placed in direct and flagrant contrast with every-day life. Moreover, I modeled the figure without reference to an exposure to rain and frost, so that there are many parts of the statue where the water would collect and disintegrate and rot the stone, if it did not by freezing, split off large fragments of the drapery." The fears expressed by the sculptor in this modest statement are seen to-day to be fully justified, as the weather is telling seriously upon the statue year after year. Before long it will begin to show cruel signs of the power of rain and frost. It ought to be restored to its original place under the dome; and if our American artists have the sense we believe they have of the merits both of the work itself and of the man who made it, they will unite in a petition to Congress, to have Greenough's earnest wish in the matter carried out, even at this late day.

The statue of Washington is a colossal sitting figure, nearly twice the size of life. The head, chest, arms, and feet are bare, the lower limbs covered with drapery, which is brought up over the right arm. Washington with his right arm points upwards, while with his left he holds out a Roman sword, the action being symbolical of his resignation of his commission, and of his recommendation of his countrymen to the care and

guidance of God. The chair in which the hero is seated is of a grand design, the back of open work is an antique pattern, the sides carved with bass reliefs of the infant Hercules strangling the serpent, and of Apollo guiding the chariot of the sun. One end of the back of the chair, where it rises above the sides, is supported by a statue of Columbus contemplating a globe which he holds in his hand; the other end has for support an Indian chief. The whole is executed in the finest Carrara marble, and with the most admirable workmanship. Greenough made another statue for the Capitol which he called "The Rescue." It stands at the head of the steps leading to the eastern entrance of the Capitol, and opposite the statue of Columbus, made in 1844 by an Italian, L. Persico. It typifies the conflict between the American and the Indian, by the rescue of a woman and infant from the tomahawk of a savage, by a brawny hunter. To Greenough must be given the credit of having been the first American to execute a group in marble — "The Chanting Cherubs" — and it is pleasant to associate with this most beautiful work the name of Fenimore Cooper, who both suggested the design, and gave Greenough the commission to execute it. The story is, that the daughters of Mr. Cooper were engaged in copying a print after the picture in the Pitti

Palace — the Madonna del Trono — which is attributed to Raphael. In the foreground are two cherubs, similar to those in the Madonna di Foligno, who are singing from an open book which they hold in their hands. Cooper asked Greenough whether he did not find the cherubs well suited for reproduction in marble ; and Greenough cordially assenting, the commission to execute the design was given. It must not be supposed, however, that the little group is a servile copy of the figures in the picture. The idea is borrowed, but Greenough, in rendering it in marble, has infused into it a most tender and feeling beauty born of his own nature. We cannot do better than to quote the late Henry T. Tuckerman's description of this group,[1] which gives a very clear idea of a work that, both on account of its intrinsic beauty as well of execution as of design, and of its historic importance as the first group of statuary by an American hand, deserves to be placed in some important public collection. "The scope of the work," says Mr. Tuckerman, "is obviously limited. It consists merely of two nude cherubs. Yet a careful scrutiny will reveal those niceties of execution which proclaim the true artist. One of

[1] *The Book of the Artists. American Artist Life.* By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York, George P. Putnam & Sons, 1867, p. 256.

the figures is planted on its little feet, and its position is upright; his bosom heaves with a gentle exultation, as if inspired by the song; his companion, quite as beautiful, is slightly awed; one has ringlets that suggest more strength than the smooth flowing hair of his brother, whose face is also longer and more spiritual and subdued; he is more up-looking, less self-sustained. A most true and delicate principle of contrast, is thus unfolded in the two forms and faces. The celestial and the child-like are blended; we realize, as we gaze, the holiness of infant beauty; a peaceful, blessed charm seems wafted from the infantile forms, whose contour and expression are alive with innocent, sacred, and, as it were, magnetic joy." This group having been long in the possession of Mr. Cooper, passed afterwards into the hands of the late John L. Stephens, with whose family we believe it still remains.

Hiram Powers was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 29, 1805. His family emigrated from Vermont to western New York, and thence to Ohio. His early life was passed in a variety of employments, chiefly mechanical; every sculptor is a mechanic by nature, his art is the child of Vulcan and Venus; and he gained experience as a collector of debts, as keeper of a reading-room, in tending a steam-engine, and as workman in a clock

factory. Afterwards a talent for modeling developing itself in him, he was engaged by the owner of a show to make wax figures for it, and these were so clever that the exhibition gained a great local repute. Still later Powers made and exhibited a horrible spectacle called the "Infernal Regions," in which he combined his mechanical turn with his artistic skill; and with dancing devils, advancing and retreating demons, grim skeletons, and the sheeted dead, made the not over particular hair of western backwoods audiences stand on end. This was not a very promising beginning, and it must be confessed that Powers' art has always savored more of the mechanical and the sensational than of the purely artistic; but he did honestly and energetically what he found to do; and when he had once found out that there was an art of sculpture, he labored long and earnestly according to his gift, to win a high place in the field. He has long enjoyed a reputation that we cannot believe time will confirm, as the first of American sculptors. That must be the reward of the artist who can produce the noblest ideal work; it can never be earned by the making of busts, however fine; and some of Powers' busts are among the finest made in modern times. His "Greek Slave" once enjoyed a fame that seems astonishing to those who look back upon it; but we

must remember that it came for judgment to a public full of honorable enthusiasm for the work of its native artist, but very ignorant of art, because it had never seen a masterpiece. His bust of Proserpine is the best result of his search for the ideal; but his final reputation will not be made up from a consideration of any of the once eulogized, now forgotten marbles, the Greek Slave, the Fisher Boy, the Eve, the America, California, Penseroso; it will rest, we venture to think, entirely upon a few manly and characteristic busts.

In 1810, Joel T. Hart was born. He is a native of Kentucky, and has resided since 1849 in Florence. He made a statue of Henry Clay, which is in Louisville, in his native State, and he has also designed several ideal figures, none of them of any great value as contributions to art; but showing careful study of the human form, and considerable skill in the mechanics of his profession. He has invented a clever machine by which the labor of transferring the model to marble will be greatly lightened.

Three years later Thomas Crawford was born in New York, March 22, 1813. Crawford's work is of considerable importance, and if it must be conceded that he worked too fast, and that much of his production is marked by too superficial thought, yet it must also be acknowledged that, like Green-

ough — though with far inferior mental and artistic power — he was a worshipper of the poetry of his art; busts and portraits were the drudgery of the studio; he wanted to put ideas into marble, a high aim, but sometimes dangerously alluring the artist into regions where he cannot travel with profit to himself or the world. Crawford began to work in the marble yard of Launitz, who had been the partner in business of Frazee. He then went to Italy, where the good Thorwaldsen, who encouraged everybody, helped him with cheerful auguries; and with earnest study of the best models, and close application, he fitted himself to bring all his powers into play in his chosen profession. Greenough had learned modeling of Binon, a Frenchman who resided a long time in Boston, and of whom we have already spoken as the author of a bust of John Adams. Powers was taught by a German, a mechanic rather than an artist. Crawford was the first American who had a thorough training from the start, and it stood him in good stead. One of his first works, the Orpheus descending into Hell to seek Eurydice, now in the Boston Athenæum, was, we believe, a commission from Charles Sumner, who always cherished a lively interest in the work of his protégé. It is to our thinking — all deductions made for the defects in execution of a first youthful

work — one of Crawford's most original and poetic statues. Next to it, perhaps, comes one made much later, the Indian Chief, which makes part of the group in the pediment of the Capitol at Washington, and of which a repetition is in the New York Historical Society building. This is the figure which Gibson, the English sculptor, admired so much that he proposed it should be cast in bronze and set up as a monument to Crawford in Rome. Crawford's work at Washington comprises, with the exception of the Equestrian Washington at Richmond, and the Beethoven of the Music Hall, Boston, his principal performance. We have there the pediment of one of the Capitol wings, with its rather incongruous assemblage of allegorical realistic figures, typifying, perhaps, the growth of American civilization, but in a disconnected, alphabetic fashion. The separate figures are conceived in a manly, free spirit, and make allegory as tolerable as it can be made. There are the School-master and the School-boy, the Merchant, the Woodman, the Indian Hunter, and the Sailor; each is doing what he pleases, and necessarily careless of the occupation of the others. This is not to make a group for a pediment, it is merely to force statues into a given space, and lacking the necessary unity of idea, and the moral as well as the artistic connection of the assembled personages, it must be

admitted a failure as a pediment. Nor can we say much in praise of the much criticised "Liberty" that crowns the dome of the Capitol. This is a heavy, unmeaning figure, rendered still more ungraceful and incongruous by the helmet adopted, after much discussion, by the artist as a substitute for the Cap of Liberty with which he had originally covered the head of the goddess, but with which Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, was discontented. There can be but little doubt, we should think, that both on artistic and moral grounds the secretary was wrong. He had a show of sense in his argument, that the liberty cap was not a fit emblem for a people who had been born free, and who had never been enslaved; but the liberty cap is an accepted type, and could hardly have been misunderstood, while its simple form makes it very effective in the hands of the artist. At all events the substitute adopted has a very uncouth effect. It is a combination of an eagle's head and a bold arrangement of feathers, but it has neither meaning nor artistic beauty.

Crawford died in London, October 16, 1857, in his forty-fourth year. The cause of his death was a tumor that formed on the inner side of the orbit of the eye. His remains were brought to America and buried in Greenwood Cemetery, December 5, 1857. He left the carrying out of his

unfinished works to his friend and fellow-sculptor, Randolph Rogers, and on the return of Mrs. Crawford to Italy, she offered the entire collection of casts from her husband's sculptures to any institution in America, that would pay for bringing them from Italy, and would agree to put them in a suitable building for free exhibition. This has since been done by the Commissioners of the Central Park, who have arranged the casts in the chapel of what was once the Convent of Mt. St. Vincent. The casts are too crowded in their present situation to be well seen, but when the newly projected building for the Museum of Fine Arts is finished they will be more fairly treated. Seen thus, collected into one room, crowded together and badly lighted, they yet give the impression of a decided talent in the sculptor, of a vigorous mind trying earnestly to express itself in various directions, but nowhere satisfying either itself or us. Certainly, we look in vain among all these figures for one that will dwell in the memory. It is melancholy to record that so much enthusiasm, such high-hearted endeavor, such love of his art, should have left so little that will make the sculptor's name dear to the coming time. What is good, endures, however, and there are qualities in some of the works of Crawford, that will be respected to the end, though the verdict on his collective per-

formance should fall short, as we think it surely will, of the high estimate his friends have placed upon it.

Henry Kirke Brown was born at Leyden, Massachusetts, in 1814, a year later than Crawford. He was drawn first to painting by I know not what influence, and when eighteen years old went to Boston to study with Chester Harding, with whom he stayed three years, but, as Tuckerman tells us, while modeling the head of a lady, he found he liked sculpture better, and henceforth gave his time almost exclusively to that art. He is however, so essentially an artist that his giving himself up to sculpture was rather a concession, instinctive, probably, and unconscious, to the public opinion that demands a man should be one thing and stick to it, than such a decided preference for that particular form of art as would make it impossible for him to express himself in any other way than by statue-carving. For Brown is an excellent painter, having produced several pictures — particularly some portraits of horses — that show he might have made himself a name with his brush, and he has the making of a good architect in him beside, and is at home in almost all the mechanic arts. In 1837, being then twenty-three years old, he went to Cincinnati with Dr. Willard Parker, under whom he had been studying anatomy, and

it was there he made his first marble bust. In 1840, he returned to the east, and divided two years between Albany and Troy. This was a busy time, for we learn from Tuckerman that in those two years he made forty busts, beside other work.

In 1842, he left America for Italy, and remained there for four years, returning home in 1846. While in Italy, he did much work for private persons — statues, mostly of the ideal sort, "Adonis," "David," "Ruth," "Rebecca," of which the public knows little, and which doubtless had no essential reason for being; no reason of any sort, except the money-making one, the root out of which most modern statuary springs, and which sets most young sculptors at work. Brown, however, was not to remain long tied to such performances; the real is his chosen field; the real and the present; and it is there that he has made his reputation. After his return to America he lived for some time in Brooklyn, and it was in his studio there that the statue of Washington, now in Union Square, was modeled, and the bronze chiseled and set up after having been cast at Chicopee. This statue first made Brown known to the general public, and gave him that place as chief American sculptor which, up to this time, he easily holds. It is a noble monumental work, simple in conception, resting in the truth, the sculp-

tor's aim, and satisfying the eye from whatever point of view. It is not a mere correct perfunctory performance, but, lively and full of fire, the horse a strong high-mettled beast, looked at with pleasure daily by horse-loving and horse-knowing men and boys, the rider a hero not of the stage or the circus-ring, but of history and common sense. The artist contemplating this work without prejudice, acknowledges its kinship with Verocchio's Colleoni and Donatello's Gattemelata. I may remark in passing that Mr. Tuckerman's statement ("Book of the Artists," p. 575), that "it (the statue) was projected by Horatio Greenough, who was to have undertaken it with Brown, but finally abandoned the enterprise after having efficiently promoted the enterprise," is founded on an entire misunderstanding, for which, however, there is no excuse, since the writer had only to have made a slight examination to have discovered the facts. Mr. Greenough had nothing whatever to do either with projecting the statue, or with promoting the subscription, nor was he to have undertaken it with Brown. Mr. Lee projected the statue and secured all the subscriptions. The work was offered in the first place to Mr. Brown alone; afterward, a proposition was made to him to admit Mr. Greenough, for whom he had an affectionate admiration, to a sort of artist partnership; but, such a

partnership, hardly likely to prosper under any circumstances, was made impossible in this affair by Mr. Greenough's mental condition. He behaved in a manner so unaccountable, that Mr. Brown withdrew from the enterprise, but in a few weeks it appeared that Greenough's conduct, so inconsistent with his noble and generous nature, utterly unselfish, and free from mercenary taint, was sadly explicable. A few weeks later he was carried to an asylum for the insane, where he shortly after died.

Another fine statue by Brown, though belonging to an earlier period, is the recumbent figure of the late Shippen Bird in St. Stephen's Church, in Philadelphia. I have never seen another statue of this class that seemed to me so perfectly to render the beauty of death. Hundreds of people go every year to this church to look at the fine group by Steinhauser, in memory of the children of Mr. Bird, who pass Brown's statue with slight notice. Something of this neglect is, no doubt, owing to its unsuitable position, but its simplicity and the quiet voice with which it speaks to the passer-by has also much to do with it. Brown's latest statue, the General Scott, is soon to be set up in Washington, an event on which we congratulate the Capitol and all lovers of Art. The statue of General Greene, for which Brown re-

ceived the commission from the State of Rhode Island, is at present in the old Representatives Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, where one should go who wishes to see how like a magnet a free and royal work of art draws all beholders, and blots out of existence a room full of mediocrities or worse. We leave out of this condemnation the plaster cast of Houdon's Washington, and a figure of Roger Williams, by Simmons, which latter is a respectable work in point of execution and pose, though unsatisfactory as a conception of the founder of Rhode Island. No one who has seen the statue of General Greene will question, we should think, that it is one of the finest statues of our time; it rejoices every beholder. In 1858, Mr. Brown received a commission from the State of South Carolina to make a group of thirteen figures for the pediment of the State-house to be built at Columbia. While the sculptor was engaged upon the work, having gone to Columbia with his wife, to carry out the commission on the spot, the War of Secession broke out, and the work was interrupted when near completion. When Columbia was burnt, the State-house went to destruction with the rest, and all the finished statues, with all the studies, casts, drawings, and, indeed, the greater part of Brown's possessions in this world, were destroyed at the same time. Pros-

trated by a serious illness, in nearly ruined circumstances, and in an enemy's country, many a man would have lost heart and hope, but Brown is of too male a strain for that. He came back to the North, and took up life again where he had left it, with that strong serenity, that quiet confidence, that silent delight in work, that make his name mean what it does to those who know him.

Henry Dexter, whose work does not need the recommendation that it is produced by a man who never had the least instruction, who never saw a sculptor strike a blow on a block of marble, and who never had an assistant, but has done everything with his own hands — is one of the best of our sculptors in his special branch of portraiture; we owe to him a large number of busts of well-known Americans — strong, individual, truthful work, which will long keep in memory the sculptor, and the men and women who have sat to him. The well-known Binney monument in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the recumbent figure of the little child who lies buried beneath, is the best known of Mr. Dexter's works. As our cities grew in size, and the people, used to taking holiday in the suburbs, began to find themselves cut off from their walks and drives by the encroaching shops and houses, there sprang up first in Boston, then in Philadelphia, last in New

York, the fashion of great public cemeteries, the sad forerunners of our later parks. The first of these was Mt. Auburn, and it soon became a great resort. It was a spot of considerable natural beauty, and it was skillfully laid out in walks and drives. Some of the earlier monuments were remarkable for the good taste displayed in them, and gained much local fame. The tomb of the celebrated Spurzheim was a careful copy of the tomb of Scipio; the tomb of one branch of the Appleton family was a delicately designed Greek temple, made in Italy of the finest white marble, and was called "The House of Death," but the marble figure of the little Binney child, lying in a sweet and peaceful slumber, was the chief attraction to the greater number of visitors. Not only was it the first marble statue placed in Mt. Auburn, but it was, we believe, the first statue made in the United States, by an American who had never been abroad. One who in boyish days has often visited the cemetery for the pleasure of seeing that statue, thinks of the place always as the green home of that little child, the baby-leader of the great company that has since come to share its pleasant resting-place. Henry Dexter was born in the town of Cazenovia, in the part now called Nelson, Madison County, New York, on the 11th of October, 1806. When

he was twelve years old, his father died, and his mother and sisters went to live in Connecticut. The boy had the usual training: went to school in the winter, and worked on a farm in the summer. His mother wanted to make him a minister; her friends pushed him to a trade, and succeeded in getting him apprenticed to a blacksmith. Never was a more striking instance of the impossibility of driving out Nature, who yielded no more to the Connecticut forge-hammer than of old to the Roman pitchfork. We cannot here tell Dexter's story at length, but it is good to read in his own words, in Tuckerman's book. Francis Alexander, the portrait-painter whose own experience in youth had been hard enough, was Dexter's earliest adviser and helper — not a flattering friend, rather chilling and depressing than encouraging, until he saw the boy's steadfast temper and firm will; then he did his best to open a way for him. The first bust he made in marble was that of the Hon. Samuel Eliot. At that time Dexter had never handled a block of marble, and had no one to show him how to go to work. But he bought the marble, and when the bust was finished, not knowing its value, he left the payment to Mr. Eliot, who generously gave him two hundred dollars for it, and afterward added fifty dollars more. This, says the modest artist, was the way I became a sculp-

tor. In 1859, Mr. Dexter formed the design of making the busts of the President and of all the Governors who were in office on the 1st of January, 1860. To make his studies, he was obliged to visit all the States except California and Oregon, but, difficult as the undertaking was, it was brought to a good ending, and when all the busts were set up in the Rotunda of the Boston State House, thirty thousand people, says Tuckerman, went to see them. If they are all as fine as the bust of the late Mr. Felton, or as that of Chief-Justice Chase, we must think the thirty thousand people saw a very uncommon sight. Mr. Dexter, now in his sixty-sixth year, has his studio in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is still actively working.

Erastus D. Palmer, was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, April 2, 1817. His parents were farming people, but the boy had a strong bent to mechanical arts ; was "born with a thumb," as the country people say, and went out into the world at the age of seventeen, to find employment as a carpenter. He worked long at this trade, and in the small leisure that steady employment gave him, tried his hand at cutting on a shell a cameo portrait of his wife. Even in this first effort of an untried hand, the artist was discovered, and he soon found that more people were

eager to have his cameos, than he had strength of eyes to serve. For, in two years, the incessant application to a labor that demanded absolute steadiness of eye, so wearied that delicate organ as made it necessary for him to give up his cameo-cutting. "Good," said one who heard of it; "we shall now have a sculptor in exchange for a maker of brooches!" And, in fact, Palmer, with energy and longings for art not to be thwarted, took up modeling in clay, and soon after produced a small work in marble, "The Infant Ceres." This was the beginning of a long prosperity, for Palmer's work was popular from the first, and the pleasure taken by the people in his statues and bas-reliefs, has never flagged. "The Infant Ceres," first exhibited at the Academy of Design, was followed by several bas-reliefs, "The Morning Star," "The Evening Star," "The Spirit's Flight," then, busts called "Resignation," and "Spring," all of these, sweetly pretty girlish or childish heads without much individuality, and which were hurt a little by their fine names. Soon, Palmer attempted a statue, and the "Indian Girl," and "White Captive," were hailed by the public with extravagant praise — praise that their own merit, great indeed compared with that of most of the home sculpture already produced, has helped us to outgrow. This is not to depreciate Palmer's work, which has its

own undeniable excellences, but to substitute moderation for the extravagant eulogy that is so much the fashion. Palmer has great skill in working marble, but it is a skill better suited to small works than to large ones, as indeed is also the artist's invention. The "Indian Girl," and the "White Captive," are better studies from the nude, than is Power's "Greek Slave," but they are hardly more alive, and the soft pretty style of handling makes them look tamer still. We hear much of Palmer's theories, of his indifference to the antique, and dislike of mannerism, of his receipt for hair and eyes; but his theories are of small value when his work is here to show us how little they stand him in stead. Just what Palmer never gave one of his statues, busts, or bas-reliefs, is a fine, well-opened eye, and though his hair is sometimes soft enough, it has never strength nor character. For mannerism, too, that does not come out of Academies, nor can it be shied by turning one's back on Italy. It comes out of the man himself, and is likelier to be strengthened than weakened by rejecting the experience of other men and ages. No American sculptor of note is more mannered than Mr. Palmer, albeit his manner has proved pleasing to a very large number of people.

William Wetmore Story, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, February 12, 1819. His father

was Chief Justice Story, a great name in Massachusetts, and in the history of the American bar, for learning and character. The career of his son has never been hindered by any of the material wants and anxieties that have made life so hard a school to many of our best artists. When he was born, Competence received him into her lap; he was tenderly nurtured, and well taught; he was a graduate of Harvard, and after leaving college, studied law and wrote treatises on law matters; he did not, however, feel specially drawn in that direction, but rather to the arts. He wrote poetry, and has always continued to write it, but the world has not much cared for his performances that way; we are always thinking we have heard the strain before, in Browning, in Tennyson, in De Musset. As a writer of prose, Mr. Story has had a larger audience, and would have had a larger still, for his book about Rome, if he had known how to be less diffuse, and to digest his multifarious learning better. We have heard it said that Mr. Story would prefer to be reckoned a poet rather than a sculptor, but the world, so far as it knows him at all, knows him by his statues, though the American public has had little chance to become acquainted with him this way, seeing that few statues by him, and none of those in which his friends take most pride, have been ex-

hibited on this side the water. His earliest work, a full-length statue in marble, of his father, is in the chapel at Mt. Auburn ; it is a respectable performance, but nothing more, though when it was made it caused some flutter, no Chief Justice's son in that quarter having done the like before. There is also a bronze statue of Edward Everett in the Boston Public Garden, and here, we think, the artist has done all that was possible with his subject ; the likeness is undeniable, and the action characteristic. It has been much joked over, but unjustly, for there is life and personality in it, and these are much to find in a statue nowadays. Many Americans, too, have seen the bronze statue of George Peabody in London. These three are, we believe, the only important works of Story that are to be found outside of private houses, at home and abroad. In the great Exhibition of 1862 — Brompton — two statues by Story were more looked at and more admired, than any other two. These were the "Libyan Sibyl" and the "Cleopatra," — the latter now in the possession of John Taylor Johnston, of New York. Another statue, "Sappho," belongs to Mr. Peterson, of Philadelphia. These three are Mr. Story's best works, and though the time has not yet come to judge them fully — for no statue nor work of art, of whatever kind, can be fully judged until it has stood in the

light of the public square — the final verdict will probably be that his work shows culture, study, native refinement, and talent of an elegant, scholarly sort, but little imagination and little creative power.

Thomas Ball, born in Charlestown, Mass., June 3, 1819, is known to the public chiefly by his equestrian statue of Washington, set up not long ago in the Boston Public Garden. It is a manly work, faithful in portraiture, carefully studied, a conscientious performance, having much the same interest to us as the Houdon statue — the straightforward truthfulness of the daguerreotype. Mr. Ball, who has long lived in Italy, began life as a painter, and made some mark in that direction; he is a man of many accomplishments, has a fine voice, and was at one time counted a remarkable singer. As a sculptor his name has not been so much in men's mouths as that of some others, but those who know his works know that they are in the best sense "works"; they are not trifling, mercenary performances, but sincere and earnest — the artist putting his best self into them, and thus making sure in every case of a result with its own value, and that lasting.

John Quincy Adams Ward was born in Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, June 29, 1830. His father was a well-to-do farmer, working his own

three hundred acres, and his son had the usual advantages in the way of schooling that were open to boys in those days, in what was then the Far West. His father knew the value of education, but he had sense to see that it does not all come from books, so that young Ward, getting the rudiments of learning easily in the winter schooling, learned as easily in the out-of-door summer session held by Dame Nature, all the athletic arts, and could ride, drive, shoot, swim, and skate, with the best of his fellows. But Nature had a fine lesson to teach her boy,[1] and wooed him by means of a clay bank and a friendly potter, up through the low degrees of pots and pipkins, to pots ornamented with bas-relief; then to ingenious toys in which the future talent for the real is seen in bud, "churches, saw-mills, and whole villages of people, and a representation of a train of cars, then a novelty to western villagers." Later he gets hold of some wax out of which his sister had meant to make flowers, carries it off by stealth to the fields, and there in a shady spot works day after day fashioning without a model and without instruction, getting hints from engravings mainly, a small female figure. As he grew older, his dis-

[1] For a readable, accurate sketch of Ward's life thus far, see an article by M. D. O'C. Townley, in *Scribner's Monthly*, August, 1871, to which I am much indebted for my own condensed account.

inclination for the farm-life showed itself plainly; his family gave him permission to study medicine, but this suited him no better; finally, as often happens to growing boys restrained by kind unwisdom from a natural bent, he fell ill, and his good sister, divining his trouble, went to Henry K. Brown, and asked his help in making a sculptor of her brother. Mr. Brown, with great good sense, discouraged the boy at first, but in a way that showed him the door was not shut, and later in the year, after Ward had made proof that he could do something, he entered Brown's studio in Brooklyn, and remained with him seven years. While with Brown, Ward assisted him in making the "Washington," in Union Square, and afterward, having taken the studio as his own when Mr. Brown left Brooklyn, he made there the model of the "Indian Hunter," and of "Simon Kenton," the pioneer of Ohio. In 1859, during a visit to Washington, he made busts of John P. Hale, Joshua Giddings, and Alexander H. Stephens, and he also produced copies in bronze of the "Indian." In 1863 Ward was elected a member of the Academy, and in 1864 he completed the setting up of his "Indian" in clay. Later it was exhibited in New York in plaster, and in 1867, having been cast in bronze, it was sent to the memorable Paris Exposition of that year, where it

was one of the very few works of art from America that received any notice from the French artists and critics. When it was brought back to New York it was placed in the Central Park, having been purchased by the commissioners. Ward's statue in bronze of Commodore Perry, a commission from a gentleman who married into the Perry family, has been set up at Newport, Rhode Island, and another bronze, like that of Perry, of heroic size, — a young soldier in the uniform of the Seventh Regiment, New York State Militia, a commission from the Seventh Regiment, — has been set up in the Central Park as a memorial of the part played by the regiment in the war. "The Good Samaritan," carved in granite, — a most unsatisfactory material for a statue, — was a commission executed by Ward to commemorate the Morton-Jackson application of ether as an anæsthetic. It is one of the sculptor's best works but it never will be known until it is taken down from the absurd pedestal on which it is hoisted in the Public Garden in Boston, and placed on a pedestal which shall bring it, as every statue ought to be brought, on a level with the eye. Ward's latest statue is the "Shakespeare," long ago finished, but not set up in the place destined for it in the Park until April of the present year, 1872. The statue has been variously criticised, but, on the whole, Ward

is reckoned to have met the difficulties of the problem he had to solve with more success — if success can be comparative — than could have been looked for. Next to the "Indian Hunter," the "Shakespeare" is Ward's best work, and there can be no doubt that it has much increased his reputation.

Here we close our too slight notice of the American sculptors, for lack of space forbids our taking up every name. Launt Thompson, though born in Ireland (1833), and not seeing America until he was fourteen years old, has yet so identified himself with America, that his name should not be omitted from any list of American sculptors, though no one work of his stands out very strongly from the general. A rather exaggerated bust called "The Trapper," a head of Booth as Hamlet, in which the formality and fatal lack of facial expression of the original are well represented, and a colossal statue of Napoleon the Great, made for one of the Emperor's old soldiers, are the best known of Mr. Thompson's works.

The small groups in plaster, made by John Rogers of Salem, Mass., the subjects drawn from the war and from every-day American life, have had such an immense popularity that the making of them has become a regular business, and brings him in a large income. Two or three of them have

considerable artistic merit, and in many of them there is a certain cleverness and naturalness that justify the popular liking. They are certainly a godsend to the public with small means to expend on works of art that has so long been wearily stranded on the abominable casts of Venuses and Apollos with the Canova Graces.

Names of more significance are those of Shobal Vail Clevenger, born at Middletown, Ohio, in 1812, died at sea, September 28, 1843; Edward Sheffield Bartholomew, born at Colchester, Connecticut, 1822, died at Naples, May 2, 1858; and Benjamin Akers, known as Paul Akers, born at Saccarappa, Maine, July 10, 1825, died at Philadelphia, May 21, 1861. These three were artists, born with the true temperament of genius, and able to have made a strong mark upon the world had not ill-health stayed their hands and baulked their efforts. Of the three, Bartholomew accomplished perhaps the greatest amount of actual work, and, thanks to the collection of his casts and marbles preserved at Hartford, his performance can be studied and rated at its just value as that of no other American sculptor can, unless it be Ward, whose best works are in the Central Park, and Crawford, of whose statues there is a complete collection of casts in a building in the same place. Bartholomew's best work, the "Eve," is in the possession

of Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., of Philadelphia. In conclusion, we must mention the fact that a number of American women have made praiseworthy efforts to accomplish something in sculpture, and if it would be mere flattery to admit that any one of them has done work worthy of lasting admiration, it is no less creditable to them to have tried, and they may at least be judged the peers of many men calling themselves sculptors, and called so by an easy world.

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